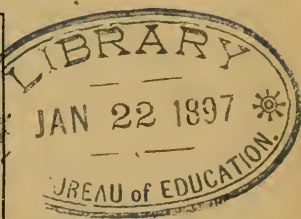


PARNASSUS

EDITED BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"Oh, how fair fruit may you to mortal man
From Wisdom's garden give!" — GASCOIGNER.



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PREFACE.

THIS volume took its origin from an old habit of copying any poem or lines that interested me into a blank book. In many years, my selections filled the volume, and required another; and still the convenience of commanding all my favorites in one album, instead of searching my own and other libraries for a desired song or verse, and the belief that what charmed me probably might charm others, suggested the printing of my enlarged selection. I know the convenience and merits of the existing anthologies, and the necessity of printing in every collection many masterpieces which all English-speaking men have agreed in admiring. Each has its merits; but I have found that the best of these collections do not contain certain gems of pure lustre, whilst they admit many of questionable claim. The voluminous octavos of Anderson and Chalmers have the same fault of too much mass and too little genius; and even the more select "Golden Treasury" of Mr. Palgrave omits too much that I cannot spare. I am aware that no two readers would make the same selection. Of course, I shall gladly hail with the public a better collection than mine.

Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity. It requires that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. Great thoughts insure musical expressions. Every word should be the right word. The poets are they who see that

spiritual is greater than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce; and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due.

Some poems I have inserted for their historical importance; some, for their weight of sense; some, for single couplets or lines, perhaps even for a word; some, for magic of style; and I have admitted verses, which, in their structure, betray a defect of poetic ear, but have a wealth of truth which ought to have created melody. I know the peril of didactics to kill poetry, and that Wordsworth runs fearful risks to save his mental experiences. Some poems are external, like Moore's, and have only a superficial melody: others, like Chaucer's, have such internal music as to forgive a roughness to the modern ear, which, in the mouth of the bard, his contemporaries probably did not detect. To Chaucer may be well applied the word of Heraclitus, that "Harmony latent is of greater value than that which is patent."

There are two classes of poets, — the poets by education and practice, these we respect; and poets by nature, these we love. Pope is the best type of the one class: he had all the advantage that taste and wit could give him, but never rose to grandeur or to pathos. Milton had all its advantages, but was also poet born. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Jonson (despite all the pedantic lumber he dragged with him), Herbert, Herrick, Collins, Burns, — of the other. Then there are poets who rose slowly, and wrote badly, and had yet a true calling, and, after a hundred failures, arrived at pure power; as Wordsworth, encumbered for years with childish whims, but at last, by his religious insight, lifted to genius.

Scott was a man of genius, but only an accomplished rhymers (poet on the same terms as the Norse bards and minstrels), admirable chronicler, and master of the ballad, but never crossing the threshold of the epic, where Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton dwell.

The task of selection is easiest in poetry. What a signal convenience is fame! Do we read all authors to grope our way to the best? No; but the world selects for us the best, and we select from these our best.

Chaucer fulfils the part of the poet, possesses the advantage of being the most cultivated man of his time, and so speaks always sovereignly and cheerfully. Often the poetic nature, being too susceptible, is over-acted on by others. The religious sentiment teaching the immensity of every moment, the indifference of magnitude, the present is all, the soul is God;—this lesson is great and greatest. Yet this, also, has limits for humanity. One must not seek to dwell in ethereal contemplation: so should the man decline into a monk, and stop short of his possible enlargement. The intellect is cheerful.

Chaucer's antiquity ought not to take him out of the hands of intelligent readers. No lover of poetry can spare him, or should grudge the short study required to command the archaisms of his English, and the skill to read the melody of his verse. His matter is excellent, his story told with vivacity, and with equal skill in the pathos and in triumph. I think he has lines of more force than any English writer, except Shakspeare. If delivered by an experienced reader, the verses will be found musical as well as wise, and fertile in invention. He is always strong, facile, and pertinent, and with what vivacity of style through all the range of his pictures, comic or tragic! He knows the language of joy and of despair.

Of Shakspeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakspeare's poem, "*Let*

the bird of loudest lay," and the "*Threnos*" with which it closes; the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's "*Love's Martyr*," and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet, and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it.

To the modern reader, Ben Jonson's plays have lost their old attraction; but his occasional poems are full of heroic thought, and his songs are among the best in the language. His life interests us from the wonderful circle of companions with whom he lived, — with Camden, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Bacon, Chapman, Herbert, Herrick, Cowley, Suckling, Drayton, Donne, Carew, Selden, — and by whom he was honored. Cowley tells us, "I must not forget Ben's reading: it was delicious: never was poetry married to more exquisite music:" and the Duchess of Newcastle relates, that her husband, himself a good reader, said he "never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson."

Spence reports, that Pope said to him, "Crashaw is a worse sort of Cowley: Herbert is lower than Crashaw," — an opinion which no reader of their books at this time will justify. Crashaw, if he be the translator of the '*Sospetto d'Herode*,' has written masterly verses never learned from Cowley, some of which I have transcribed; and Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love

religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit. Herbert identifies himself with Jewish genius, as Michael Angelo did when carving or painting prophets and patriarchs, not merely old men in robes and beards, but with the sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy conspicuous in them. His wit and his piety are genuine, and are sure to make a lifelong friend of a good reader.

Herrick is the lyric poet, ostentatiously choosing petty subjects, petty names for each piece, and disposing of his theme in a few lines, or in a couplet; is never dull, and is the master of miniature painting. On graver themes, in his "Sacred Numbers," he is equally successful.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" goes so surely with the Bible on to every book-shelf, that I have not cited a line; but I could not resist the insertion of the "Comus," and the "Lycidas," which are made of pure poetry, and have contented myself with extracts from the grander scenes of "Samson Agonistes."

The public sentiment of the reading world was long divided on the merits of Wordsworth. His early poems were written on a false theory of poetry; and the critics denounced them as childish. He persisted long to write after his own whim; and, though he arrived at unexpected power, his readers were never safe from a childish return upon himself and an unskilful putting-forward of it. How different from the absolute concealment of Shakspeare in all his miraculous dramas, and even in his love-poems, in which, of course, the lover must be perpetually present, but always by thought, and never by his buttons or pitifulness! Montaigne is delightful in his egotism. Byron is always egotistic, but interesting thereby, through the taste and genius of his confession or his defiance.

Wordsworth has the merit of just moral perception, but not that

of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems, as, for example, "The Rylstone Doe," might be all improvised: nothing of Milton, nothing of Marvell, of Herbert, of Dryden, could be. These are verses such as many country gentlemen could write; but few would think of claiming the poet's laurel on their merit. Pindar, Dante, Shakspeare, whilst they have the just and open soul, have also the eye to see the dimmest star, the serratures of every leaf, the test objects of the microscope, and then the tongue to utter the same things in words that engrave them on the ears of all mankind.

The poet demands all gifts, and not one or two only. Like the electric rod, he must reach from a point nearer to the sky than all surrounding objects, down to the earth, and into the wet soil, or neither is of use. The poet must not only converse with pure thought, but he must demonstrate it almost to the senses. His words must be pictures: his verses must be spheres and cubes, to be seen and handled. His fable must be a good story, and its meaning must hold as pure truth. In the debates on the Copyright Bill, in the English parliament, Mr. Sergeant Wakley, the coroner, quoted Wordsworth's poetry in derision, and asked the roaring House of Commons, "what that meant, and whether a man should have a public reward for writing such stuff?" — Homer, Horace, Milton, and Chaucer would defy the coroner. Whilst they have wisdom to the wise, he would see that to the external they have external meaning. Coleridge rightly said that "poetry must first be good sense, as a palace might well be magnificent, but first it must be a house." Wordsworth is open to ridicule of this kind; and yet, though satisfied if he can suggest to a sympathetic mind his own mood, and though setting a private and exaggerated value on his compositions, and taking the public to task for not admiring his poetry, he is really a master of the English language; and his

best poems evince a power of diction that is no more rivalled by his contemporaries than is his poetic insight. But his capital merit is, that he has done more for the sanity of his generation than any other writer.

“*Laodamia*” is almost entitled to that eminence in his literary performance which Landor gave it when he said, that “Wordsworth had now written a poem which might be fitly read in Elysium, and the gods and heroes might gather round to listen.” I count that and the “*Ode on Immortality*” as the best.

Wordsworth has a religious value for his thoughts; but his inspirations are casual and insufficient, and he persists in writing after they are gone. No great poet needs so much a severely critical selection of the noble numbers from the puerile into which he often falls. Leigh Hunt said of him, that “he was a fine lettuce with too many outer leaves.”

Byron’s rare talent is conspicuously partial. He has not sweetness, nor solid knowledge, nor lofty aim. He had a rare skill for rhythm, unmatched facility of expression, a firm, ductile thread of gold. His rhymes do not suggest any restraint, but the utmost freedom, as the rules of the dance do not fetter the good dancer, but exhibit his natural grace. In his isolation he is starved for a purpose; and finding no material except of romance, — first, of corsairs, and Oriental robbers and harems, and, lastly, of satire, — he revenges himself on society for its supposed distrust of him, by cursing it, and throwing himself on the side of its destroyers. His life was wasted; and its only result was this brilliant gift of song with which he soothed his chosen exile. I do not know that it can retain for another generation the charm it had for his contemporaries; but the security with which he pours these perfectly modulated verses to any extent, without any sacrifice of sense for the sake of metre, surprises the reader.

Tennyson has incomparable felicity in all poetic forms, surpassing in melody also, and is a brave, thoughtful Englishman, unmatched in rhythmic power and variety. The thoroughness with which the fable has been thought out, as in the account of the supreme influence of Arthur on his knights, is only one of his triumphs. The passion of love in his "Maud" found a new celebration, which woke delight wherever the English language is known; the "Dirge of Wellington" was a more magnificent monument than any or all of the histories that record that commander's life. Then the variety of his poems discloses the wealth and the health of his mind. Nay, some of his words are poems.

The selections from American writers are necessarily confined to the present century; but some of them have secured a wide fame. Some of them are recent, and have yet to earn their laurels. I have inserted only one of the remarkable poems of Forcethe Willson, a young Wisconsin poet of extraordinary promise, who died very soon after this was written. The poems of a lady who contents herself with the initials H. H. in her book published in Boston (1874) have rare merit of thought and expression, and will reward the reader for the careful attention which they require. The poem of "Sir Pavon and Saint Pavon," by another hand, has a dangerous freedom of style, but carries in it rare power and pathos.

The imagination wakened brings its own language, and that is always musical. It may or may not have rhyme or a fixed metre; but it will always have its special music or tone. Whatever language the bard uses, the secret of tone is at the heart of the poem. Every great master is such by this power, — Chaucer and Shakespeare and Raleigh and Milton and Collins and Burns and Byron and Tennyson and Wolfe. The true inspiration always brings it. Perhaps it cannot be analyzed; but we all yield to it. It is the life of the good ballads; it is in the German hymns

which Wesley translated ; it is in the “ Marseillaise ” of Rouget de Lisle ; it gave their value to the chants of the old Romish and of the English Church ; and it is the only account we can give of their wonderful power on the people. Poems may please by their talent and ingenuity ; but, when they charm us, it is because they have this quality, for this is the union of nature with thought.

R. W. E.



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<i>Born in Devonshire, Eng., 1589; died 1639.</i>	
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Born in London, 1328; died 1400.

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Born in London 1618; died 1667.

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*Born in Ettrick, Scotland, 1772;
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Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1809.

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Born in London, about 1811.

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Born in England.

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LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE.

*Born in Warwickshire, Eng., 1775;
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Born in Massachusetts.

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*Born in Glasgow, Scotland, 1792;
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Born in Scotland, 1748; died 1788.

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Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1819.

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Born in Dumfries-shire, Scotland, 1734; died 1788.

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Born in Essex, Eng., 1823.

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Born in Berlin, Conn., 1795; died 1856.

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Born in England, 1817.

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TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD (see JOHN
WESLEY.)

Born in Westphalia, Germany, 1697.

THOMSON, JAMES.

*Born in Roxburghshire, Scotland,
1700; died 1748.*

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THOREAU, HENRY DAVID.

*Born in Concord, Mass., 1817; died
1862.*

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TIMROD, HENRY.

*Born 1829; died in South Carolina,
1867.*

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Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery,
Charleston, S. C. 258

TUCKERMAN, FREDERIC GORDON.

Born in 1821; died 1873.

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TROWBRIDGE, J. T.

Born in New York, 1827.

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VAUGHAN, HENRY.

*Born in Newton, Eng., 1621; died
1695.*

The Retreat 173

VERY, JONES.

Born in Salem, Mass., about 1812.

The Barberry-Bush 32

The Strangers 159

WALLER, EDMUND.

*Born in Colehill, Eng., 1605; died
1687.*

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WARTON, THOMAS.

*Born in Basingstoke, Eng., 1728;
died 1687.*

The Fairies 126

WASSON, DAVID A.

Born in America.

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WATTS, ISAAC.

*Born in Southampton, Eng., 1674;
died 1748.*

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WEBSTER, DANIEL.

*Born in Salisbury, N.H., 1782;
died 1852.*

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WESLEY, JOHN.

*Born in Lincolnshire, Eng., 1703;
died 1795.*

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WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO.

*Born in Spain, about 1773; died in
England, 1840.*

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WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.

*Born in Nottingham, Eng., 1785;
died 1806.*

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Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1808.

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WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.

Born in Portland, Me., 1807; died 1867.

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WILSON, JOHN.

Born in Scotland, 1785; died 1854.

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WILLSON, FORCEYTHE.

Born in Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837; died in Alfred Centre, N. Y., 1867.

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WITHER, GEORGE.

Born in Bentworth, Eng., 1588; died 1667.

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WOLFE, CHARLES.

Born in Ireland, 1791; died 1823.

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WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.

Born in Cockermouth, Eng., 1770; died 1850.

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Born in England, 1568; died 1639.

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Born in Hampshire, Eng., 1684; died 1765.

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L

NATURE.

LAND. — SEA. — SKY.

“Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord.” — CHAUCER.

NATURE.

ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds,
and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-
flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, was-
sails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their
bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have
access
By these, to sing of cleanly wanton-
ness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece
by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and amber-
grece.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I
write
How roses first came red, and lilies
white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I
sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairie
king.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever
shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after
all.

HERRICK.

NATURE.

O how canst thou renounce the
boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her
votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resound-
ing shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture
of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning
gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of
even,
All that the mountain's sheltering
bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of
heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and
hope to be forgiven!

JAMES BEATTIE.

NIGHT.

'Tis night, and the landscape is
lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn
not for you;
For morn is approaching, your
charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and
glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I
mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will
save,
But when shall spring visit the
mouldering urn!
O when shall day dawn on the night
of the grave!

JAMES BEATTIE.

NATURE.

How young and fresh am I to-night,
To see't kept day by so much light,
And twelve of my sons stand in their
Maker's sight!
Help, wise Prometheus, something
must be done,
To show they are the creatures of
the sun.
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no stepdame, but a
mother.

Come forth, come forth, prove all
the numbers then,
That make perfection up, and may
absolve you men.

But show thy winding ways and arts,
Thy risings, and thy timely starts
Of stealing fire from ladies' eyes and
hearts.

Those softer circles are the young
man's heaven,
And there more orbs and planets are
than seven.

To know whose motion
Were a notion

As worthy of youth's study, as devo-
tion.

Come forth, come forth! prove all
the time will gain,

For Nature bids the best, and never
bade in vain.

BEN JONSON.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
born!

In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,
and sights unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads
his jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-
brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever
dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the
spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with
thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks, and wanton
Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd
Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Lib-
erty;

And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovoked pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and
horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing
shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries
dight;

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures

Whilst the landscape round it
measures;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes;
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis
 dresses;

And then in haste her bow'r she
 leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebees sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checker'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to
 play

On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail.
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairiy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lanthorn led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,

His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the
 corn

That ten day-laborers could not
 end;

Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they
 creep,

By whispering winds soon lull'd
 asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs
 hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all com-
 mend.

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's
 child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-
 ning,

The melting voice through mazes
 running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his
 head

From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the
 ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

DAWN.

Juliet. — Wilt thou be gone? It
 is not yet near day,
 It was the nightingale, and not the
 lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of
 thine ear:
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegran-
 ate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightin-
 gale.

Romeo. — It was the lark, the her-
 ald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what
 envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yon-
 der east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and
 jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty moun-
 tain-tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and
 die.

SHAKSPEARE.

MORNING.

THIS castle hath a pleasant seat; the
 air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends it-
 self
 Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does
 approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the
 heaven's breath
 Smells wondrously here: no jutting,
 frieze, buttress,
 Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
 hath made
 His pendent bed, and procreant cra-
 dle: Where they
 Most breed and haunt, I have ob-
 serv'd the air
 Is delicate.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth*.

SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have
 I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sove-
 reign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the mead-
 ows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly
 alchemy.
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his vis-
 age hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this
 disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did
 shine
 With all triumphant splendor on my
 brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour
 mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him
 from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit
 disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when
 heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE MOUNTAIN.

. . . ONCE we built our fortress
 where you see
 Yon group of spruce-trees sidewise
 on the line
 Where the horizon to the eastward
 bounds, —
 A point selected by sagacious art,
 Where all at once we viewed the
 Vermont hills,
 And the long outlines of the moun-
 tain-ridge,
 Ever-renewing, changeful every
 hour.
 Strange, a few cubits raised above
 the plain,
 And a few tables of resistless stone
 Spread round us, with that rich de-
 lightful air,
 Draping high altars in cerulean
 space,
 Could thus enchant the being that
 we are!
 Those altars, where the airy element
 Flows o'er in new perfection, and re-
 veals
 Its constant lapsing (never stillness
 all),
 As a mother's kiss, touching the
 bright spruce-foliage;
 And in her wise distilment the soft
 rain,
 Trickling below the sphagnum that
 o'erlays
 The plateau's slope, is led to the ra-
 vine,
 And so electrified by her pure
 breath,
 As if in truth the living water famed
 Recorded in John's mythus, who
 first dashed
 Ideal baptism on Jordan's shore.
 In this sweet solitude, the Moun-
 tain's life,
 At morn and eve, at rise and hush of
 day,
 I heard the wood-thrush sing in the
 white spruce.
 The living water, the enchanted air

So mingling in its crystal clearness
 there
 A sweet, peculiar grace from both, —
 this song,
 Voice of the lonely mountain's fa-
 vorite bird!
 These steeps inviolate by human
 art,
 Centre of awe, raised over all that
 man
 Would fain enjoy, and consecrate to
 one,
 Lord of the desert and of all be-
 side,
 Consorting with the cloud, the echo-
 ing storm,
 When like a myriad bowls the moun-
 tain wakes
 In all its alleys one responsive roar;
 And sheeted down the precipice, all
 light
 Tumble the momentary cataracts, —
 The sudden laughter of the moun-
 tain-child.

On the mountain-peak
 I marked the sage at sunset, where
 he mused,
 Forth looking on the continent of
 hills;
 While from his feet the five long
 granite spurs
 That bind the centre to the valley's
 side,
 (The spokes from this strange mid-
 dle to the wheel)
 Stretched in the fitful torrent of the
 gale,
 Bleached on the terraces of leaden
 cloud
 And passages of light, — Sierras long
 In archipelagoes of mountain sky,
 Where it went wandering all the
 livelong year.
 He spoke not, yet methought I
 heard him say,
 "All day and night the same; in
 sun or shade,
 In summer flames, and the jagged,
 biting knife
 That hardy winter splits upon the
 cliff, —
 From earliest time the same.
 One mother and one father brought
 us forth
 Thus gazing on the summits of the
 days,

Nor wearied yet when generations
 fade.
 The crystal air, the hurrying light,
 the night,
 Always the day that never seems to
 end,
 Always the night whose day does
 never set;
 One harvest and one reaper, ne'er
 too ripe,
 Sown by the self-preserver, free from
 mould,
 And buidled in these granaries of
 heaven,
 This ever-living purity of air,
 In these perpetual centres of repose
 Still softly rocked."

CHANNING.

THE HILLSIDE COT.

AND here the hermit sat, and told
 his beads,
 And stroked his flowing locks, red
 as the fire,
 Summed up his tale of moon and
 sun and star:
 "How blest are we," he deemed,
 "who so comprise
 The essence of the whole, and of
 ourselves,
 As in a Venice flask of lucent shape,
 Ornate of gilt Arabic, and inscribed
 With Suras from Time's Koran, live
 and pray,
 More than half grateful for the glit-
 tering prize,
 Human existence! If I note my
 powers,
 So poor and frail a toy, the insect's
 prey,
 Itched by a berry, festered by a
 plum,
 The very air infecting my thin
 frame
 With its malarial trick, whom every
 day
 Rushes upon and hustles to the
 grave,
 Yet raised by the great love that
 broods o'er all
 Responsive, to a height beyond all
 thought."
 He ended as the nightly prayer and
 fast
 Summoned him inward. But I sat
 and heard

The night-hawks rip the air above
 my head,
 Till midnight, o'er the warm, dry,
 dewless rocks;
 And saw the blazing dog-star droop
 his fire,
 And the low comet, trailing to the
 south,
 Bend his reverted gaze, and leave
 us free.

CHANNING.

"HERE let us live, and spend away
 our lives,"
 Said once Fortunio, "while below,
 absorbed,
 The riotous careering race of man,
 Intent on gain or war, pour out
 their news.
 Let us bring in a chosen company,
 Like that the noblest of our beaute-
 ous maids
 Might lead, — unequalled Margaret,
 herself
 The summary of good for all our state;
 Composedly thoughtful, genial, yet
 reserved,
 Pure as the wells that dot the ra-
 vine's bed,
 And lofty as the stars that pierce
 her skies.
 Here shall she reign triumphant,
 and preside
 With gentle prudence o'er the camp's
 wild mood,
 Summoning forth much order from
 what else
 Surely must prove unsound."

CHANNING.

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

O THEN what soul was his, when, on
 the tops
 Of the high mountains, he beheld
 the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in
 light! He looked —
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of
 earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath
 him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The
 clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces did he
 read

Unutterable love. Sound needed
 none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle; sensation, soul, and
 form
 All melted into him; they swallowed
 up
 His animal being; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live; they were
 his life.
 In such access of mind, in such
 high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it
 expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered
 no request;
 Rapt into still communion that tran-
 scends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and
 praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the
 power
 That made him; it was blessedness
 and love.

WORDSWORTH.

DOVER CLIFFS.

COME on, sir; here's the place: —
 stand still. — How fearful
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eye so
 low!
 The crows and choughs, that wing
 the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles:
 half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire;
 dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than
 his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the
 beach,
 Appear like mice; and yond' tall
 anchoring bark
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a
 buoy
 Almost too small for sight: the
 murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles
 chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look
 no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient
 sight
 Topple down headlong.

SHAKESPEARE.

LANDSCAPE.

CALM and still light on yon great
plain
That sweeps with all its autumn
bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening
towers,
To mingle with the bounding main.
TENNYSON.

MAY.

WHENCE is it that the air so sudden
clears,
And all things in a moment turn so
mild?
Whose breath or beams have got
proud Earth with child
Of all the treasure that great Na-
ture's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring
forth?
How comes it winter is so quite
forced hence
And locked up under ground? That
every sense
Hath several objects, trees have got
their heads,
The fields their coats, that now the
shining meads
Do boast the pounce, the lily, and
the rose,
And every flower doth laugh as
Zephyr blows?
That seas are now more even than
the land;
The rivers run as smoothèd by his
hand;
Only their heads are crispèd by his
stroke.
How plays the yearling, with his
brow scarce broke,
Now in the open grass, and frisking
lambs
Make wanton salts about their dry-
sucked dams,
Who to repair their bags do rob the
fields.
How is't each bough a several mu-
sic yields?
The lusty throstle, early nightin-
gale,
Accord in tune though vary in their
tale.
The chirping swallow, called forth
by the sun,

And crested lark, doth his division
run.
The yellow bees the air with mur-
mur fill,
The finches carol and the turtles
bill;—
Whose power is this? What god?
Behold a King,
Whose presence maketh this perpet-
ual spring,
The glories of which spring grow in
that bower,
And are the marks and beauties of
his power.

BEN JONSON.

FIRST OF MAY.

WHILE from the purpling east de-
parts
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch up-
starts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush
and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.
All Nature welcomes her whose
sway
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noonday,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths
and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace
the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not thou!

Thy feathered lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ.
Warned by thy influence, creeping
things
Awake to silent joy:

Queen art thou still for each gay
 plant
 Where the slim wild deer roves;
 And served in depths where fishes
 haunt
 Their own mysterious groves.

AND if, on this thy natal morn,
 The pole, from which thy name
 Hath not departed, stands forlorn
 Of song and dance and game,
 Still from the village-green a vow
 Aspires to thee address,
 Wherever peace is on the brow,
 Or love within the breast.

Yes! where love nestles thou canst
 teach
 The soul to love the more;
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
 That never loved before.
 Stript is the haughty one of pride,
 The bashful freed from fear,
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,
 In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words, re-
 fuse
 The service to prolong!
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse
 Intrusts the imperfect song;
 His voice shall chant, in accents
 clear,
 Throughout the livelong day,
 Till the first silver star appear,
 The sovereignty of May.

WORDSWORTH.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame; the
 blooming Morn
 Upon her wings presents the god
 unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colors through the
 air;
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and
 tree.
 Each flower has wept, and bow'd
 toward the east,
 Above an hour since, yet you not
 drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed;
 When all the birds have matins
 said,
 And sung their thankful hymns;
 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 When as a thousand virgins on this
 day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to
 fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and
 be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time
 fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no
 care
 For jewels for your gowne or
 haire;
 Feare not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
 Besides, the childhood of the day
 has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls
 unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the
 light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the
 night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands
 still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse,
 be brieft in praying;
 Few beads are best, when once we
 go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and com-
 ing, mark
 How each field turns a street, each
 street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with
 trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a
 bough,
 Or branch; each porch, each doore,
 ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly
 interwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades
 of love.
 And sin no more, as we have done,
 by staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go
 a-Maying.

HERRICK.

THE BIRDS OF KILLING- WORTH.

It was the season when through all
the land

The merle and mavis build, and
building sing

Those lovely lyrics written by His
hand

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the
Blithe-heart King;

When on the boughs the purple buds
expand,

The banners of the vanguard of
the Spring;

And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and
leap,

And wave their fluttering signals
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping
loud,

Filled all the blossoming orchards
with their glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still
were proud

Their race in Holy Writ should
mentioned be;

And hungry crows, assembled in a
crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer in-
cessantly,

Knowing who hears the ravens cry,
and said,

"Give us, O Lord, this day our dai-
ly bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of pas-
sage sailed,

Speaking some unknown language,
strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and, passing,
hailed

The village with the cheers of all
their fleet;

Or, quarrelling together, laughed
and railed

Like foreign sailors landed in the
street

Of seaport town, and with outland-
ish noise

Of oaths and gibberish frightening
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in
Killingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred
years ago;

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled
the earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of
the crow,

That mingled with the universal
mirth,

Cassandra - like, prognosticating
woe:

They shook their heads, and doomed
with dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race
of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway

To set a price upon the guilty
heads

Of these marauders, who, in lieu of
pay,

Levied black-mail upon the gar-
den-beds

And cornfields, and beheld without
dismay

The awful scarecrow, with his
fluttering shreds, —

The skeleton that waited at their
feast,

Whereby their sinful pleasure was
increased.

Then from his house, a temple paint-
ed white,

With fluted columns, and a roof
of red,

The Squire came forth, — august
and splendid sight! —

Slowly descending, with majestic
tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking
left nor right,

Down the long street he walked,
as one who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants
like me

Can have no lack of good society."

The Parson, too, appeared, a man
austere,

The instinct of whose nature was
to kill;

The wrath of God he preached from
year to year,

And read with fervor Edwards on
the Will:

His favorite pastime was to slay the
deer

In summer on some Adirondack
hill:

E'en now, while walking down the
rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his
cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry
crowned
The Hill of Science with its vane
of brass,

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly
round,

Now at the clouds, and now at the
green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries pro-
found

Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from
his door,

In his voluminous neck-cloth,
white as snow;

A suit of sable bombazine he wore:
His form was ponderous, and his
step was slow;

There never was so wise a man be-
fore:

He seemed the incarnate "Well,
I told you so!"

And to perpetuate his great renown,
There was a street named after him
in town.

These came together in the new
town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the re-
gion round:

The Squire presided, dignified and
tall,

His air impressive and his reason-
ing sound.

Ill fared it with the birds, both great
and small;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd
they found,

But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes
beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his
place apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the
wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before
the start,

Looked round bewildered on the
expectant throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and
took heart

To speak out what was in him,
clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or
frown,

And quite determined not to be
laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the reviewers,
From his republic banished with-
out pity

The poets: in this little town of
yours,

You put to death, by means of a
committee,

The ballad-singers and the truba-
dours,

The street-musicians of the heav-
enly city,

The birds, who make sweet music
for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for
Saul.

"The thrush, that carols at the dawn
of day

From the green steeples of the
piny wood;

The oriole in the elm; the noisy
jay,

Jargoning like a foreigner at his
food;

The bluebird balanced on some top-
most spray,

Flooding with melody the neigh-
borhood;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the
throng

That dwell in nests, and have the
gift of song, —

"You slay them all! and wherefore?
For the gain

Of a scant handful, more or less,
of wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other
grain,

Scratched up at random by indus-
trious feet

Searching for worm or weevil after
rain,

Or a few cherries, that are not so
sweet

As are the songs these uninvited
guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable
breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous
 beings these?
 Do you ne'er think who made
 them, and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melo-
 dies
 Alone are the interpreters of
 thought?
 Whose household words are songs in
 many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man
 e'er caught!
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops
 even
 Are half-way houses on the road to
 heaven!
 "Think, every morning when the sun
 peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of
 the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old melodious madrigals of
 love!
 And when you think of this, remem-
 ber, too,
 'Tis always morning somewhere,
 and above
 The awakening continents, from
 shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing
 evermore.
 "Think of your woods and orchards
 without birds!
 Of empty nests that cling to
 boughs and beams,
 As in an idiot's brain remembered
 words
 Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of
 his dreams!
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of
 herds
 Make up for the lost music, when
 your teams
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and
 no more
 The feathered gleaners follow to
 your door?
 "What! would you rather see the in-
 cessant stir
 Of insects in the windrows of the
 hay,
 And hear the locust and the grass-
 hopper
 Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies
 play?

Is this more pleasant to you than
 the whirr
 Of meadow-lark, and its sweet
 roundelay,
 Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you
 take
 Your nooning in the shade of bush
 and brake?

"You call them thieves and pilla-
 gers; but know
 They are the winged wardens of
 your farms,
 Who from the cornfields drive the
 insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a
 hundred harms;
 Even the blackest of them all, the
 crow,
 Renders good service as your man-
 at-arms,
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
 And crying havoc on the slug and
 snail.

"How can I teach your children gen-
 tleness,
 And mercy to the weak, and reve-
 rence
 For Life, which, in its weakness or
 excess,
 Is still a gleam of God's omni-
 otence,
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness,
 is no less
 The selfsame light, although
 averted hence,
 When by your laws, your actions,
 and your speech,
 You contradict the very things I
 teach?"

With this he closed; and through
 the audience went
 A murmur like the rustle of dead
 leaves;
 The farmers laughed and nodded,
 and some bent
 Their yellow heads together like
 their sheaves:
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sen-
 timent
 Who put their trust in bullocks
 and in bees.
 The birds were doomed; and, as the
 record shows,
 A bounty offered for the head of
 crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause:
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause:
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
 O fair Ahmira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began:
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
 Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
 While the young died of famine in their nests:
 A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very St. Bartholomew of birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
 The days were like hot coals; the very ground
 Was burned to ashes: in the orchards fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden-beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
 No foe to check their march, till they had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
 Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
 Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
 The canker-worms upon the passers-by, —
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little cry;

They were the terror of each favorite walk,
 The endless theme of all the village-talk.

The farmers grew impatient; but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain;
 For, after all, the best thing one can do,
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
 Then they repealed the law, although they knew
 It would not call the dead to life again:

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
 The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day Book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
 Lamenting the dead children of the air.

But the next Spring, a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been,
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue:
 A wagon overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
 All full of singing-birds, came down the street,
 Filling the air with music, wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought
 By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker
 prison, sought
 In woods and fields the places they
 loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many
 thought
 Were satires to the authorities ad-
 dressed;
 While others, listening in green
 lanes, averred
 Such lovely music never had been
 heard.

But blither still and louder carolled
 they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed
 to know
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-
 day;
 And everywhere, around, above,
 below,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride
 away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous
 overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new
 earth
 Amid the sunny farms of Killing-
 worth.

LONGFELLOW.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

SWEET country life, to such un-
 known,
 Whose lives are others, not their
 own;
 But, serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's
 foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper
 home;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched
 clove;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the
 west:
 No, thy ambitious masterpiece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
 Or to pay thy hinds, and cleere
 All scores, and so to end the yeare:
 But walk'st about thine own dear
 bounds,
 Not envying others' larger grounds;

For well thou know'st, 'tis not the
 extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet con-
 tent.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's
 horne,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morne;
 Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,
 Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou
 dost know,
 That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands:
 There at the plough thou find'st thy
 teame,
 With a hind whistling there to them;
 And cheer'st them up, by singing
 how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough;
 This done, then to the enameled
 meads
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there
 treads,
 Thou seest a present godlike power
 Imprinted in each herbe and flower;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed
 kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek
 neat
 Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
 And as thou look'st, the wanton
 steere,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw neare,
 To make a pleasing pastime there:
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy
 flocks
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass, as backs with
 wool;
 And leav'st them, as they feed and
 fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.
 For sports, for pageantrie, and
 playes,
 Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;
 On which the young men and maids
 meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou
 hast,
 Thy May-poles, too, with garlands
 grac't,
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never
 faile,

Thy harvest home, thy wassail
 bowle,
 That's tost up after fox i' th' hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelf-tide
 kings
 And queenes, thy Christmas revel-
 lings,
 Thy nut-browne mirth, thy russet
 wit,
 And no man pays too deare for it:
 To these thou hast thy times to
 goe,
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous
 snow;
 Thy witty wiles to draw and get
 The larke into the trammel net;
 Thou hast thy cockrood and thy
 glade
 To take the precious pheasant made;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls
 then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not
 men.
 O happy life! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood;
 Who all the day themselves do
 please,
 And younglings with such sports as
 these;
 And, lying down, have nought to
 affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short
 the night.

HERRICK.

FOX AND COCK.

Now wol I turn unto my tale agen.
 The silly widow and her doughtren
 two,
 Herden these hennés cry and maken
 wo,
 And out of dorés sterten they anon,
 And saw the fox toward the wode is
 gon,
 And bare upon his back the cock
 away:
 They criden out! "Harow and wala
 wa!
 A ha! the fox!" and after him they
 ran,
 And eke with stavés many another
 man;
 Ran Colle our dog, and Talbot, and
 Gerlond;
 And Malkin, with her distaf in her
 hond;

Ran cow and calf, and eke the very
 hogges
 So feared were for barking of the
 dogges.
 And shouting of the men and women
 eke,
 They ronnen so, them thought hir
 hertes breke.
 They yelleden as fendés don in
 Helle:
 The dokés crieden as men wold hem
 quelle:
 The gees for fere flewen over the
 trees,
 Out of the hive came the swarme of
 bees,
 So hideous was the noise, a bene-
 dicite!
 Certes he Jakke Straw, and his
 meinie,
 Ne maden never shoutés half so
 shrill,
 When that they wolden any Fleming
 kill,
 As thilké day was made upon the fox.
 Of brass they broughten beemés
 and of box,
 Of horn and bone, in which they
 blew and pouped,
 And therewithal they shriekèd and
 they houped;
 It seemed, as the Heven shuldé
 falle.

CHAUCER: *Nuns' Priest's Tale.*

THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES
COTTON.

ODE.

O THOU that swing'st upon the wav-
 ing ear
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious
 tear
 Dropt thee from heaven, where
 now thou art reared.
 The joys of earth and air are thine
 entire
 That with thy feet and wings dost
 hop and fly,
 And when thy poppy works thou
 dost retire,
 To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou wel-
com'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his
beams,
And all these merry days mak'st
merry men
Thyself and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are
cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers
have topt,
And what scythes spared winds
shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green
ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch
of grass
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and
poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing
glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we
will create
A genuine summer in each other's
breast;
And spite of this cold time and
frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eter-
nally
As vestal flames; the North-wind,
he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings,
dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come
weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek*
we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown
again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our
tapers whip
From the light casements where
we play,
And the dark hag from her black
mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

* Greek wine.

Thus richer than untempted kings
are we,
That asking nothing, nothing
need;
Though lord of all what seas em-
brace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.
RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO JOANNA.

As it befell,
One summer morning we had walked
abroad
At break of day, Joanna and myself.
'Twas that delightful season when
the broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every
steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of
gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's
banks;
And when we came in front of that
tall rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped
short, and stood
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such delight
I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone
and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,
In one impression, by connecting
force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the
heart.
When I had gazed perhaps two
minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and
laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting
from a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and
laughed again;
That ancient Woman seated on
Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Ham-
mar-scar,
And the tall Steep of Silver-how,
sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern
Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a
mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky

Carried the Lady's voice, — old Skid-
daw blew
His speaking-trumpet; back out of
the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the
voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his
misty head.
“Now whether” (said I to our
cordial friend,
Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face), “this were in
simple truth
A work accomplished by the brother-
hood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear
was touched
With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the
hills.”
And while we both were listening,
to my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she
wished
To shelter from some object of her
fear.
And hence long afterwards, when
eighteen moons
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk
alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a
calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and
there,
In memory of affections old and true,
I chiselled out in those rude charac-
ters
Joanna's name deep in the living
stone;
And I and all who dwell by my
fireside
Have called the lovely rock, “Joan-
na's Rock.”

WORDSWORTH.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father
bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy
shapes possess,

As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the
sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Mor-
pheus' train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and
holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's
hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might be-
seem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that
strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers
offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of
yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cyprus-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the
skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward east
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and
Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth
diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleas-
ure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee
bring,

Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence list along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon
yoke,

Gently o'er th' accustomed oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise
of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods
among

I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless
way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the
room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly
harm:

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or un-
sphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions
hold

The immortal mind, that hath for-
sook

Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are
found

In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,

Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing,
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did
seek.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and
glass,

And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards be-
side,

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the
ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale
career,

Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the
eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess,
bring

To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan
loves

Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd
stroke

Was never heard the Nymphs to
daunt,

Or fright them from their hallow'd
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious
dream

Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

FROM THE BOTHIE OF TOBER NA VUOLICH.

THERE is a stream, I name not its
name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get
it at last into guide-books,
Springing far off from a loch unex-
plored in the folds of great
mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan
and stunted alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of
pine, where broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen with
heathery slopes on both sides:

Broad and fair the stream, with
occasional falls and narrows;

But, where the glen of its course
approaches the vale of the
river,

Met and blocked by a huge interpos-
ing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging
up and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage
so narrow a lady would step
it,

There, across the great rocky
wharves, a wooden bridge
goes,

Carrying a path to the forest; be-
low, three hundred yards, say
Lower in level some twenty-five
feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track
cross in the open valley.

But in the interval here the boiling,
pent-up water

Frees itself by a final descent, at-
taining a basin,

Ten feet wide and eighteen long,
with whiteness and fury

Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid,
pure, a mirror;

Beautiful there for color derived
from green rocks under;

Beautiful, most of all, where beads
of foam uprising

Mingle their clouds of white with the
delicate hue of the stillness.

Cliff overcliff for its sides, with rowan
and pendent birch-boughs,

Here it lies, unthought of above at
the bridge and pathway,

Still more enclosed from below by
wood and rocky projection.

You are shut in, left alone with
yourself and perfection of
water,

Hid on all sides, left alone with
yourself and the goddess of
bathing.

Here, the pride of the plunger, you
stride the fall and clear it;

Here, the delight of the bather, you
roll in beaded sparklings,

Here into pure green depth drop
down from lofty ledges.

Hither, a month ago, they had
come, and discovered it;
hither

(Long a design, but long unaccounta-
bly left unaccomplished),

Leaving the well-known bridge and
pathway above to the forest,

Turning below from the track of
the carts over stone and
shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a
 narrow and natural causeway
 Under the rocky wall that hedges
 the bed of the streamlet,
 Rounded a craggy point, and saw on
 a sudden before them
 Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and
 perfection of water,
 Picture-like beauty, seclusion sub-
 lime, and the goddess of bath-
 ing.

There they bathed, of course, and
 Arthur, the glory of headers,
 Leapt from the ledges with Hope,
 he twenty feet, he thirty;
 There, overbold, great Hobbes from
 a ten-foot height descended,
 Prone, as a quadruped, prone with
 hands and feet protending;
 There in the sparkling champagne,
 ecstatic, they shrieked and
 shouted.

"Hobbes's gutter," the Piper en-
 titles the spot, profanely,
 Hope "the Glory," would have,
 after Arthur, the glory of
 headers:

But, for before they departed, in shy
 and fugitive reflex
 Here in the eddies and there did
 the splendor of Jupiter glim-
 mer,

Adam adjudged it the name of
 Hesperus, star of the even-
 ing.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star
 of evening above them,
 Come in their lonelier walk the pupils
 twain and Tutor;

Turned from the track of the carts,
 and passing the stone and
 shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the
 stream by the natural cause-
 way,

Rounded the craggy point, and now
 at their ease looked up; and
 Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant,
 the Glory of headers,

Lo, on the beach, expecting the
 plunge, not cigarless, the
 Piper. —

And they looked, and wondered, in-
 credulous, looking yet once
 more.

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-
 limbed, an Apollo, down-gaz-
 ing,

Eying one moment the beauty, the
 life, ere he flung himself in it,
 Eying through eddying green waters
 the green tinting floor under-
 neath them,
 Eying the bead on the surface, the
 bead, like a cloud, rising to it,
 Drinking in, deep in his soul, the
 beautiful hue and the clear-
 ness,

Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the
 unboasting, the glory of
 headers;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his
 knapsack, spectator and critic,
 Seated on slab by the margin, the
 Piper, the Cloud-compeller.

CLOUGH.

SWIMMING.

How many a time have I
 Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast
 more daring,
 The wave all roughened; with a
 swimmer's stroke
 Flinging the billows back from my
 drenched hair,
 And laughing from my lip the auda-
 cious brine,
 Which kissed it like a wine-cup, ris-
 ing o'er
 The waves as they arose, and prouder
 still
 The loftier they uplifted me; and
 oft,
 In wantonness of spirit, plunging
 down
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and
 making
 My way to shells and seaweed, all
 unseen
 By those above, till they waxed fear-
 ful; then
 Returning with my grasp full of such
 tokens
 As showed that I had searched the
 deep; exulting,
 With a far-dashing stroke, and draw-
 ing deep
 The long-suspended breath, again I
 spurned
 The foam which broke around me,
 and pursued
 My track like a sea-bird. — I was a
 boy then.

BYRON.

SKATING.

— In the frosty season, when the
 sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a
 mile,
 The cottage windows through the
 twilight blazed,
 I heeded not the summons: happy
 time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture. Clear and
 loud
 The village clock tolled six. I
 wheel'd about,
 Proud and exulting, like an untired
 horse
 That cares not for its home. All
 shod with steel,
 We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in
 games
 Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures, — the re-
 sounding horn,
 The pack loud-bellowing, and the
 hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the
 cold we flew,
 And not a voice was idle: with the
 din
 Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy
 crag
 Tinged like iron; while the distant
 hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while
 the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and
 in the west
 The orange sky of evening died
 away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumult-
 uous throng,
 To cut across the image of a star
 That gleam'd upon the ice; and
 oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to
 the wind,
 And all the shadowy banks on either
 side
 Came sweeping through the dark-
 ness, spinning still
 The rapid line of motion, then at
 once

Have I, reclining back upon my
 heels,
 Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary
 cliffs
 Wheel'd by me, even as if the earth
 had roll'd
 With visible motion her diurnal
 round.
 Behind me did they stretch in sol-
 emn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
 watch'd
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WORDSWORTH.

WINTER. — A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow;
 Or the stormy north sends driving
 forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw:
 While tumbling brown, the burn
 comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast the sky o'er-
 cast,”
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May;
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my
 soul,
 My griefs it seems to join;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty
 scheme

These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are thy will.
 Then all I want (oh, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign!

BURNS.

SNOW.

FLEET the Tartar's reinless steed,
 But fleetier far the pinions of the
 wind,
 Which from Siberia's caves the mon-
 arch freed,

And sent him forth, with squadrons
 of his kind,
 And bade the snow their ample backs
 bestride,
 And to the battle ride:
 No pitying voice commands a halt,
 No courage can repel the dire as-
 sault:
 Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and
 blind,
 Whole legions sink, and, in an in-
 stant, find
 Burial and death: look for them,
 and desery,
 When morn returns, beneath the
 clear blue sky,
 A soundless waste, a trackless va-
 cancy!

WORDSWORTH.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

THE snows arise; and, foul and
 fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened
 air:
 In his own loose-revolving fields the
 swain
 Disastered stands; sees other hills
 ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other
 scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the track-
 less plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest,
 hid
 Beneath the formless wild, but wan-
 ders on
 From hill to dale, still more and
 more astray:
 Impatient flouncing through the
 drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home;
 the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their
 vigor forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks
 his soul!
 What black despair, what horror, fills
 his heart!
 When, for the dusky spot which fan-
 cy feigned
 His tufted cottage rising through the
 snow,
 He meets the roughness of the mid-
 dle waste,

Far from the track, and bless'd abode
 of man;
 While round him night resistless
 closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his
 head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more
 wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into
 his mind,
 Of covered pits unfathomably
 deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power
 of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices
 huge,
 Smoothed up with snow; and what
 is land unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen
 spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the
 bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and
 down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless
 drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of
 death;
 Mixed with the tender anguish Na-
 ture shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the
 dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends
 unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife pre-
 pares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vest-
 ment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping
 out
 Into the mingling storm, demand
 their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence.
 Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he
 behold;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On
 every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up
 sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping
 cold,
 Lays him along the snows a stiffened
 corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the
 northern blast.

THOMSON.

A WINTER NIGHT.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless
bow'r;

When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd
glow'r

Far south the lift,
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky
show'r,

Or whirlin' drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples
rocked,

Poor labor sweet in sleep was
locked,

While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-
choked,

Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Listening, the doors an' winnocks
rattle.

I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle

O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing
sprattle

Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?

Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring
wing,

An' close thy e'e?

E'en you on murd'ring errands
toil'd,

Lone from your savage homes ex-
iled,

The blood-stained roost, and sheep-
cote spoiled,

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary
plain;

Still crowding thoughts, a pensive
train,

Rose in my soul,
While on my ear this plaintive
strain,

Slow, solemn, stole:—

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of
down,

Feel not a want but what yourselves
create,

Think for a moment on his wretched
fate,

Whom friends and fortune quite
disown!

Ill satisfied keen Nature's clamorous
call,

Stretched on his straw, he lays
himself to sleep,

While thro' the ragged roof and
chinky wall,

Chill o'er his slumbers piles the
drift heap!"

.

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer

Shook off the pouthery snaw,

And hailed the morning with a
cheer,—

A cottage-rousing crawl!

BURNS.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD
YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter
snow,

And the winter winds are wear-
ily sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;

You came to us so readily,

You lived with us so steadily,

Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:

He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true
true-love,

And the New-year will take 'em
away.

Old year, you must not go;

So long as you have been with
us,

Such joy as you have seen with
us,

Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the
brim;

A jollier year we shall not see.
 But though his eyes are waxing dim,
 And though his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.
 Old year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest;
 But all his merry quips are o'er:
 To see him die, across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post-
 haste;
 But he'll be dead before.
 Every one for his own.
 The night is starry and cold, my
 friend,
 And the New-year blithe and
 bold, my friend,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the
 snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro;
 The cricket chirps; the light burns
 low:
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for
 you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor,
 my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my
 friend,
 A new face at the door.

TENNYSON.

THE RIVULET.

AND I shall sleep; and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age, and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to
 year,
 Gayly shalt play and glitter here:

Amid young flowers and tender
 grass
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their incessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb or
 tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergèd
 shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all the flowers and trees do
 close,
 To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee
 here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear?
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow:
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress'
 name:
 Little, alas! they know or heed
 How far these beauties her exceed!
 Fair trees! where'er your barks I
 wound,
 No name shall but your own be
 found.

When we have run our passion's
 heat,
 Love hither makes his best retreat.
 The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
 Still in a tree did end their race;
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,
 Only that she might laurel grow;
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head;
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;

The nectarine, and curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Insnares with flowers, I fall on
 grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure
 less,
 Withdraws into its happiness, —
 The mind, that ocean where each
 kind
 Does straight its own resemblance
 find,
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide:
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver
 wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various
 light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walked without a
 mate:
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet!
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there:
 Two paradises are in one,
 To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new,
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
 And, as it works, the industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we!
 How could such sweet and whole-
 some hours
 Be reckoned but with herbs and
 flowers?

MARVELL.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens
 of roses!

In you let the minions of luxury
 rove;

Restore me the rocks where the
 snowflake reposes,
 For still they are sacred to freedom
 and love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy
 mountains,

Round their white summits though
 elements war,

Though cataracts foam, 'stead of
 smooth-flowing fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch
 na Gair.

Ah! there my young footsteps in
 infancy wandered;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak
 was the plaid;

On chieftains long perished, my
 memory pondered,

As daily I strode through the pine-
 covered glade;

I sought not my home till the day's
 dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright
 polar star;

For Fancy was cheered by traditional
 story

Disclosed by the natives of dark
 Loch na Gair.

"Shades of the dead! have I not
 heard your voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of
 the gale?"

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his
 own Highland vale:

Round Loch na Gair, while the
 stormy mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy
 car;

Clouds there encircle the forms of
 my fathers:

They dwell in the tempests of dark
 Loch na Gair.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no
 visions foreboding

Tell you that Fate had forsaken
 your cause?"

Ah! here you destined to die at Cul-
 loden,

Victory crowned not your fall with
 applause;

Still were you happy; in death's early
 slumber

You rest with your clan, in the
 caves of Braemar,

The pibroch resounds to the piper's
loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark
Loch na Gair.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Gair,
since I left you;
Years must clapse ere I tread you
again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has
bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than
Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and
domestic
To one who has roved on the
mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and
majestic,
The steep-frowning glories of dark
Loch na Gair!

BYRON.

THE BOY-POET.

THERE was a boy; ye knew him well,
ye cliffs
And islands of Winander! Many a
time,
At evening, when the earliest stars
began
To move along the edges of the
hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand
alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glim-
mering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven,
both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to
his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instru-
ment,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent
owls,
That they might answer him. And
they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout
again,
Responsive to his call, with quiver-
ing peals,
And long halloos and screams, and
echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse
wild
Of mirth and jocund din! And
when it chanced

That pauses of deep silence mocked
his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence,
while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild
surprise
Has carried far into his heart the
voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible
scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its
rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heav-
en, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

WORDSWORTH.

THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

I HAVE woven shrouds of air
In a loom of hurrying light,
For the trees which blossoms
bear,
And gilded them with sheets of
bright;
I fall upon the grass like love's first
kiss;
I make the golden flies and their
fine bliss;
I paint the hedgerows in the lane,
And clover white and red the path-
ways bear;
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of
rain
To see the ocean lash himself in
air;
I throw smooth shells and weeds
along the beach,
And pour the curling waves far o'er
the glossy reach;
Swing birds' nests in the elms, and
shake cool moss
Along the aged beams, and hide their
loss.
The very broad rough stones I glad-
den too;
Some willing seeds I drop along
their sides,
Nourish the generous plant with
freshening dew,
Till there where all was waste, true
joy abides.
The peaks of aged mountains, with
my care
Smile in the red of glowing morn-
elate;

I bind the caverns of the sea with
hair,
Glossy, and long, and rich as kings'
estate;
I polish the green ice, and gleam
the wall
With the white frost, and leaf the
brown trees tall.

CHANNING.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies
work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills,
Where, save the rugged road, we
find

No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handiwork to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery, or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the flood escaped:

Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice,)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary
tent;

Tents of a camp that never shall be
raised —

On which four thousand years have
gazed!

II.

Ye ploughshares sparkling on the
slopes!

Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!

Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate prodigal!

Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and
fields,

All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly, baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time, —

O care! O guilt! O vales and
plains,

Here, 'mid his own unvexed do-
mains,

A genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You, —
Most potent when mists veil the
sky, —

Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes to the
sweeping breeze

Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III.

List to those shriller notes! that
march

Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this height's inverted
arch,

Rome's earliest legion passed!
They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block, and yon, whose church-
like frame

Gives to this savage pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapory bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide.

WORDSWORTH.

/ SOLITUDE. \

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless
woods;

There is a rapture on the lonely
shore;

There is society where none in-
trudes,

By the deep sea, and music in its
roar:

I love not man the less, but nature
more,

From these our interviews, in which
I steal

From all I may be, or have been
before,

To mingle with the universe, and
feel

What I can ne'er express, yet can-
not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue
ocean, roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin: his
control

Stops with the shore: upon the
watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor
doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bub-
bling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-
fined, and unknown.

BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

TINTERN ABBEY.

I HAVE learned
To look on Nature, not as in the
hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing
oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of
ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I
have felt
A presence that disturbs me with
the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sub-
lime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of set-
ting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man, —
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things. There-
fore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the
woods,
And mountains, and of all that we
behold
From this green earth; of all the
mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half
create,
And what perceive; well pleased to
recognize
In Nature and the language of the
sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts.

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS.

O PROSERPINA,
For the flowers now, that frightened,
thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares,
and take
The winds of March with beauty;
violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's
eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale prim-
roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can
behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a
malady
Most incident to maids; bold ox-lips,
and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all
kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O,
these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my
sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale*.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Alh, sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden
clime,
Where the traveller's journey is
done;
Where the youth pined away with
desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in
snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and
to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown,
and from the shrubs the jay;
And from the wood-top calls the
crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair
young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a
beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves:
the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with
the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy
earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
they perished long ago;
And the brier-rose and the orchis
died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and
the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the
brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold
heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile
was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild
day, as still such days will
come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from
out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is
heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the
waters of the rill, —
The south wind searches for the
flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
and by the stream no more.
And then I think of one who in her
youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew
up, and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her
when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
should have a life so brief;

Yet not unmeet it was, that one,
like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should
perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And colored with the heaven's own
blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are
flown,
And frosts and shortening days por-
tend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the
sky,
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to
me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

TREES.

A SHADIE grove not far away they
spied,
That promist ayde the tempest to
withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with som-
mers pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's
light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any
starr;
And all within were pathes and al-
lees wide,

With footing worne, and leading in-
ward far:
Faire harbour that them seems; so
in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure
forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes' sweete
harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the
tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the
cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so
straight and high,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud
and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar nev-
er dry;
The builder oake; sole king of for-
rests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cy-
presse funerall;

The laurell meed of mightie con-
querours
And poets sage; the fir that weep-
eth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne para-
mours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's
will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for
the mill;
The mirrhe sweet-bleeding in the
bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for
nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the platane
round;
The carver holme; the maple, sel-
dom inward sound.

SPENSER.

YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lor-
ton Vale,
Which to this day stands single in
the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of
yore:
Not loath to furnish weapons for the
bands

Of Umfraville or Percy ere they
marched

To Scotland's heaths; or those that
crossed the sea,

And drew their sounding bows at
Azincour;

Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poic-
tiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom
profound

This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;

Of form and aspect too magnifi-
cent

To be destroyed. But worthier still
of note

Are those fraternal Four of Borrow-
dale,

Joined in one solemn and capacious
grove;

Huge trunks! and each particular
trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately con-
volved;

Nor uninformed with fantasy, and
looks

That threaten the profane; a pillared
shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-
brown hue,

By sheddings from the pining um-
brage tinged

Perennially; beneath whose sable
roof

Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,
decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly
shapes

May meet at noontide; Fear, and
trembling Hope,

Silence, and Foresight; Death the
Skeleton,

And Time the Shadow; there to cele-
brate,

As in a natural temple scattered
o'er

With altars undisturbed of mossy
stone,

United worship; or in mute re-
pose

To lie, and listen to the mountain
flood

Murmuring from Glaramara's in-
most caves.

WORDSWORTH.

THE OSMUNDA REGALIS.

OFTEN, trifling with a privilege
 Alike indulged to all, we paused, one
 now,
 And now the other, to point out,
 perchance
 To pluck, some flower or water-weed
 too fair
 Either to be divided from the place
 On which it grew, or to be left alone
 To its own beauty. Many such there
 are,
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly
 that tall fern,
 So stately, of the queen Osmunda
 named;
 Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
 On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by
 the side
 Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the
 Mere,
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old ro-
 mance.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BARBERRY-BUSH.

THE bush that has most briers and
 bitter fruit:
 Wait till the frost has turned its
 green leaves red,
 Its sweetened berries will thy palate
 suit,
 And thou mayst find e'en there a
 homely bread.
 Upon the hills of Salem scattered
 wide,
 Their yellow blossoms gain the eye
 in spring;
 And, straggling e'en upon the turn-
 pike's side,
 Their ripened branches to your hand
 they bring.
 I've plucked them oft in boyhood's
 early hour,
 That then I gave such name, and
 thought it true;
 But now I know that other fruit as
 sour
 Grows on what now thou callest *me*
 and *you*:
 Yet wilt thou wait, the autumn that
 I see
 Will sweeter taste than these red
 berries be.

JONES VERY.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET-SCENTED flower! who art
 wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume!
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay
 now,
 And I will bind thee round my brow;
 And as I twine the mournful
 wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song,
 And sweet the strain shall be, and
 long, —
 The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to
 dwell
 With the pale corse in lonely
 tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.
 Come, press my lips, and lie with
 me
 Beneath the lowly alder-tree,
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare in-
 trude
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower! that requiem wild
 is mine;
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead;
 My grave shall be in yon lone
 spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my
 ashes shed.

H. K. WHITE.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
 This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with
 dew?
 I will whisper to your eares,
 The sweets of love are mixt with
 tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow-green and sickly too?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break?
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

HERRICK.

TO DAFFODILLS.

FAIRE Daffodills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day
 Has run

But to the even-song;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.

We die

As your hours doe, and drie

Away,

Like to the summer's raine;
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found againe.

HERRICK.

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and
 hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly
 dance.

The waves beside them danced; but
 they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:

3

A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company:
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had
 brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure
 fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

TO BLOSSOMS.

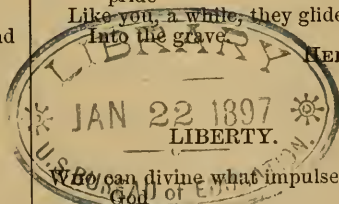
FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here a while
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their
 pride

Like you, a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

HERRICK.



Who can divine what impulses from
 God

Reach the caged lark, within a town
 abode,

From his poor inch or two of daisied
 sod?

Oh, yield him back his privilege! No
 sea

Swells like the bosom of a man set
 free:

A wilderness is rich with liberty.

Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die
or keep
Your independence in the fathomless
deep!

Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the
freshening gale!

If unreprieved the ambitious eagle
mount

Sunward to seek the daylight in its
fount,

Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian
width, shall be,

Till the world perishes, a field for
thee!

WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT.

COME, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful
day,

And, with thy bloody and invisible
hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great
bond

Which keeps me pale! — Light thick-
ens; and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth*.

THE DIAMOND.

STAR of the flowers, and flower of the
stars,

And earth of the earth, art thou!

And darkness hath battles, and light
hath wars

That pass in thy beautiful brow.

The eye of the ground thus was
planted by heaven,

And the dust was new wed to the
sun,

And the monarch went forth, and
the earth-star was given,

That should back to the heaven-star
run.

So in all things it is: the first origin
lives,

And loves his life out to his flock;

And in dust, and in matter, and na-
ture, he gives

The spirit's last spark to the rock.

J. J. G. WILKINSON.

SEPTEMBER.

1819.

AND, sooth to say, yon vocal grove
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring.

But list! though winter's storms be
nigh,

Unchecked is that soft harmony:

There lives Who can provide

For all his creatures; and in him,

Even like the radiant Seraphim,

These Choristers confide.

WORDSWORTH.

NIGHTINGALE.

OFT when, returning with her loaded
bill,

Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant
nest,

By the hard hand of unrelenting
clown

Robb'd; to the ground the vain pro-
vision falls;

Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping
scarce

Can bear the mourner to the poplar
shade;

Where, all abandoned to despair, she
sings

Her sorrows thro' the night; and on
the bough

Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain

Of winding woe, till, wide around,
the woods

Sigh to her song, and with her wail
resound.

THOMSON.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THOU wast not born for death, im-
mortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee
down;

The voice I hear this passing night
was heard

In ancient days by emperor and
clown,—

Perhaps the selfsame song that found
 a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth,
 when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien
 corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening
 on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands
 forlorn.

KEATS.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did
 spring,
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast against a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
 Tereu, tereu, by and by:
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in
 vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear
 thee,
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer
 thee;
 King Pandiva, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
 All thy fellow-birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing;
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.

R. BARNEFIELD.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

ROUND my own pretty rose I have
 hovered all day,
 I have seen its sweet leaves one by
 one fall away:

They are gone, they are gone; but I
 go not with them,
 I linger to weep o'er its desolate
 stem.

They say if I rove to the south I
 shall meet
 With hundreds of roses more fair
 and more sweet;
 But my heart, when I'm tempted to
 wander, replies,
 Here my first love, my last love, my
 only love lies.

When the last leaf is withered, and
 falls to the earth,
 The false one to southerly climes
 may fly forth;
 But truth cannot fly from his sor-
 rows: he dies,
 Where his first love, his last love, his
 only love lies.

T. H. BAYLY.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-
SONG.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away my heart!
 The rose, the glorious rose, is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendor,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where the flower-cup's glow?
 And where the joy of the dancing
 leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow?

Tell of the brightness parted,
 Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
 Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!
 Are ye, too, passed away?

With sunshine, with sweet odor,
 With every precious thing,
 Upon the last warm southern breeze,
 My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger
 When the days of hope are past,
 To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
 To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly,
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me, perchance, in other lands
The glorious rose may blow.

No more, no more, sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart!
The rose, the royal rose, is gone,
And I, too, will depart.

HEMANS.

THE BIRD.

"BIRDIE, Birdie, will you, pet?
Summer is far and far away yet.
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your head."

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall:
No rain comes through, though I hear it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, will you, pet?
Diamond stones and amber and jet
We'll string on a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine."

"Oh! thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet;
But here is something daintier yet,—
A feather necklace, round and round,
That I would not sell for a thousand pound!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, won't you, pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet."

"Can running water be drunk from gold?

Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air:

Good-by, good-by, to my lady fair."

ALLINGHAM.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel, pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?—
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! That love-prompted strain,
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A SKY-LARK.

LIKE a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

SHELLEY.

BREEDING LARK.

I MUST go furnish up
A nest I have begun,
And will return and bring ye meat,
As soon as it is done.

Then up she clambe the clouds
With such a lusty lay,
That it rejoiced her younglings' heart,
As in their nest they lay.

ARTHUR BOAR.

FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESSE.

RAMBLING along the marshes,
On the bank of the Assabet,
Sounding myself as to how it went,
Praying that I might not forget,
And all uncertain
Whether I was in the right,
Toiling to lift Time's curtain,
And if I burnt the strongest light;
Suddenly,
High in the air,
I heard the travelled geese
Their overture prepare.

Stirred above the patent ball,
The wild geese flew,
Nor near so wild as that doth me be-
fall,
Or, swollen Wisdom, you.

In the front there fetched a leader,
Him behind the line spread out,
And waved about,
As it was near night,
When these air-pilots stop their
flight.

Cruising off the shoal dominion
Where we sit,
Depending not on their opinion,
Nor hiving sops of wit;
Geographical in tact,
Naming not a pond or river,
Pulled with twilight down in fact,
In the reeds to quack and quiver,
There they go,
Spectators at the play below,
Southward in a row.

Cannot land and map the stars
The indifferent geese,
Nor taste the sweetmeats in odd jars,
Nor speculate and freeze;
Racid weasands need be well,
Feathers glossy, quills in order,
Starts this train, yet rings no bell;
Steam is raised without recorder.

"Up, my feathered fowl, all," —
Saith the goose commander,
"Brighten your bills, and flirt your
pinions,
My toes are nipped, — let us render
Ourselves in soft Guatemala,
Or suck puddles in Campeachy,
Spitzbergen-cake cuts very frosty,
And the tippie is not leechy.

"Let's brush loose for any creek,
There lurk fish and fly,
Condiments to fat the weak,
Inundate the pie.
Flutter not about a place,
Ye concomitants of space!"

Mute the listening nations stand
On that dark receding land;
How faint their villages and towns,
Scattered on the misty downs!
A meeting-house
Appears no bigger than a mouse.

How long?
Never is a question asked,
While a throat can lift the song,
Or a flapping wing be tasked.

All the grandmothers about
Hear the orators of Heaven,
Then put on their woollens stout,
And cower o'er the hearth at even;
And the children stare at the sky,
And laugh to see the long black line
so high!

Then once more I heard them say, —
" 'Tis a smooth, delightful road,
Difficult to lose the way,
And a trifle for a load.

" 'Twas our forte to pass for this,
Proper sack of sense to borrow,
Wings and legs, and bills that clat-
ter,
And the horizon of To-morrow."
CHANNING.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day?
Far through their rosy depths dost
thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson
sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise
and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold, thin
atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome
land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home,
and rest,
And scream among thy fellows:
reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet
on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou
hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread
alone
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT.

THE EAGLE.

HE clasps the crag with hookèd
hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he
stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

TENNYSON.

OCEAN.

GREAT Ocean! strongest of crea-
tion's sons,
Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,

That rolled the wild, profound, eter-
nal bass
In nature's anthem, and made mu-
sic such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny
skill;
From age to age enduring, and un-
changed,
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night,
on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous
work
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to
none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor,
but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.

POLLOK.

OCEAN.

SEE living vales by living waters
blessed,
Their wealth see earth's dark caverns
yield,
See Ocean roll in glory dressed,
For all a treasure, and round all a
shield.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

SEA SONG.

OUR boat to the waves go free,
By the bending tide, where the
curled wave breaks,
Like the track of the wind on the
white snowflakes:
Away, away! 'Tis a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave, — spread the sail,
For our spirits can wrest the power
from the wind,
And the gray clouds yield to the
sunny mind,
Fear not we the whirl of the gale.

Waves on the beach, and the wild
sea-foam,
With a leap, and a dash, and a sud-
den cheer,

Where the seaweed makes its bend-
ing home,
And the sea-birds swim on the crests
so clear,
Wave after wave, they are curling
o'er,
While the white sand dazzles along
the shore.

CHANNING.

SEA SONG.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free;
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SEA.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark-
blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our
souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the bil-
lows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our
home!
These are our realms, no limits to
their sway;
Our flag the sceptre all who meet
obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to
range
From toil to rest, and joy in every
change.
Oh! who can tell? not thou, luxuri-
ous slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the
heaving wave;

Not thou, vain lord of wantonness
and ease!

Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure
cannot please, —

Oh! who can tell, save he whose
heart hath tried,

And danced in triumph o'er the wa-
ters wide,

The exulting sense, the pulse's mad-
dening play,

That thrills the wanderer of that
trackless way?

BYRON: *Corsair*.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-
fish rove;

Where the sea-flower spreads its
leaves of blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty
shine

Far down in the green and glassy
brine.

The floor is of sand, like the moun-
tain drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the
flinty snow:

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and
billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are
absent there,

And the sands are bright as the stars
that glow

In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of
green,

The sea-flag streams through the
silent water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is
seen

To blush like a banner bathed in
slaughter:

There with a light and easy motion
The fan coral sweeps through the
clear deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of
ocean

Are bending like corn on the upland
lea;

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of
stone.

And is safe, when the wrathful spirit
 of storms
 Has made the top of the waves his
 own:
 And when the ship from his fury
 flies,
 When the myriad voices of ocean
 roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the
 murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck
 on the shore,
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish
 rove,
 Where the waters murmur tran-
 quilly
 Through the bending twigs of the
 coral grove.

PERCIVAL.

INSCRIPTION ON A SEA SHELL.

PLEASED we remember our august
 abodes,
 And murmur as the ocean murmurs
 there.

LANDOR.

OUT AND INWARD BOUND.

ALL things that are,
 Are with more spirit chased than
 enjoy'd.
 How like a younker or a prodigal
 The scarfed bark puts from her
 native bay,
 Hugg'd and embracèd by the strum-
 pet wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she re-
 turn
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged
 sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the
 strumpet wind!

SHAKSPEARE.

Merchant of Venice. Act ii. Sc. 6.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather-leech of the topsail
 shivers,
 The bow-lines strain, and the lee-
 shrouds slacken,

The braces are taut, the lithe boom
 quivers,
 And the waves with the coming
 squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
 Is the light-house tall on Fire Island
 Head?

There's a shade of doubt on the cap-
 tain's brow,
 And the pilot watches the heaving
 lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager
 eye,
 To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
 Till the muttered order of "*Full and
 by!*"
 Is suddenly changed for "*Full for
 stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the
 breeze,
 As her broadside fair to the blast she
 lays;
 And she swifter springs to the rising
 seas,
 As the pilot calls, "*Stand by for
 stays!*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
 With the gathered coil in his hard-
 ened hands,
 By tack and bowline, by sheet and
 brace,
 Waiting the watchword impatient
 stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head
 draws near,
 As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
 From his post on the bowsprit's heel
 I hear,
 With the welcome call of "*Ready!
 About!*"

No time to spare! It is touch and go;
 And the captain growls, "Down,
 helm! hard down!"
 As my weight on the whirling spokes
 I throw,
 While heaven grows black with the
 storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the
 spray,
 As we meet the shock of the plun-
 ging sea;

And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I
lay,
As I answer, "*Ay, ay, sir! Ha-a-rd
a lee!*"

With the swerving leap of a startled
steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the
wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee
recede,
And the headland white we have
left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning
cleats;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail
flaps;
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and
sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the
tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall:
The sails are aback from clew to
clew,
And now is the moment for, "*Main-
sail, haul!*"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's
toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly
swung:
She holds her way, and I look with
joy
For the first white spray o'er the bul-
warks flung.

"*Let go, and haul!*" 'Tis the last
command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast
once more:
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the
shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain,
or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "*Belay there,
all!*"
And the captain's breath once more
comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship
fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,

In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket
dry,
Eight bells have struck and my watch
is below.

WALTER MITCHEL.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this
song:—

"What should we do but sing His
praise,
That led us through the watery
maze

Where He the huge sea-monsters
wracks,

That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's
rage:

He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to
meet,

And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their
chime,

With falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVELL.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

THANKS for the lessons of this spot,
 fit school
 For the presumptuous thoughts that
 would assign
 Mechanic laws to agency divine,
 And, measuring heaven by earth,
 would overrule
 Infinite power. The pillared vesti-
 bule,
 Expanding yet precise, the roof em-
 bowed,
 Might seem designed to humble
 man, when proud
 Of his best workmanship by plan
 and tool.
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlan-
 tic weight
 Of tide and tempest on the struc-
 ture's base,
 And flashing upwards to its topmost
 height,
 Ocean has proved its strength, and
 of its grace
 In calms is conscious, finding for his
 freight
 Of softest music some responsive
 place.

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF
THE PILLARS AT THE EN-
TRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity
 was cast,
 Children of summer! Ye fresh
 flowers that brave
 What summer here escapes not, the
 fierce wave,
 And whole artillery of the western
 blast.
 Battering the temple's front, its
 long-drawn nave
 Smiting, as if each moment were
 their last.
 But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and
 architrave
 Survive, and once again the pile
 stands fast,
 Calm as the universe, from specular
 towers
 Of heaven contemplated by spirits
 pure—
 Suns and their systems, diverse yet
 sustained

In symmetry, and fashioned to en-
 dure,
 Unhurt, the assaults of time with all
 his hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.
 WORDSWORTH.

THE STORM.

THE sky is changed; and such
 a change! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are
 wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is
 the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling
 crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from
 one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath
 found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her
 misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to
 her aloud!

BYRON.

SUNSET.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not
 night:
 Sunset divides the sky with her;
 a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine
 height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven
 is free
 From clouds, but of all colors
 seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past
 eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek
 Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air, an
 island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and
 reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely
 heaven; but still
 You sunny sea heaves brightly,
 and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far
 Rhetian hill.

As day and night contending were
 until
 Nature reclaimed her order:
 gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where
 their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born
 rose,
 Which streams upon her stream,
 and glassed within it glows,
 Filled with the face of heaven,
 which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all
 its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising
 star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler
 shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains:
 parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each
 pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone
 —and all is gray.

BYRON.

MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps
 upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds
 of music
 Creep in your ears: soft stillness,
 and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet har-
 mony.
 Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of
 heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
 gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which
 thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 still quiring to the young-ey'd
 cherubims.

SHAKSPEARE.

ODE TO EVENING.

Faught of oaten stop, or pastoral
 song,
 Lay hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy
 modest ear,

Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the
 bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
 skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the
 weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on
 leathern wing;

Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight
 path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless
 hum:

Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
 darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness
 suit;

As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising
 shows

His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes
 her brows with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and,
 lovelier still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and
 healthy scene;

Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary
 dells,

Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driv-
 ing rain,

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the
 hut,

That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-dis-
covered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and
marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers,
as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses,
meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap
with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the trou-
blous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of the quiet
rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,
smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!
COLLINS.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first
Parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and
heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely
Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and
Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent
dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great set-
ting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven
came,
And lo! Creation widened on Man's
view.
Who could have thought such Dark-
ness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who
could find,
Whilst flower, and leaf, and insect
stood revealed,
That to such countless Orbs thou
mad'st us blind!

Why do we then shun Death with
anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, where-
fore not Life?
J. BLANCO WHITE.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SINCE the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing
one,
Relinquished half his empire to the
host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy
star,
Holy as princely, who that looks on
thee,
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat
of care,
Can question that thy countenance
is bright,
Celestial power, as much with love
as light?
WORDSWORTH.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation
broke,
And the world in the smile of God
awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness
and death
Were moved through their depths
by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of
flame
From the void abyss by myriads
came, —
In the joy of youth as they darted
away,
Through the widening wastes of
space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones
sung.
“Away, away, through the wide,
wide sky, —
The fair blue fields that before us
lie, —
Each sun with the worlds that round
him roll,
Each planet poised on her turning
pole;

With her isles of green and her
clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid
light.

"For the Source of Glory uncovers
his face,
And the brightness o'erflows un-
bounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the lumi-
nous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming
sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendors
play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering
ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they
swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each roll-
ing mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is
seen,
Where the small waves dance, and
the young woods lean.

"And see, where brighter day-beams
pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny
shower;
And the morn and eve, with their
pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed
their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teem-
ing ground,
With her shadowy cone the night
goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming
bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres
of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine
with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking
from night,
To rejoice like us, in motion and
light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youth-
ful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures
the years;

Glide on, in the glory and gladness
sent,
To the farthest wall of the firma-
ment,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps
are dim."

BRYANT.

THE MILKY WAY.

"Lo," quoth he, "cast up thine
eye,
See yonder, lo! the galaxie,
The which men clepe the Milky Way,
For it is white; and some parfay
Callen it Watling streete,
That once was brent with the hete,
When the Sunne's sonne the rede,
That bright Phaeton, would lead
Algate his father's cart, and gie.*
"The cart horses gan well aspie,
That he could no governaunce,
And gan for to leape and prauunce,
And bear him up, and now down,
Till he saw the Scorpioun,
Which that in Heaven's signe is yet,
And for feré lost his wit
Of that, and let the reynés gone
Of his horses, and they anoue
Soone up to mount, and downe de-
scend,
Till both air and Earthé brend,
Till Jupiter, lo! at the last
Him slew, and fro the carté cast.

CHAUCER.

HOPE.

AT summer eve, when heaven's æ-
rial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering
hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the
musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles
with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint
appear
More sweet than all the landscape
smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to
the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure
hue.

CAMPBELL.

* Guide.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given,
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dreamed of gems and
 gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

And yet, fair bow, no fabling
 dreams,
 But words of the Most High,
 Have told why first thy robe of
 beams
 Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged
 earth
 Heaven's covenant thou didst
 shine,
 How came the world's gray fathers
 forth
 To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
 O'er mountains yet untrod,
 Each mother held aloft her child
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
 The first-made anthem rang
 On earth, delivered from the deep,
 And the first poet sang.

The earth to thee her incense yields,
 The lark thy welcome sings,
 When, glittering in the freshened
 fields,
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
 That first spoke peace to man.
 CAMPBELL.

THE RAINBOW.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting
 through
 The scattering clouds, shone, span-
 ning the dark sea,
 Resting its bright base on the quiv-
 ering blue;
 And all within its arch appeared
 to be
 Clearer than that without; and its
 wide hue
 Waxed broad and waving, like a
 banner free,
 Then changed like to a bow that's
 bent, and then
 Forsook the dim eyes of those ship-
 wrecked men.

It changed, of course; a heavenly
 chameleon,
 The airy child of vapor and the
 sun,
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in
 vermilion,
 Baptized in molten gold, and
 swathed in dun,
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's
 pavilion,
 And blending every color into one.
 BYRON.

THE CLOUD.

I SIFT the snow on the mountains
 below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow
 white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the
 blast.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire
 laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleecy-
 like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen
 feet,

Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my
 tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and
 peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and
 flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-
 built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and
 seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through
 me on high
 Are each paved with the moon and
 these.

I am the daughter of earth and
 water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the
 ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never
 a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with
 their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a
 ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 (Yet careless of its mansion new,
 For the clear region where 'twas
 born,)
 Round in itself encloses
 And, in its little globe's extent,
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does
 slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies;
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the
 sphere.
 Restless it rolls, and insecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;

Till the warm sun pities its pain,
 And to the skies exhales it back
 again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal
 day,
 Could it within the human flower
 be seen,
 Remembering still its former
 height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves, and blos-
 soms green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling
 thoughts, express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away,
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day,
 Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go;
 How girt and ready to ascend;
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew dis-
 til,
 White and entire, although congealed
 and chill;
 Congealed on earth; but does, dis-
 solving, run
 Into the glories of the almighty sun.

MARVELL.

SMOKE.

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward
 flight;
 Lark without song, and messenger
 of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy
 nest;
 Or else, departing dream, and shad-
 ovy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy
 skirts;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out
 the sun;
 Go thou, my incense, upward from
 this hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear
 flame.

THOREAU.

MIST.

LOW-ANCHORED cloud,
 Newfoundland air,
 Fountain-head and source of rivers,
 Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
 And napkin spread by fays;
 Drifting meadow of the air,
 Where bloom the daisied banks and
 violets,
 And in whose fenny labyrinth
 The bittern booms and heron wades;
 Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers, —
 Bear only perfumes and the scent
 Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

THOREAU.

HAZE.

WOOF of the fen, ethereal gauze,
 Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
 Last conquest of the eye;
 Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
 Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,
 Fine summer spray on inland seas;
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
 From heath or stubble rising without
 song, —

Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

THOREAU.

AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,
 For silence, and for sleep;

And when I was a child, I laid
 My hands upon my breast, and prayed
 And sank to slumbers deep:
 Childlike as then I lie to-night,
 And watch my lonely cabin-light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
 Shows how the vessel reels:
 As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
 And all her timbers strain and cramp
 With every shock she feels.
 It starts and shudders, while it burns,
 And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,
 It almost level lies;
 And yet I know, while to and fro
 I watch the seeming pendule go
 With restless fall and rise,
 The steady shaft is still upright,
 Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
 O promise of my soul!
 Though weak, and tossed, and ill at
 ease,
 Amid the roar of smiting seas,
 The ship's convulsive roll,
 I own with love and tender awe
 Yon perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
 My soul is filled with light:
 The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
 The wild winds chant: I cross my
 palms,

Happy as if to-night
 Under the cottage roof again
 I heard the soothing summer rain.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

II.

HUMAN LIFE.

HOME. — WOMAN. — LOVE. — FRIENDSHIP. —
MANNERS. — BEAUTY.

“The privates of man’s heart—
They speken and sound in his ear
As though they loud winds were.” — GOWER.



HUMAN LIFE.

HOME.

'Tis not in battles that from youth
we train
The governor who must be wise and
good,
And temper with the sternness of
the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as
womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children
round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and
the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are
the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount;
this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her
rights are these.

WORDSWORTH.

TO CORINNE.

HAPPY, happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth!

HEMANS.

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle
flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering
spars!
Point home, my country's flag of
stars!

My mother, in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warm-
er tears;
On long, long darkness breaks the
light,
Comes home the loved, the lost for
years.
Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner!
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea:
The ear of Heaven bends low to
her!

He comes to shore who sails with
me.
The wind-tossed spider needs no
token
How stands the tree when light-
nings blaze;
And, by a thread from heaven un-
broken,
I know my mother lives and
prays.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye lofty spires
That cheered the holy light!
Farewell, domestic fires
That broke the gloom of night!
Too soon these spires are lost,
Too fast we leave the bay,
Too soon by ocean tost
From hearth and home away,
Far away, far away.

Farewell, the busy town,
The wealthy and the wise,
Kind smile and honest frown
From bright, familiar eyes.
All these are fading now;
Our brig hastes on her way;
Her unremembering prow
Is leaping o'er the sea,
Far away, far away.

Farewell, my mother fond,
 Too kind, too good to me,
 Nor pearl, nor diamond
 Would pay my debt to thee;
 But even thy kiss denies
 Upon my cheek to stay.
 The winged vessel flies,
 And billows round her play,
 Far away, far away.

Farewell, my brothers true,
 My betters, yet my peers,
 How desert without you
 My few and evil years!
 But though aye one in heart,
 Together sad or gay,
 Rude ocean doth us part,
 We separate to-day,
 Far away, far away.

Farewell I breathe again
 To dim New England's shore:
 My heart shall beat not when
 I pant for thee no more.
 In yon green palmy isle,
 Beneath the tropic ray,
 I murmur never while
 For thee and thine I pray:
 Far away, far away.
 EMERSON.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

My mother, when I learned that
 thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the
 tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrow-
 ing son, —
 Wretch even then, life's journey
 just begun?
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-
 day;
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow
 away;
 And, turning from my nursery-win-
 dow, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last
 adieu!
 But was it such? It was. Where
 thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound
 unknown;
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful
 shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips
 no more.
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at
 my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick
 return:
 What ardently I wished, I long be-
 lieved,
 And, disappointed still, was still de-
 ceived, —
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of tomorrow even from a
 child.
 Thus many a sad tomorrow came
 and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows
 spent,
 I learned at last submission to my
 lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee,
 ne'er forgot.
 Where once we dwelt, our name is
 heard no more;
 Children not thine have trod my
 nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day
 by day,
 Drew me to school along the public
 way, —
 Delighted with my bauble coach,
 and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
 cap, —
 Could Time, his flight reversed, re-
 store the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tis-
 sued flowers, —
 The violet, the pink, the jessa-
 mine, —
 I pricked them into paper with a
 pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself
 the while —
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my
 head, and smile,)
 Could those few pleasant days again
 appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I
 wish them here?
 But no! What here we call our life is
 such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so
 much,
 That I should ill requite thee to con-
 strain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds
 again.

COWPER.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

I miss thee, when, by Gunga's
stream,
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale
beam
I miss thee from my side.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty
leads!
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly
gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,
they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

HEBER.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' an-
gry sigh;
The short'ning winter-day is near
a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the
plough;
The black'ning trains o' craws to
their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor
goes,
This night his weekly moil is at
an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks,
and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest
to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his
course does haneward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in
view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged
tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin
stacher thro',
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin
noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie
wife's smile,
The lispin infant prattling on his
knee,
Does all his weary carking cares
beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his
labor an' his toil.

.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sis-
ters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly
spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, un-
noticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees
or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hope-
ful years,
Anticipation forward points the
view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her
shears,
Gars auld claes look anaist as
weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition
due.

Their master's an' their mistress's
command,
The youngers a' are warnèd to
obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent
hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to
jauk or play:
"And, oh! be sure to fear the Lord
alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn
and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,

Implore his counsel and assisting
 might:
 They never sought in vain that
 sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to
 the door;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o'
 the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the
 moor,

To do some errands, and convoy
 her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious
 flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush
 her cheek;

Wi' heart-struck anxious care, in-
 quires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to
 speak;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's
 nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings
 him ben;

A strappan youth; he takes the
 mother's eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill
 ta'en;

The father cracks of horses,
 pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'er-
 flows wi' joy,

But, blate and laithfu', scarce can
 weel behave;

The woman, wi' a woman's wiles,
 can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu'
 an' sae grave;

Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's re-
 spected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this
 is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond
 compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal
 round,

And sage experience bids me this
 declare—

"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly
 pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy
 vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, mod-
 est pair,

In other's arms breathe out the
 tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that
 scents the ev'ning gale!"

.

But now the supper crowns their
 simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief o'
 Scotia's food:

The soupe their only hawkie does
 afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly
 chows her cood;

The dame brings forth in compli-
 mental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd
 kebbuck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he calls it
 gude;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will
 tell

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin'
 lint was i' the bell.

The cheerful supper done, wi'
 serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a cir-
 cle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal
 grace,

The big ha'-Bible, ance his
 father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an'
 bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in
 Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious
 care;

And "Let us worship God!" he
 says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in
 simple guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the
 noblest aim;

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling
 measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy
 of the name;

Or noble "Elgin" beats the heav'n-
 ward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy
 lays:

Compar'd with these, Italian trills
 are tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,

How Abram was the friend of God on high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire:

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped;

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;

And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear;

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!

The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;

But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;

And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:

The parent-pair their secret homage pay,

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,

Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide;

But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;

"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace,
 and sweet content!
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple
 lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak
 and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets
 be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the
 while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their
 much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic
 tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-
 daunted heart;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic
 pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious
 part,
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou
 art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
 reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the pa-
 triot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her orna-
 ment and guard!

BURNS.

THE BABE.

NAKED on parents' knees, a newborn
 child,
 Weeping thou sat'st when all around
 thee smiled:
 So live, that, sinking to thy last long
 sleep,
 Thou then mayst smile while all
 around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES:
Translated from Calidasa.

THE WOOD-FIRE.

THIS bright wood-fire,
 So like to that which warmed and
 lit
 My youthful days, — how doth it
 flit
 Back on the periods nigher!
 Re-lighting and re-warming with its
 glow

The bright scenes of my youth, — all
 gone out now.
 How eagerly its flickering blaze doth
 catch
 On every point now wrapped in
 time's deep shade!
 Into what wild grotesqueness by its
 flash
 And fitful checkering is the picture
 made!
 When I am glad or gay,
 Let me walk forth into the brilliant
 sun,
 And with congenial rays be shone
 upon:
 When I am sad, or thought-be-
 witch'd would be,
 Let me glide forth in moonlight's
 mystery,
 But never, while I live this change-
 ful life,
 This past and future with all won-
 ders rife,
 Never, bright flame, may be denied
 to me
 Thy dear, life-imaging, close sympa-
 thy.
 What but my hopes shot upwards
 e'er so bright?
 What but my fortunes sank so low
 in night?
 Why art thou banished from our
 hearth and hall,
 Thou who art welcomed and beloved
 by all?
 Was thy existence then too fanciful
 For our life's common light, who are
 so dull?
 Did thy bright gleam mysterious
 converse hold
 With our congenial souls? secrets
 too bold?
 Well, we are safe and strong; for now
 we sit
 Beside a hearth where no dim sha-
 dows flit;
 Where nothing cheers nor saddens,
 but a fire
 Warms feet and hands, nor does to
 more aspire;
 By whose compact, utilitarian heap,
 The present may sit down and go to
 sleep,
 Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim
 past walked,
 And with us by the unequal light of
 the old wood-fire talked.

E. S. H.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

I.

OLD wine to drink!

Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown
loose

Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!

Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

II.

Old wood to burn!—

Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and
screech,

And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,

Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, wink-

ing,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our think-

III.

Old books to read!

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!

The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,

The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:

Old *Homer* blind,
Old *Horace*, rake *Anacreon*, by
Old *Tully*, *Plautus*, *Terence* lie;
Mort *Arthur's* olden minstrelsie,
Quaint *Burton*, quainter *Spenser*, ay!
And *Gervase Markham's* venerie—

Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live
and die.

IV.

Old friends to talk!

Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;

Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!

Bring *Walter* good:
With soulful *Fred*; and learned *Will*,
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
For every mood).

R. H. MESSINGER.

TO A CHILD.

I WOULD that thou might always be
As innocent as now,
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were all poetry
To gentle measure set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might stain thine eye of jet,
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp had broken.

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.

The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow;
But they who kneel at woman's
shrine

Breathe on it as they bow.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to
lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
tions

That is known as the children's
hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-
light,
Descending the broad hall-stair,

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning
together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall:
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses;
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti!
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the Round Tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, —
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

LONGFELLOW.

WOMAN.

THERE in the fane a beauteous
creature stands,
The first best work of the Creator's
hands,
Whose slender limbs inadequately
bear
A full-orbed bosom and a weight of
care;
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips
like cherries, show,
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as
they glow.

JOHN WILSON:
Translated from Calidasa.

TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am profane.
HERRICK.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

I.

Lo, when the Lord made north and
south,
And sun and moon ordained, he,
Forth bringing each by word of
mouth
In order of its dignity,
Did man from the crude clay express
By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He formed the woman; nor might
less
Than Sabbath such a work suc-
ceed.

II.

And still with favor singled out,
Marred less than man by mortal
fall,
Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical.
No faithless thought her instinct
shrouds,
But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
On noonday's azure permanence.
Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due de-
grees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride.
Wrong dares not in her presence
speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint dis-
close
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the
rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art!
How candid in discourse! how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature harm),
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to
charm!
How humbly careful to attract,
Though crowned with all the soul
desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
Diversity that never tires!
COVENTRY PATMORE.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry
skies;
And all that's best of dark and
bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the
less,
Had half impaired the nameless
grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet ex-
press
How pure, how dear, their dwell-
ing-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that
brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that
glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.
BYRON.

ANATHEMATA.

"O maiden! come into port bravely, or
sail with God the seas."

WITH joys unknown, with sadness
unconfessed,
The generous heart accepts the pass-
ing year,
Finds duties dear, and labor sweet as
rest,
And for itself knows neither care
nor fear.

Fresh as the morning, earnest as the
hour
That calls the noisy world to grate-
ful sleep,
Our silent thought reveres the name-
less power
That high seclusion round thy life
doth keep:
So feigned the poets, did Diana love
To smile upon her darlings while
they slept;
Serene, untouched, and walking far
above
The narrow ways wherein the many
crept,
Along her lonely path of luminous air
She glided, of her brightness un-
aware.

Yet if they said she heeded not the
hymn
Of shepherds gazing heavenward
from the moor;
Or homeward sailors, when the wa-
ters dim
Flashed with long splendors, widen-
ing toward the shore;
Nor wondering eyes of children cared
to see;
Or glowing face of happy lover, up-
turned,
As late he wended from the trysting-
tree,
Lit by the kindly lamp in heaven
that burned;
And heard unmoved the prayer of
wakeful pain,
Or consecrated maiden's holy vow, —
Believe them not: they sing the
song in vain;
For so it never was, and is not now.
Her heart was gentle as her face was
fair,
With grace and love and pity dwell-
ing there.

F. B. SANBORN.

HONORIA.

I WATCHED her face, suspecting
germs
Of love: her farewell showed me
plain
She loved, on the majestic terms
That she should not be loved again.
She was all mildness; yet t'was writ
Upon her beauty legibly,

"He that's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."

.

And though her charms are a strong
law

Compelling all men to admire,
They are so clad with lovely awe,
None but the noble dares desire.

He who would seek to make her his,
Will comprehend that souls of
grace

Own sweet repulsion, and that 'tis
The quality of their embrace

To be like the majestic reach
Of coupled suns, that, from afar,
Mingle their mutual spheres, while
each

Circles the twin obsequious star:

And in the warmth of hand to hand,
Of heart to heart, he'll vow to note
And reverently understand

How the two spirits shine remote;

And ne'er to numb fine honor's nerve,
Nor let sweet awe in passion melt,
Nor fail by courtesies to observe

The space which makes attraction
felt;

Nor cease to guard like life the sense
Which tells him that the embrace
of love

Is o'er a gulf of difference

Love cannot sound, nor death re-
move.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

DUCHESSE BLANCHE.

It happed that I came on a day
Into a place, there that I say,
Truly the fairest companey
Of ladies that ever man with eye
Had seen together in one place, —
Shall I clepe it hap or grace?
Among these ladies thus each one
Sooth to say I saw one
That was like none of the rout,
For I dare swear without doubt,
That as the summer's Sunne bright
Is fairer, clearer, and hath more light

Than any other planet in Heaven,
The moone, or the starres seven,
For all the world, so had she
Surmounten them all of beauty,
Of manner, and of comeliness,
Of stature, and of well set gladnesse,
Of goodly heed, and so well besey,¹ —
Shortly what shall I more say,
By God, and by his holowes² twelve,
It was my sweet, right all herselfe.
She had so stedfast countenance
In noble port and maintenance,
And Love that well harde my bone³
Had espied me thus soone,
That she full soone in my thought
As, help me God, so was I caught
So suddenly that I ne took
No manner counsel but at her look,
And at my heart for why her eyen
So gladly I trow mine heart, seyen
That purely then mine own thought
Said, 'Twere better to serve her for
nought

Than with another to be well.

I saw her dance so comely,
Carol and sing so swetely,
Laugh and play so womanly,
And look so debonairly,
So goodly speak, and so friendly,
That certes I trow that evermore
N[']as seen so blissful a treasure,
For every hair on her head,
Sooth to say, it was not red,
Nor neither yellow nor brown it n[']as,
Methought most like gold it was,
And such eyen my lady had,
Debonnaire, good, glad, and sad,
Simple, of good mokel,⁴ not too wide,
Thereto her look was not aside,
Nor overthwart, but beset so well
It drew and took up every dell.
All that on her 'gan behold
Her eyen seemed anon she would
Have mercy, — folly wenden⁵ so,
But it was never the rather do.
It was no counterfeited thing
It was her own pure looking
That the goddess Dame Nature
Had made them open by measure
And close; for, were she never so
glad
Her looking was not foolish sprad⁶
Nor wildly, though that she played;
But ever methought her eyen said

¹ Beseen, appearing.

⁴ Quantity.

² Saints.

⁵ Thought.

³ Boon, petition.

⁶ Spread.

By God my wrath is all forgive.
 Therewith her list so well to live,
 That dulness was of her adrad,
 She n'as too sober ne too glad;
 In all thinges more measure
 Had never I trowe creature,
 But many one with her look she hurt,
 And that sat her full little at herte:
 For she knew nothing of their
 thought,

But whether she knew, or knew it not,
 Alway she ne cared for them a stree;¹
 To get her love no near n'as he
 That woned² at home, than he in Inde,
 The foremost was alway behinde;
 But good folk over all other
 She loved as man may his brother,
 Of which love she was wonder large,
 In skilful places that bear charge:
 But what a visage had she thereto,
 Alas! my heart is wonder wo
 That I not can describen it; —
 Me lacketh both English and wit
 For to undo it at the full.

And eke my spirits be so dull
 So great a thing for to devise,
 I have not wit that can suffice
 To comprehend her beauté,
 But thus much I dare saine, that she
 Was white, ruddy, fresh, and lifely
 hued,

And every day her beauty newed.
 And nigh her face was alderbest;³
 For, certes, Nature had such lest
 To make that fair, that truly she
 Was her chief patron of beauté,
 And chief example of all her worke
 And moulter:⁴ for, be it never so derke,
 Methinks I see her evermo,
 And yet, moreover, though all tho
 That ever lived were now alive,
 Not would have founde to describe
 In all her face a wicked sign, —
 For it was sad, simple, and benign.
 And such a goodly sweet speech
 Had that sweet, my life's leech,
 So friendly, and so well y-grounded
 Upon all reason, so well founded,
 And so treatable to all good,
 That I dare swear well by the rood,
 Of eloquence was never found
 So sweet a sounding faconde,⁵
 Nor truer tongued nor scorned less,
 Nor bét⁶ could heal, that, by the Mass
 I durst swear, though the Pope it sung,

There was never yet through her
 tongue

Man or woman greatly harmed
 As for her was all harm hid,
 No lassie flattering in her worde,
 That, purely, her simple record
 Was found as true as any bond,
 Or truth of any man's hand.

Her throat, as I have now memory,
 Seemed as a round tower of ivory,
 Of good greatnes, and not too great,
 And fair white she hete⁷
 That was my lady's name right,
 She was thereto fair and bright,
 She had not her name wrong,
 Right fair shoulders, and body long
 She had, and armes ever lith
 Fattish, fleshy, not great therewith,
 Right white hands and nailès red
 Round breasts, and of good brede⁸
 Her lippes were; a straight flat back,
 I knew on her none other lack,
 That all her limbs were pure snowing
 In as far as I had knowing.

Thereto she could so well play
 What that her list, that I dare say
 That was like to torch bright
 That every man may take of light
 Enough, and it hath never the less
 Of manner and of comeliness.
 Right so fared my lady dear
 For every wight of her mannere
 Might catch enough if that he would
 If he had eyes her to behold
 For I dare swear well if that she
 Had among ten thousand be,
 She would have been at the best,
 A chief mirror of all the feast
 Though they had stood in a row
 To men's eyen that could know,
 For whereso men had played or
 waked,

Methought the fellowship as naked
 Without her, that I saw once
 As a crown without stones.
 Truly she was to mine eye
 The sole⁹ phœnix of Araby,
 For there liveth never but one,
 Nor such as she ne know I none.
 To speak of goodness, truly she
 Had as much debonnaire
 As ever had Hester in the Bible,
 And more, if more were possible;
 And sooth to say therewithal
 She had a wit so general,

¹ Straw.² Lived.³ Best of all.⁴ Monster.⁵ Eloquence.⁶ Better.⁷ Was called.⁸ Breadth.⁹ Sole.

So well inclinèd to all good
 That all her wit was set by the rood,
 Without malice, upon gladness,
 And thereto I saw never yet a less
 Harmful than she was in doing.
 I say not that she not had knowing
 What harm was, or else she
 Had known no good, so thinketh me:
 And truly, for to speak of truth
 But she had had, it had been ruth,
 Therefore she had so much her dell
 And I dare say, and swear it well
 That Truth himself over all and all
 Had chose his manor principal
 In her that was his resting place;
 Thereto she had the moste grace
 To have stedfast perseverance
 And easy attempre governance
 That ever I knew or wist yet
 So pure suffraunt was her wit.

CHAUCER.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and
 shower;
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and
 bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"The floating clouds their state shall
 lend
 To her; for her the willow bend:
 Nor shall she fail to see,
 Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's
 form
 By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward
 round;
 And beauty, born of murmuring
 sound,
 Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell:
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

WORDSWORTH

LOVE.

THOU art not gone, being gone,
 where'er thou art
 Thou leav'st in him thy watchful
 eyes, in him thy loving heart.

DONNE.

TRUE LOVE.

I THINK not on my father,
 And these great tears grace his re-
 membrance more .
 Than those I shed for him. What
 was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination
 Carries no favor in it, but Ber-
 tram's.

I am undone: there is no living,
 none,

If Bertram be away. It were all
 one,

That I should love a bright, particu-
 lar star,

And think to wed it, he is so above
 me:

In his bright radiance and collateral
 light

Must I be comforted, not in his
 sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues
 itself.

The hind that would be mated by the
 lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty,
 though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and
 draw

His archèd brows, his hawking eye,
 his curls,

In our heart's table; heart, too capa-
 ble

Of every line and trick of his sweet
 favor:

But now he's gone, and my idola-
 trous fancy

Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE QUEEN.

I.

To heroism and holiness
 How hard it is for man to soar,
 But how much harder to be less
 Than what his mistress loves him
 for!
 He does with ease what do he must,
 Or lose her, and there's nought
 debarred
 From him who's called to meet her
 trust.
 And credit her desired regard.
 Ah, wasteful woman! she that may
 On her sweet self set her own
 price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay;
 How has she cheapened paradise,
 How given for nought her priceless
 gift,
 How spoiled the bread, and spilled
 the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective
 thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men
 divine.

II.

O queen! awake to thy renown,
 Require what 'tis our wealth to
 give,
 And comprehend and wear the crown
 Of thy despised prerogative!
 I who in manhood's name at length
 With glad songs come to abdicate
 The gross regality of strength,
 Must yet in this thy praise abate,
 That through thine erring humble-
 ness
 And disregard of thy degree,
 Mainly, has man been so much less
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.
 High thoughts had shaped the fool-
 ish brow,
 The coward had grasped the hero's
 sword,
 The vilest had been great, hadst
 thou,
 Just to thyself, been worth's re-
 ward:
 But lofty honors undersold
 Seller and buyer both disgrace;
 And favor that makes folly bold
 Puts out the light in virtue's face.
 COVENTRY PATMORE.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 But purest monarchy:
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thy heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone:
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But, if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with
 bays,
 And love thee more and more.
 MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

TO LUCASTA.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.
 RICHARD LOVELACE.

APOLOGY FOR HAVING
LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
 Of the grape's surprising juice,
 To the first delicious cup
 All their reason render up:

Neither do, nor care to, know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, nor choice or
art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening
made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light.

Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there.
And could no higher rise.

He neither might nor wished to
know
A more refulgent light;
For that (as mine your beauties
now),
Employed his utmost sight.
EDMUND WALLER.

THE LADY'S YES.

"YES!" I answered you last night:
"No!" this morning, sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes*, or fit for *No*!

Call me false; or call me free;
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both:
Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooer light makes fickle troth,
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high,
Bravely as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards;
Point her to the starry skies;
Guard her by your faithful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore,
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
Shall be *Yes* for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her my friend,
she's not fickle; her love she
has simply outgrown:

One can read the whole matter,
translating her heart by the
light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you
frankly? There is much that
my heart would say;
And you know we were children
together, have quarrelled and
"made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friend-
ship, I venture to tell you the
truth, —

As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly,
as I might in our earlier
youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed
her, you stood on the seli-
same plane,

Face to face, heart to heart, never
dreaming your souls could be
parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely,
in the bloom of her life's early
May;

And it is not her fault, I repeat it,
that she does not love you
to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls
either: they ever go up or
go down;

And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year:

The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,

Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their vision is clearer as well:

Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked:

The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?

Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on?

Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,

Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard; look back on the years that have fled:

Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover: her love like her soul, aspires;

He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,

As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE PORTRAIT.

GIVE place, ye ladies, and begone,
Boast not yourselves at all:
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone:
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed steadfast:
What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosial color comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, than in the rose
Within her lovely face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her
meet,

Nor at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mixt with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty,
Whom Nature made so fair!

How might I do to get a graffe
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff,
Which seem good corn to be.

HEYWOOD.

THE TRIBUTE.

No splendor 'neath the sky's proud
dome

But serves for her familiar wear;
The far-fetch'd diamond finds its
home

Flashing and smouldering in her
hair;

For her the seas their pearls reveal;
Art and strange lands her pomp
supply

With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
Ochre, and lapis lazuli;

The worm its golden woof presents;
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or
delves,

All doff for her their ornaments,
Which suit her better than them-
selves;

And all, by this their power to give
Proving her right to take, pro-
claim

Her beauty's clear prerogative
To profit so by Eden's blame.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your
light, —

You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall
rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles
known,

Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your
own, —
What are you when the rose is
blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's
lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, — what's
your praise
When Philomel her voice shall
raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a
queen,

Tell me if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY
GOD, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my
Jeanie,

By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in
heaven,

That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my
Jeanie,

And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre
heaven,

That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad
loose sic bands,

And the heart that wad part sic luve!
But there's nae hand can loose my
band,

But the finger o' Him above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be
my bield,

And my clothing ne'er sa mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o'
luve, —

Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for
me

Fu' safter than the down;
And Luve wad winnow owre us his
kind kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep an' sound.
 Come here to me, thou lass o' my
 luvie!
 Come here and kneel wi me!
 The morn is fu' o' the presence o'
 God,
 And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the
 beds o' new flowers,
 The wee birds sing kindlie and hie;
 Our gudeman leans o'er his kale
 yard dyke,
 And a blythe auld bodie is he.
 The Beuk maun be ta'en when the
 earle comes hame,
 Wi the holy psalmodie;
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy
 God,
 And I will speak o' thee.

CUNNINGHAM.

VIRGINIA.

THIS knight a doughter hadde by
 his wif.
 No children had he mo in all his lif.
 Faire was this maid in excellent
 beautee
 Aboven every wight that man may
 see:
 For nature hath with souveraine dili-
 gence
 Yformed hire in so gret excellence,
 As though she wolde sayn, lo, I
 Nature,
 Thus can I forme and peint a crea-
 ture,
 Whan that me list; who can me
 contrefete?
 Pigmalion? not, though he ay forge
 and bete,
 Or grave, or peinte: for I dare wel
 sain,
 Apelles, Xeuixis, shulden werche
 in vain,
 Other to grave, or peinte, or forge,
 or bete,
 If they presumed me to contrefete.
 For he that is the Former principal,
 Hath maked me his vicaire general
 To forme and peinten ertly crea-
 tures
 Right as me list, and eche thing in
 my cure is
 Under the mone, that may wane
 and waxe.

And for my werk right nothing wol
 I axe;
 My lord and I ben ful of one accord.
 I made her to the worship of my Lord..
 CHAUCER.

THE BRIDE.

Lo! where she comes along with
 portly pace,
 Like Phoebe from her chamber of
 the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin
 best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would
 ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long, loose yellow locks, like
 golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearly
 flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And being crownèd with a garland
 green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes abashèd to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too
 bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung
 so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises
 sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and
 your echo ring.
 Tell me, ye merchants' daughters,
 did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town be-
 fore?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as
 she,
 Adorned with Beauty's grace and
 Virtue's store?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires, shin-
 ing bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the
 sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men
 to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream
 uncruded,
 Her paps like lilies budded,

Her snowy neck like to a marble
tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately
stair
To Honor's seat and Chastity's sweet
bower.

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in
amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whilst ye forget your former lay to
sing,
To which the woods did answer, and
your echo ring.

SPENSER.

THE BRIDE.

HER finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on which they did
bring, —
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth, — for out it
must, —
It looked like the great collar —
just —
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled
there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her
chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her
face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does
speak
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words
did break,

That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

VIOLA DISGUISED AND THE
DUKE.

Duke. — Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign
cruelty:

The parts that fortune hath be-
stow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as for-
tune;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of
gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts
my soul.

Viola. — But if she cannot love
you, sir?

Duke. — I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. — Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there
is,

Hath for your love as great a pang
of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot
love her;

You tell her so; must she not, then,
be answer'd?

Duke. — There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a
passion

As love doth give my heart: no wo-
man's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack
retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appe-
tite, —

No motion of the liver, but the pal-
ate, —

That suffer forfeit, cloyment, and
revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no
compare

Between that love a woman can bear
me,

And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. — Ay, but I know, —

Duke. — What dost thou know?

Vio. — Too well what love women
to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as
we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a
man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a
woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke.—And what's her history?

Vio.—A blank, my lord. She
never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'
the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek; she
pin'd in thought;

And with a green and yellow melan-
choly,

She sat like patience on a monu-
ment,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love
indeed?

We men may say more, swear more;
but indeed—

Our shows are more than will; for
still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our
love.

Duke.—But died thy sister of
her love, my boy?

Vio.—I am all the daughters of
my father's house,

And all the brothers too.

SHAKSPEARE.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend
signiors,

My very noble and approved good
masters,

That I have ta'en away this old
man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married
her;

The very head and front of my
offending

Hath this extent, no more. Rude
am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase
of peace.

For since these arms of mine had
seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted,
they have used

Their dearest action in the tented
field:

And little of this great world can I
speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil
and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my
cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by
your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale
deliver

Of my whole course of love; what
drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty
magic,

(For such proceeding I am charged
withal,)

I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me, oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my
life,

From year to year; the battles,
sieges, fortunes,

That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my
boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade
me tell it:

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous
chances,

Of moving accidents, by flood and
field;

Of hairbreadth scapes in the immi-
nent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemp-
tion thence,

And portance in my travel's his-
tory:

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts
idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills
whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was
the process:

And of the Cannibals that each other
eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose
heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.
These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would

draw her thence;

Which ever as she could with haste
despatch,

She'd come again, and with a
greedy ear

Devour up my discourse: which, I
observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found
good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, — in faith, 'twas strange,
 'twas passing strange;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wished she had not heard it;
 yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man;
 she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

SHAKSPEARE.

ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

Athulf. — Appeared
 The princess with that merry child Prince Guy:
 He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,
 And sate upon her knee, and it so chanced
 That in his various chatter he denied
 That I could hold his hand within my own
 So closely as to hide it: this being tried
 Was proved against him; he insisted then
 I could not by his royal sister's hand

Do likewise. Starting at the random word,
 And dumb with trepidation, there I stood
 Some seconds as bewitched; then I looked up,
 And in her face beheld an orient flush
 Of half-bewildered pleasure: from which trance
 She with an instant ease resumed herself,
 And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out
 Her arrowy hand.
 I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,
 But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
 And said that she felt nothing.
Sidroc. — And what felt'st thou?
Athulf. — A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
 As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.
 I said I was ashamed. — *Sidroc*, you smile,
 If at my folly, well! But if you smile,
 Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,
 Wide is your error, and you never loved.

HENRY TAYLOR.

THE ECSTASY.

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swelled up to rest
 The violet's declining head,
 Sate we on one another's breast.
 Our hands were firmly cemented
 By a fast balm which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes upon one double string,
 So to ingraft our hands as yet
 Was all the means to make us one,
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls (which to advance our state
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate
there,
We like sepulchral statues lay:
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.
If any, so by love refined,
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all
mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He, (though he knew not which soul
spoke,
Because both meant, both spoke
the same,)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex,
We said, and tell us what we love;
We see by this it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did
move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not
what,
Love these mixed souls doth mix
again,
And makes both one, each this
and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the color, and the
size
(All which before was poor and
scant,)
Redoubles still and multiplies.
When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler world which thence doth
flow
Defects of loveliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul,
know
Of what we are composed and made:
For the atoms of which we grow
Are soul, whom no change can
invade.
But, O alas! so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we.
We are
The Intelligences, they the spheres:
We owe them thanks, because
they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their sense's force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man Heaven's influence works
not so,

But that it first imprints the Air;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labors to beget
Spirits as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot which makes us
man:
So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and ap-
prehend;
Else a great Prince in prison lies.
To our bodies turn we then, and so
Weak men on love revealed may
look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book.
And if some lover such as we
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to
bodies grown.

DONNE.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

SITTING in my window,
Pointing my thoughts in lawn, I saw
a god,
(I thought, but it was you,) enter
our gates;
My blood flew out and back again,
as fast
As I had prest it forth, and sucked
it in,
Like breath; then was I called away
in haste
To entertain you. Never was a
man
Heaved from a sheepcot to a sceptre,
raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a
kiss
Upon these lips, then, which I mean
to keep
From you forever. I did hear you
talk
Far above singing; after you were
gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart,
and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found
it love.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

Philaster.

MAUD.

I.

A VOICE by the cedar-tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known
to me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of
May,

Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

II.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the
sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an
English green;
Maud in the light of her youth and
her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that
cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so
sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III.

Silence, beautiful voice,
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more;
For your sweetness hardly leaves me
a choice
But to move to the meadow, and fall
before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and
adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor
kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

TENNYSON.

TO VENUS.

O DIVINE star of Heaven,
Thou in power above the seven;
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart,

Thou the fuel, and the flame;
Thou in heaven, and here, the same;
Thou the wooer, and the wooed;
Thou the hunger, and the food;
Thou the prayer, and the prayed;
Thou what is or shall be said.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling Heaven by every wink;
The Gods do fear whereas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing
cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth
grace;
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm en-
closes
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly
frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of
light
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire
blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The Gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,

And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I
bemoan

The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that
she were mine!

T. LODGE.

SONG.

SEE the chariot at hand here of
Love,

Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the ear Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamoured do wish so they
might

But enjoy such a sight;
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas,
whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth:
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth:
Do but mark, her forehead's smooth-

er
Than words that soothe her.
And from her arched brows such a
grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the ele-
ment's strife.

Have you seen a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the
snow

Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the Bea-
ver?

Or Swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is
she!

BEN JONSON.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist con-
fined

Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his
crown

His arms might do what this has done.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's
fair:

Give me but what this ribband
bound,

Take all the rest the Sun goes round.
WALLER.

SONNET.

How oft, when thou, my music, mu-
sic play'st,

Upon that blessed wood whose mo-
tion sounds

With thy sweet fingers, when thou
gently sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear con-
founds,

Do I envy those jacks, that nimble
leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy
hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should
that harvest reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee
blushing stand!

To be so tickled, they would change
their state

And situation with those dancing
chips,

O'er whom thy fingers walk with
gentle gait,

Making dead wood more bless'd than
living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in
this,

Give them thy fingers, me thy lips
to kiss.

SHAKSPEARE.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all de-
lights,

Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,

And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the
scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my
joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story, —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest
grace;
For well she knew I could not
choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he
wooded
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading
tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest
grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely
Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-
woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage
den,
And sometimes from the darksome
shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the
face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than
death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his
knees;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a
cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay; —

His dying words, — but when I
reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle
hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin
shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved: she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace;
 And, bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous bride.

COLERIDGE.

THE LILY OF NITHSDALE.

SHE'S gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
 She's gane to dwell in heaven;
 Ye're ower pure, quoth the voice of God,
 For dwelling out of heaven!

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 O what'll she do in heaven? —
 She'll mix her ain thoughts with angels' sangs,
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
 Low there thou lies;
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, lassie,
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
 But took gudness' self wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-cold face;
 Thou seemed a lillie new cut i' the bud,
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;

An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
 But gane was the holy breath of heaven
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,
 There's nought but dust now mine;
 My saul's wi' thee in the cauld grave,
 An' why should I stay behind? CUNNINGHAM.

THE PEASANT'S RETURN.

AND passing here through evening dew,
 He hastened happy to her door,
 But found the old folk only two
 With no more footsteps on the floor
 To walk again below the skies
 Where beaten paths do fall and rise.

For she wer gone from earthly eyes
 To be a-kept in darksome sleep
 Until the good again do rise
 A joy to souls they left to weep.
 The rose were dust that bound her brow;
 The moth did eat her Sunday cape;
 Her frock were out of fashion now;
 Her shoes were dried up out of shape.

WILLIAM BARNES.

ARIADNE.

BUT I wol turne againe to Ariadne,
 That is with slepe for werinesse ytake,
 Ful sorrowfully her herté may awake.
 Alas, for thee, mine herté hath pité;
 Right in the dawning tho awaketh she,
 And gropeth in the bed, and found right nought:
 "Alas," (quoth she) "that ever I was wrought, —

I am betrayed," and her haire to
rent,
And to the strandé barefote fast she
went,
And cried: "Theseus, mine herté
swete,
Where be ye, that I may not with
you mete?
And mighte thus with beestes ben
yslaine."

The hollow rockés answerede her
againé,
No man she saw, and yet shone the
Moone,
And hie upon a rocké she went
soone,
And sawe his bargé sayling in the
sea,
Cold woxe her herte, and righte
thus said she:

"Meker then ye find I the beestes
wilde."
Hath he not sinne, that he her thus
begilde?
She cried, "O turne againe for
routhe and sinne,
Thy bargé hath not all his meinie
in,"

Her kercheffe on a pole sticked she,
Ascaunce he should it well ysee,
And him remembre that she was
behind,
And turne againe, and on the stronde
her find.

But all for nought, — his way he
is ygone,
And down she fell a swone upon a
stone,
And up she riste, and kissed in all
her care
The steppés of his feete, there he
hath fare,
And to her bed right thus she spek-
eth tho:

"Thou bed," (quod she) "that
hast received two,
Thou shalt answer of two, and not
of one,
Where is the greater parte, away
ygone?"

Alas, where shall I wretched wight
become?
For though so be that boté none here
come,
Home to my countrey dare I not for
drede.
I can my selfe in this case not
yrede."

What should I tellé more her com-
plaining,
It is so long, it were an heavy
thing?
In her epistle, Naso telleth all,
But shortly to the endé tell I shall,
The goddes have her holpen for
pité,
And, in the signe of Taurus, men
may see
The stonés of her crowné shiné
clere, —
I will no more speake of this ma-
tere.

CHAUCER.

COMMON SENSE.

SECOND THOUGHT.

My mistress's eyes are nothing like
the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips'
red;
If snow be white, why then her
breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow
on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd red and
white,
But no such roses see I in her
cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more
delight
Than in the breath that from my
mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, — yet well
I know
That music hath a far more pleasing
sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go, —
My mistress, when she walks, treads
on the ground;
And yet by Heaven, I think my
love as rare
As any she belie'd with false
compare.

SHAKSPEARE.

SENTENCES

'Tis truth, (although this truth's a
star
Too deep-enskied for all to see),
As poets of grammar, lovers are
The well-heads of morality.

"Keep measure in love?" More
light befall
Thy sanctity, and make it less!
Be sure I will not love at all
Where I may not love with excess.

Who is the happy husband? He
Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience
free,

'Twas faithful to his future wife.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true
minds
Admit impediments. Love is not
love
Which alters when it alteration
finds,
Or bends with the remover to re-
move;
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never
shaken;
It is the star to every wandering
bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although
his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy
lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass
come;
Love alters not with his brief hours
and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of
doom.
If this be error, and upon me
proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever
loved.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

O'ER western tides the fair Spring
Day
Was smiling back as it withdrew,
And all the harbor, glittering gay,
Returned a blithe adieu;
Great clouds above the hills and sea
Kept brilliant watch, and air was
free
Where last lark firstborn star shall
greet, —

When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
Among the slopes and crags I meet
The pilot's pretty daughter.

Round her gentle, happy face,
Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,
Danced with careless ocean grace
Locks of auburn hair:
As lightly blew the veering wind,
They touched her cheeks, or waved
behind,
Unbound, unbraided, and unlooped;
Or when to tie her shoe she stooped,
Below her chin the half-curls
drooped,
And veiled the pilot's daughter.

Rising, she tossed them gayly back,
With gesture infantine and brief,
To fall around as soft a neck
As the wild-rose's leaf.
Her Sunday frock of lilac shade
(That choicest tint) was neatly made,
And not too long to hide from view
The stout but noway clumsy shoe,
And stockings' smoothly-fitting blue,
That graced the pilot's daughter.

With look half timid and half droll,
And then with slightly downcast
eyes,
And blush that outward softly stole,
Unless it were the skies
Whose sun-ray shifted on her cheek,
She turned when I began to speak;
But 'twas a brightness all her own
That in her firm light step was
shown,
And the clear cadence of her tone;
The pilot's lovely daughter.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)
To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh,
Spangled with herring-scale;
By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
And dawn-blow freshening the sea,
With weary, cheery pull to shore,
To gain my cottage home once more,
And clasp, before I reach the door,
My love, the pilot's daughter.

This element beside my feet
Allures, a tepid wine of gold;
One touch, one taste, dispels the
cheat
'Tis salt and nipping cold:
A fisher's hut, the scene perforce

Of narrow thoughts and manners
 coarse,
 Coarse as the curtains that besee
 With net-festoons the smoky beam,
 Would never lodge my favorite
 dream,
 E'en with my pilot's daughter.

To the large riches of the earth,
 Endowing men in their own spite,
 The *poor*, by privilege of birth,
 Stand in the closest right.
 Yet not alone the palm grows dull
 With clayey delve and watery pull:
 And this for me, — or hourly pain.
 But could I sink and call it gain?
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
 To wed a pilot's daughter.

Like *her*, perhaps? — but ah! I said,
 Much wiser leave such thoughts
 alone.

So may thy beauty, simple maid,
 Be mine, yet all thine own.
 Joined in my free contented love
 With companies of stars above;
 Who, from their throne of airy
 steep,

Do kiss these ripples as they creep
 Across the boundless, darkening
 deep, —

Low voiceful wave! hush soon to
 sleep

The gentle pilot's daughter.

ALLINGHAM.

SONNET.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed
 key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-
 locked treasure.
 The which he will not every hour
 survey,
 For blunting the fine point of sel-
 dom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and
 so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long
 year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly
 placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my
 chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe
 doth hide,

To make some special instant special-
 blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd
 pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthi-
 ness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being
 lack'd, to hope.

SHAKESPEARE.

SYMPATHY.

LATELY, alas! I knew a gentle boy,
 Whose features all were cast in
 Virtue's mould,
 As one she had designed for Beauty's
 toy,
 But after manned him for her own
 stronghold.

On every side he open was as day,
 That you might see no lack of
 strength within;
 For walls and ports do only serve
 alway
 For a pretence to feebleness and sin.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious,
 With toil and strife who stormed
 the House of Fame,
 In other sense this youth was
 glorious,
 Himself a kingdom whereso'er he
 came.

No strength went out to get him
 victory,
 When all was income of its own
 accord;
 For where he went none other was
 to see,
 But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle haze of
 summer,
 That stilly shows fresh landscapes
 to our eyes,
 And revolutions works without a
 murmur,
 Or rustling of a leaf beneath the skies.

So was I taken unawares by this,
 I quite forgot my homage to confess;
 Yet now am forced to know, though
 hard it is,
 I might have loved him, had I
 loved him less.

Each moment as we nearer drew to
each,
A stern respect withheld us further
yet,
So that we seemed beyond each
other's reach,
And less acquainted than when first
we met.

We two were one while we did
sympathize,
So could we not the simplest bargain
drive;
And what avails it, now that we are
wise,
If absence 'doth this doubleness
contrive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat;
But I must tread my single way alone,
In sad remembrance that we once
did meet,
And know that bliss irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy
shall sing,
For elegy has other subject none;
Each strain of music in my ears
shall ring
Knell of departure from that other
one.

Make haste and celebrate my trage-
dy;
With fitting strain resound, ye woods
and fields;
Sorrow is dearer in such case to me
Than all the joys other occasion
yields.

Is't then too late the damage to
repair?
Distance, forsooth, from my weak
grasp has reft
The empty husk, and clutched the
useless tare,
But in my hands the wheat and
kernel left.

If I but love that virtue which he is,
Though it be scented in the morning
air,
Still shall we be truest acquaint-
ances,
Nor mortals know a sympathy more
rare.

THOREAU.

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth
hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May
wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear:
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or
flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing
spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful
boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May
morns;
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years:
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow:
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond;
The bird builds in the tree;
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

C I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems;
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours;
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green;
Its fringing violets blossom yet;
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and
fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee.

WHITTIER.

DIVIDED.

I.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our
feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang
over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so
sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple
favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden
ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies
waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is
brown,
But one little streak at a distance
lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the
down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God he knoweth how blithe
we were!

Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed
so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled
beside it,

We parted the grasses dewy and
sheen:

Drop over drop there filtered and
slided

A tiny bright beck that trickled
between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faëry
bells;

Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to
us

Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand while the sun peered
over,

We lapped the grass on that young-
ling spring;

Swept back its rushes, smoothed its
clover,

And said, "Let us follow it west-
ering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks
fly

Forward, backward; lo their dark
shadows

Flit on the blossoming tapestry;

Flit on the beck; for her long grass
parteth

As hair from a maid's bright eyes
blown back:

And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her way-
ward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious
weather

Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still to-
gether

On either brink we go hand in
hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands
must sever.

On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth
ever,

Taking the course of the stooping
sun.

He prays, "Come over," — I may
not follow;

I cry, "Return," — but he cannot
come:

We speak, we laugh, but with voices
hollow;

Our hands are hanging, our hearts
are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she
sings.

A little pain when the beck grows
wider;

"Cross to me now; for her wave-
lets swell;"

"I may not cross," — and the voice
beside her

Faintly reacheth, though heeded
well.

No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's
flow:

"Come to me now, for the west is
burning;

Come ere it darkens." — "Ah, no!
ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms out-
reaching,

The beck grows wider and swift
and deep:

Passionate words as of one beseech-
ing:

The loud beck drowns them: we
walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state
oppressed,

Low by rushes and swordgrass
stooping,

Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her
sadness;

Her earth will weep her some
dewy tears;

The wild beck ends her tune of
gladness,

And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit
flood,

With the moon's own sadness in our
faces,

Where joy is withered, blossom
and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring;
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring;
A cloud to the eastward snowy as
curds.

Bare grassy slopes where kids are
tethered,

Round valleys like nests all ferny-
lined,

Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops
feathered,

Swell high in their freckled robes
behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a
quiver,

When golden gleams to the tree-
tops glide;

A flashing edge for the milk-white
river,

The beck, a river — with still sleek
tide.

Broad and white, and polished as
silver

On she goes under fruit-laden
trees:

Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyal
ties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the
 river,
 Up comes the lily and dries her
 bell;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute
 farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
 The river hasteth, her banks re-
 cede.

Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily, and drown the
 reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the
 air),
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed
 so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails
 shiver,
 And clouds are passing, and banks
 stretch wide,
 How hard to follow, with lips that
 quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off
 side.

Farther, farther; I see it, know it —
 My eyes brim over, it melts away:
 Only my heart to my heart shall
 show it
 As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting,
 truly, —
 A knowledge greater than grief
 can dim, —
 I know, as he loved, he will love me
 duly, —
 Yea better, e'en better than I
 love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm
 river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth
 forever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that
 cross to me."

JEAN INGELow.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce, long leagues apart,
 descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the
 breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they
 plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year un-
 changed,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul es-
 tranged?

At dead of night their sails were
 filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered:
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn ap-
 peared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward
 strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in dark-
 ness too,
 Through winds and tides one com-
 pass guides, —
 To that, and your own selves, be
 true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest part-
 ing past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last!

One port, methought, alike they
 sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they
 fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there!
 CLOUGH.

SUNDERED.

I CHALLENGE not the oracle
 That drove you from my board:
 I bow before the dark decree
 That scatters as I hoard.

You vanished like the sailing ship
That rides far out at sea.
I murmur as your farewell dies
And your form floats from me;

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour:
No tide of fortune rare
Shall bring the heart I owned before,
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home they bear for
freight
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! When you come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,
O you whom I adored!
Love hath no ties, but Destiny
Shall cut them with a sword.

SIDNEY H. MORSE.

LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer
dews,
Or morning's amber to the tree-top
choirs,
So to my bosom are the beams that
use
To rain on me from eyes that love
inspires.
Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-
hearted Few,
And I will set no common price
thereon,
O, I will keep, as heaven his holy
blue,
Or night her diamonds, that dear
treasure won.
But aught of inward faith must I
forego,
Or miss one drop from truth's bap-
tismal hand,
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper
prayers, and grow
Less worthy trust, to meet your
heart's demand, —
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake
deny:

Rebel to love in truth to love am I.
D. A. WASSON.

INBORN ROYALTY.

O THOU goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself
thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They
are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the vio-
let,
Not wagging his sweet head: and
yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the
rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the
mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.
'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should
frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor un-
taught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but
yields a crop
As if it had been sowed!

SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline*.

GENTILITY.

BUT for ye spoken of such gentil-
lesse,
As is descended out of old richesse,
That therefore shullen ye be gentil-
men, —
Such arrogance n'is not worth an hen.
Look who that is most virtuous
always,
Prive and apart, and most entendeth
aye
To do the gentil dedés that he can,
And take him for the greatest gen-
tilman.
Christ wol we claime of him our
gentillesse,
Not of our elders for their old rich-
esse:
For though they gave us all their
heritage,
For which we claim to be of high
parage,
Yet may they not bequethen, for
no thing,
To none of us, their virtuous living,
That made them gentlemen callèd to
be,
And bade us follow them in such
degree.

“Wel can the wise poet of Florence,
That highté Dant, speken of this sentence:

Lo, in such maner rime is Dante’s tale.

Ful selde upriseth by his branches smale

Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse

Will that we claime of him our gentillesse:

For of our elders may we nothing claime

But temporal thing, that man may hurt and maim.

“Eke every wight wot this as wel as I,

If gentillesse were planted naturally

Unto a certain linage down the line,

Prive and apart, then wol they never fine

To don of gentillesse the faire office,

They mighten do no vilanie or vice.

“Take fire and beare it into the derkest hous

Betwixt this and the mount of Caucasus,

And let men shut the dorés, and go thenne,

Yet wol the fire as faire lie and brenne

As twenty thousand men might it behold;

His office nature ay wol it hold,
Up peril of my lif, til that it die.

“Here may ye see wel, how that genterie

Is not annexed to possession,
Sith folk ne don their operation

Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind,

For God it wot, men may full often find

A lordé’s son do shame and vilanie.
And he that wol have prize of his genterie,

For he was boren of a gentil house,
And had his elders noble and virtuous,

And n’ill himselven do no gentil dedes,

Ne folwe his gentil auncestrie, that dead is,

He n’is not gentil, be he duke or erl;

For vilains’ sinful dedés make a churl.

For gentillesse n’is but the renomee
Of thine auncestres, for their high

bountée,
Which is a strange thing to thy persone:

Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone.

Than cometh our very gentillesse of grace,

It was no thing bequethed us with our place.

CHAUCER.

BEAUTY.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,

So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight

With cheerful grace and amiable sight;

For of the soul the body form doth take;

For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold

A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,

Know this for certain, that the same doth hold

A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,

Fit to receive the seed of virtue strewed;

For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind

Dwells in deformèd tabernacle drowned,

Either by chance, against the course of kind,

Or through unaptnesse in the substance found,

Which it assumèd of some stubborne ground,

That will not yield unto her form’s direction,

But is perform’d with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (aye me, the more to rue!)
 That goodly beauty, albeit heavenly born,
 Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,
 Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
 Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
 Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
 But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauty's blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
 Nathelesse the soule is fair and beauteous still,
 However fleshe's fault it filthy make;
 For things immortal no corruption take.

SPENSER.

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
 In secret shadow far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside; her angel's face
 As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,

To have at once devoured her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
 Oh! how can beauty master the most wrong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging strong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
 And sad to see her sorrowful constraint
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,

Arose the virgin, born of heavenly
brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again
To seek her strayed champion if she
might attain.

The lion would not leave her deso-
late,
But with her went along, as a strong
guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful
mate.
Still, when she slept, he kept both
watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited
diligent,
With humble service to her will pre-
pared:
From her fair eyes he took com-
mandment
And ever by her looks conceived her
intent.

SPENSER.

WHEN I DO COUNT THE CLOCK.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells
the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hide-
ous night;
When I behold the violet past
prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with
white;
When lofty trees I see barren of
leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the
herd,
And summer's green, all girded up
in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and
bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question
make,
That thou among the wastes of time
must go,
Since sweets and beauties do them-
selves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others
grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe
can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him when he
takes thee hence.

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET.

To me, fair friend, you never can be
old,
For as you were, when first your eye
I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three
winters cold
Have from the forest shook three
summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow
autumn turned,
In process of the seasons have I
seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot
Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet
are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-
hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace
perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks
still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be
deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou
age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's
summer dead.

SHAKSPEARE.

TRUTH needs no color with his color
fixed,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to
lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

HYMN TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old,
O ye Graces! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my rooms, as temples be,
To entertain that deity;
Give me words wherewith to woo,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and withal,
Manners each way musical;
Sweetnesse to allay my sour
And unsmooth behavior:
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill;
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

HERRICK.

SONG.

How near to good is what is fair,
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and prove
What ways we may deserve;
We court, we praise, we more than
love,
We are not grieved to serve.

BEN JONSON.

MY CHARMER.

SWEETNESS, truth, and every grace
Which time and use are wont to
teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colors faint
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy.

WALLER.

THE POETRY OF DRESS.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,—

An erring lace, which here and there
Inthralls the crimson stomacher,—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly,—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when
art

Is too precise in every part.

HERRICK.

FREEDOM IN DRESS.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still per-
fumed,—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not
found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my
heart.

BEN JONSON.



III.

INTELLECTUAL.

MEMORY. — INSPIRATION. — IMAGINATION.
FANCY. — MUSIC. — ART. — MOODS.

“Quotque aderant vates, rebar adesse Deos.” — OVID.

“By pain of heart, now checked, and now impelled,
The intellectual power from words to things
Went sounding on, — a dim and perilous way.” — WORDSWORTH.



INTELLECTUAL.

THOUGHT.

O MESSENGER, art thou the king,
or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews: the morn's bright,
scornful eye
Reminds thee; then, in subtle
mockery,
Thou smilest at the window where I
wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In
empty state
My days go on, while false hours
prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad
despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free
as air;
When lo, thou stand'st before me
glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures
at my feet.
Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to
buy,
I am too poor. Thou art the king,
not I.

H. H.

QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world, without me
wrought,
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own,
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done,
Or another consciousness
With the selfsame forms impress?
Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?

Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling
skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or, of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or—more wonderful—within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more
rare,
Than reality doth wear,
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and
lives, —
Life to all things living gives, —
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself, — thyself a dream, —
Of the world's thinking thou the
theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth, —
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee alone, for me,

Hath this world reality.
Therefore, in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Losing still, that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

F. H. HEDGE.

MEMORY.

IN sweet dreams softer than un-
broken rest
Thou ledest by the hand thine
infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught
from thee
The light of thy great presence; and
the cope
Of the half-attained futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars
which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless
infancy.

Sure she was nigher to heaven's
spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing
from
The illimitable years.

TENNYSON.

MEMORY.

TO —

I HEAR thy solemn anthem fall,
Of richest song, upon my ear,
That clothes thee in thy golden pall,
As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away — 'tis Autumn in the land,
Though Summer decks the green
pine's bough,
Its spires are plucked by thy white
hand, —
I see thee standing by me now.

I dress thee in the withered leaves,
Like forests when their day is
done,
I bear thee as the wain its sheaves,
Which crisply rustle in the sun.

A thousand flowers enchant the gale
With perfume sweet as love's first
kiss,

And odors in the landscape sail,
And charm the sense with sudden
bliss.

But Fate, who metes a different way
To me, since I was falsely sold,
Hath gray-haired turned the sunny
day,

Bent its high form, and made it old.

Come Time, come Death, and blot
my doom
With feller woes, if they be thine;
Clang back thy gates, sepulchral
tomb,
And match thy barrenness with
mine.

O moaning wind along the shore,
How faint thy sobbing accents
come!
Strike on my heart with maddest roar,
Thou meet'st no discord in this
home.

Sear, blistering sun, these temple
veins;
Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes;
And drench me through, ye winter
rains, —
Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark deep orbs are meeting
mine,
That white hand presses on my
brow,
That soft, sweet smile I know, 'tis
thine, —
I see thee standing by me now.

CHANNING.

FORESIGHT.

No man is the lord of any thing
Till he communicate his parts to
others,
Nor doth he of himself know them
for aught
Till he behold them formed in the
applause
Where they are extended, which,
like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and ren-
ders back
His figure and his heart.

SHAKSPEARE.

ODE TO HIMSELF.

WHERE dost thou careless lie
 Buried in ease and sloth?
 Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:
 And this security,
 It is the common moth
 That eats on wits and arts, and so
 destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
 Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
 Doth Clarius' harp want strings?
 That not a nymph now sings?
 Or droop they as disgraced
 To see their seats and bowers by
 chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
 As 'tis too just a cause, —
 Let this thought quicken thee;
 Minds that are great and free
 Should not on fortune pause;
 'Tis crown enough to virtue still,
 her own applause.

BEN JONSON.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR
VERSE.

'Tis not every day that I
 Fitted am to prophesy;
 No, but when the spirit fills
 The fantastic pannicles,
 Full of fire, then I write
 As the Godhead doth indite.
 Thus iraged, my lines are hurled,
 Like the Sibyl's through the world:
 Look how next the holy fire
 Either slakes, or doth retire;
 So the fancy cools, till when
 That brave spirit comes agen.

HERRICK.

THE PRAISE OF HOMER.

O! 'TIS wondrous much
 Though nothing prosed, that the right
 virtuous touch
 Of a well written soul to virtue
 moves.
 Nor have we souls to purpose, if
 their loves

Of fitting objects be not so in-
 flamed.
 How much, then, were this king-
 dom's main soul maimed
 To want this great inflamer of all
 powers
 That move in human souls! All
 realms but yours
 Are honored with them, and hold
 blest that State
 That have his works to read and
 contemplate,
 In which humanity to her height is
 raised;
 Which all the world, yet none enough
 hath praised.
 Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in
 verse comprise,
 Outsung the Muses, and did equal-
 ize
 Their King Apollo; being so far
 from cause
 Of princes' light thoughts, that their
 gravest laws
 May find stuff to be fashioned by his
 lines.
 Through all the pomp of kingdoms
 still he shines,
 And graceth all his gracers. Then
 let lie
 Your lutes and viols, and more
 loftily
 Make the heroics of your Homer
 sung;
 To drums and trumpets set his angel
 tongue;
 And, with the princely sport of
 hawks you use,
 Behold the kingly flight of his high
 muse,
 And see how, like the Phoenix, she
 renews
 Her age and starry feathers in your
 sun,
 Thousands of years attending; every
 one
 Blowing the holy fire, throwing in
 Their seasons, kingdoms, nations,
 that have been
 Subverted in them; laws, religions,
 all
 Offered to change, and greedy
 funeral,
 Yet still your Homer lasting, living,
 reigning,
 And proves how firm Truth builds
 in poets feigning.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

SONNET.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP-
MAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms
of gold,
And many goodly states and king-
doms seen;
Round many western islands have I
been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been
told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as
his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his
ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle
eyes
He stared at the Pacific,—and all
his men
Looked at each other with a wild
surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

SOCRATES.

NIGHT is fair Virtue's immemorial
friend.
The conscious moon through every
distant age
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let
fall
On Contemplation's eye her purging
ray.
The famed Athenian, he who wooed
from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with
men,
And form their manners, not inflame
their pride;
While o'er his head, as fearful to
molest
His laboring mind, the stars in si-
lence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future
guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit,
In private audience; all the livelong
night

Rigid in thought and motionless he
stands,
Nor quits his theme or posture, till
the sun
Disturbs his nobler intellectual
beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the
world.

YOUNG.

MORNING.

SLEEP is like death, and after sleep,
The world seems new begun,
Its earnestness all clear and deep,
Its true solution won:
White thoughts stand luminous and
firm,
Like statues in the sun.
Refreshed from supersensuous
founts,
The soul to purer vision mounts.

ALLINGHAM.

INSPIRATION.

IF with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of any thing,
The verse is weak and shallow as its
source.

But if with bended neck I grope,
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than
forward it;

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse forever wear, —
Time cannot bend the line which
God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but
learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life,
Of manhood's strength it is the
flower,
'Tis peace's end, and war's begin-
ning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall, or some chance place,
Unseasoning time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming
face.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want hath
bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooed
me old,
And to this evening hath me
brought.

THOREAU.

THE POET.

THOU hast learned the woes of all
the world
From thine own longings and lone
tears,
And now thy broad sails are unfurled
And all men hail thee with loud
cheers.

The flowing sunlight is thy home,
The billows of the sea are thine,
To all the nations shalt thou roam,
Through every heart thy love shall
shine.

The subtlest thought that finds its
goal
Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,—
Oh! shoot it forth on arrows bold
The thoughts of men on, on, to urge.

Toil not to free the slave from
chains,
Think not to give the laborer rest,—
Unless rich beauty fill the plains
The free man wanders still unblest.

All men can dig and hew rude stone,
But thou must carve the frieze above,
And columned high through thee
alone
Shall rise our frescoed homes of love.
C. S. T.

INSPIRATION.

THE Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's me-
ander,

And no think lang;
O sweet to stray and pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang!

BURNS.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and
clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers
in spring;
To which, besides their own de-
mean,
The late-past frosts tributes of
pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my
shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness?
It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers de-
part
To see their mother root, when they
have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house un-
known.

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and
write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.
HERBERT.

WRITING VERSES.

JUST now I've ta'en a fit of rhyme,
My barmy noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summons:
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for
needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra
clash,

An' raise a din ;
For me, an aim I never fash !
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damned my fortune to the groat ;
But in requit,
Has blessed me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

BURNS.

THE MUSE.

THE Muse doth tell me where to bor-
row

Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace ;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That, from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw ;
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight.

By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut, when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush, or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

By her help, I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten glad-
ness,

In the very gall of sadness.
The dull liveness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have
made ;

The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den which rocks emboss
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals which give light
More to terror than delight
This my chamber of Neglect,
Walled about with Disrespect ;
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this ;

Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot con-
ceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn
Who to nought but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE POET.

AND also, beau sire, of other things,
That is, thou hasté no tidings
Of Lové's folk, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing elsé that God made,
And not only fro far countree,
That no tidings come to thee,
Not of thy very neighbors,
That dwellen almost at thy dores,
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For when thy labor all done is,
And hast made all thy reckonings
Instead of rest and of new things,
Thou goest home to thine house
anone,

And also dumbé as a stone,
Thou sittest at another booke,
Till fully dazèd is thy looke,
And livest thus as an hermite.

CHAUCER.

PRAYER TO APOLLO.

God of science and of light,
Apollo through thy greate might,
This littell last booke now thou gie,*
Now that I will for maistrie,
Here art potencial be shewde,
But for the rime is light and lewde,
Yet make it somewhat agreeable,
Though some verse fayle in a sillable,
And that I do no diligence,
To shewe craft, but sentence,
And if divine vertue thou
Wilt helpe me to shewe now,
That in my heed ymarked is,
Lo, that is for to meanen this,
The House of Fame for to discrive, —
Thou shalt see me go as blive †
Unto the next laurel I see
And kisse it, for it is thy tree,
Now enter in my brest anon.

CHAUCER.

* Guide.

† Quickly.

THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

I CAME to a laund of white and green,

So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, ypowdred
with daisie,

The flowres and the grovés like hy,
All greene and white, was nothing
eles seene.

There sate I downe among the faire
flowres,
And saw the birds trip out of hir
bowrs,
There as they rested them all the
night,
They were so joyfull of the dayés
light,
They began of May for to done hon-
ours.

They coud that service all by rote,
There was many a lovely note,
Some sung loud as they had plainèd,
And some in other manner voice
yfainèd,
And some all out with the full throte.

They proyned hem, and made them
right gay,
And daunceden, and leapt on the
spray,
And evermore two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen them to
yere
In Februere, upon saint Valentine's
day.

And the river that I sate upon,
It made such a noise as it ran,
Accordaunt with the birdés har-
mony,
Methought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite, I wote never how
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,
Not all asleepe, ne fully waking,
And in that swow me thought I
heard sing
The sorry bird, the lewd cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
But who was then evill apaid but I?
"Now God" (quod I) "that died
on the crois

Yeve sorrow on thee, and on thy
lewde vois,
Full little joy have I now of thy
cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan
chide,
I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustely sing,
That with her cleré voice she madé
ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale" (quoth I
then)

"A little hast thou ben too longé
hen,*

For here hath been the lewd cuckow,
And songen songs rather than hast
thou,

I pray to God evil fire her bren."

But now I wol you tell a wonder thing,
As long as I lay in that swowning,
Me thought I wist what the birds
meant,
And what they said, and what was
their intent,
And of their speech I had good
knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
"Now, good cuckow, go somewhere
away,
And let us that can singen dwellen
here,
For every wight escheweth thee to
hear,
Thy songs be so elengé in good fay."

"What" (quod she) "what may
thee ailen now,
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in
vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot
never how.

"And every wight may understandé
mee,
But nightingale so may they not
done thee;

For thou hast many a nice queint cry,
I have thee heard saine, *ocy, ocy*,
How might I know what that
should be?"

* Hence.

"Ah foole," (quod she,) "wist thou
not what it is
When that I say, *ocy, ocy, ywis?*
Then meané I that I would wonder
faine
That all they were shamefully yslaine
That meanen ought againé love amiss.

"And also I would that all tho were
dede
That thinké not in love their life to
lede,
For whoso that wol not the God of
love serve,
I dare well say, he worthy is to sterve,
And for that skill, *ocy, ocy, I grede.*"
CHAUCER.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and means, on land and sea
at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged
amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er
it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a
bar
To the mind's gaining that proph-
etic sense
Of future change, that point of
vision whence
May be discovered what in soul ye
are.
In spite of all that beauty may dis-
own
In your harsh features, Nature doth
embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art;
and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his
brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the
proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with
cheer sublime.

WORDSWORTH.

SCALE OF MINDS.

"HERE might I pause, and bend in
reverence
To Nature, and the power of
human minds;

To men as they are men within
themselves.
How oft high service is performed
within,
When all the external man is rude
in show:
Not like a temple rich with pomp
and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel that
protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and
shower!
Of these, said I, shall be my song;
of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things,
— in truth
And sanctity of passion speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance
paid
Where it is due. Thus haply shall
I teach,
Inspire, through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope;
my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those
who live,
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few,
In Nature's presence: thence may I
select
Sorrow that is not sorrow, but
delight,
And miserable love that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that
redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and
what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me; it shall
be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy
ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracul-
lar,
Matter not lightly to be heard by
those
Who to the letter of the outward
promise
Do read the invisible soul: by men
adroit
In speech, and for communion with
the world
Accomplished, minds whose facul-
ties are then

Most active when they are most eloquent,
 And elevated most when most admired.
 Men may be found of other mould than these;
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves
 Encouragement, and energy, and will;
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words,
 As native passion dictates. Others, too,
 There are, among the walks of homely life,
 Still higher, men for contemplation framed;
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase.
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse.
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
 Words are but under-agents in their souls;
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength
 They do not breathe among them; this I speak
 In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
 For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
 When we are unregarded by the world."

WORDSWORTH.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go:
 To make a third she joined the former two.

DRYDEN.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

As Memnon's marble harp renowned of old
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
 Unbidden strains; e'en so did Nature's hand
 To certain species of external things
 Attune the finer organs of the mind;
 So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
 Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportioned form,
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
 Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
 From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive
 They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,
 To that harmonious movement from without,
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment; Fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
 And vales of bliss; the Intellectual Power
 Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently soothed away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O attend,
 Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 Of nature warms; O, listen to my song,
 And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Say, why was man so eminently
 raised
 Amid the vast creation; why ordained
 Through life and death to dart his
 piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limits of
 his frame,
 But that the Omnipotent might send
 him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal
 powers,
 As on a boundless theatre to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner
 deeds;
 To chase each partial purpose from
 his breast;
 And through the mists of passion
 and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of
 chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfaltering, while
 the voice
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep
 ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high
 reward,
 The applauding smile of heaven?
 else wherefore burns,
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched
 hope
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore
 darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardor to embrace
 Majestic forms; impatient to be
 free,
 Spurning the gross control of wilful
 might;
 Proud of the strong contention of
 her toils;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather
 turns
 To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen
 flame?
 Who that, from Alpine heights, his
 laboring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon to
 survey
 Nilus or Ganges rolling his broad tide
 Through mountains, plains, through
 empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand, — will turn
 his gaze

To mark the windings of a scanty
 rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The
 high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring
 wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of
 earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs
 aloft,
 Through fields of air pursues the
 flying storm;
 Rides on the volleyed lightning
 through the heavens;
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the
 northern blast,
 Sweeps the long track of day. Then
 high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering
 o'er the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant
 stream
 Of light: beholds the unrelenting
 sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence
 far effused
 She darts her swiftness up the long
 career
 Of devious comets; through its burning
 signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the
 stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky
 zone,
 Invests the orient. Now amazed she
 views
 The empyreal waste, where happy
 spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave heaven, their
 calm abode;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading
 light
 Has travelled the profound six thousand
 years,
 Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal
 things.

Nature's care, to all her children
 just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler
 state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the
 city's pomp,
 The rural honors his: whate'er
 adorns

The princely dome, the column and
the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him
the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
His lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing Hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him.

Look, then, abroad through Nature,
to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamant spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the Void immense,
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the Father of his Country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!

AKENSIDE.

FAME.

HER house is all of Echo made
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.

BEN JONSON.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where-through
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —

Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to
make mild

A rugged people, and through soft degrees

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his
work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel
puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark broad seas.
My mariners,

Souls that have toiled, and wrought,
and thought with me, —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and
opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads, — you
and I are old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his
toil;

Death closes all: but something ere
the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet
be done

Not unbecoming men that strove
with Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the
rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon
climbs: the deep

Moans round with many voices.

Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer
world.

Push off, and sitting well in order,
smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the
baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy
Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom
we knew.

Though much is taken, much abides;
and though

We are not now that strength which
in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which
we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but
strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not
to yield.

TENNYSON.

KING LEAR.

O Heavens,

If you do love old men, if your
sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and
take my part!

SHAKSPEARE.

RUMBLE thy belly-full! Spit, fire!
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are
my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with
unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, called you
children;

You owe me no subscription; why
then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand
your slave,

A poor infirm, weak, and despised
old man; —

But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious

daughters joined

Your high-engendered battles 'gainst
a head

So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis

foul!

SHAKSPEARE.

OUTLINE.

OF Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty,
Love, and Hope,

And melancholy Fear subdued by
Faith;

Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual

power;

Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
 Of the individual Mind that keeps
 her own
 Inviolat retirement, subject there
 To Conscience only, and the law
 supreme
 Of that Intelligence which governs
 all—
 I sing:—"fit audience let me find,
 though few!"
 So prayed, more gaining than he
 asked, the Bard
 In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if
 such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest
 heaven!
 For I must tread on shadowy ground,
 must sink
 Deep, and, aloft ascending, breathe
 in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is
 but a veil.
 All strength, all terror, single or in
 bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal
 form—
 Jehovah, with his thunder, and the
 choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empy-
 real thrones,—
 I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos,
 not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy,
 scooped out
 By help of dreams, can breed such
 fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of
 Man,—
 My haunt, and the main region of
 my song.
 Beauty—a living Presence of the
 earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
 Which craft of delicate Spirits doth
 compose
 From earth's materials—waits upon
 my steps;
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and
 groves
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields,—like
 those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic main,—why
 should they be
 A history only of departed things,

Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of Man,
 When wedded to this goodly uni-
 verse
 In love and holy passion, shall find
 these
 A simple produce of the common
 day.
 I, long before the blissful hour ar-
 rives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the
 spousal verse
 Of this great consummation:—and,
 by words
 Which speak of nothing more than
 what we are,
 Would I arouse the sensual from
 their sleep
 Of Death, and win the vacant and
 the vain
 To noble raptures; while my voice
 proclaims
 How exquisitely the individual Mind
 (And the progressive powers, per-
 haps no less,
 Of the whole species) to the exter-
 nal World
 Is fitted:—and how exquisitely,
 too—
 (Theme this but little heard of
 among men—)
 The external World is fitted to the
 Mind;
 And the creation (by no lower name
 Can it be called) which they with
 blended might
 Accomplish:—this is our high argu-
 ment.
 Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I
 oft
 Must turn elsewhere, to travel near
 the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill
 sights
 Of madding passions mutually in-
 flamed;
 Must hear Humanity in fields and
 groves
 Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confede-
 rate storm
 Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
 Within the walls of cities,—may
 these sounds
 Have their authentic comment; that
 even these
 Hearing, I be not downcast or for-
 lorn!

Descend, prophetic spirit! that inspir' st
 The human Soul of universal earth,
 Dreaming on things to come; and
 dost possess
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts
 Of mighty Poets: upon me bestow
 A gift of genuine insight; that my
 Song
 With star-like virtue in its place
 may shine,
 Shedding benignant influence, and
 secure,
 Itself, from all malevolent effect
 Of those mutations that extend their
 sway
 Throughout the nether sphere! And
 if with this
 I mix more lowly matter; with the
 thing
 Contemplated, describe the Mind
 and Man
 Contemplating; and who, and what
 he was, —
 The transitory Being that beheld
 This Vision; when and where, and
 how he lived; —
 Be not this labor useless. If such
 theme
 May sort with highest objects, then
 —dread Power!
 Whose gracious favor is the primal
 source
 Of all illumination, — may my Life
 Express the image of a better time,
 More wise desires, and simpler man-
 ners; nurse
 My Heart in genuine freedom: — all
 pure thoughts
 Be with me; — so shall thy unfailing
 love
 Guide and support and cheer me to
 the end!

WORDSWORTH.

COMUS, A MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A
 WILD WOOD.

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or
 enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of
 Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immor-
 tal shapes

Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene
 air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim
 spot
 Which men call Earth, and with
 low-thoughted care
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold
 here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish
 being,
 Unmindful of the crown that virtue
 gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true
 servants,
 Amongst the enthronèd Gods on
 sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps
 aspire
 To lay their just hands on that gol-
 den key
 That opes the palace of eternity;
 To such my errand is; and, but for
 such,
 I would not soil these pure ambro-
 sial weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-
 worn mould.
 But to my task. Neptune, besides
 the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing
 stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether
 Jove
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems
 inlay
 The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
 Which he, to grace his tributary
 Gods,
 By course commits to several govern-
 ment,
 And gives them leave to wear their
 sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents: but
 this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the
 main,
 He quarters to his blue-haired dei-
 ties;
 And all this tract that fronts the
 falling sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and
 power
 Has in his charge, with tempered
 awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation proud in
 arms:

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
 I was despatched for their defence and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
 Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circé's island fell: who knows not Circé,
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,

Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus;
 which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore, when any favored of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. — The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now has gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful
spheres
Lead in swift round the months and
years.
The sounds and seas, with all their
finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering mor-
rice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper
elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs decked with dai-
sies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes
keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er
report.
Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t'whom the
secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; myste-
rious dame,

That ne'er art called, but when the
dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest
gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and
befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none
left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loophole peep,
And to the telltale sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the
ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the differ-
ent pace
Of some chaste footing near about
this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these
brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some
virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine
art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to
my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere
long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as
grazed
About my mother Circé. Thus I
hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy
air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear
illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest
the place
And my quaint habits breed aston-
ishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious
flight,
Which must not be, for that's against
my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly
ends,
And well-placed words of glozing
courtesy
Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,

And hug him into snares. When
 once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic
 dust,
 I shall appear some harmless vil-
 lager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his
 country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step
 aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business
 here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear
 be true,
 My best guide now; methought it
 was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or game-
 some pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered
 hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and
 granges full,
 In wanton dance, they praise the
 bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should
 be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled
 insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O!
 where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled
 wood?
 My brothers, when they saw me
 wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here
 to lodge
 Under the spreading favor of these
 pines,
 Stepped, as they said, to the next
 thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling
 fruit
 As the kind, hospitable woods pro-
 vide.
 They left me then, when the gray-
 hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of
 Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they
 came not back,
 Is now the labor of my thoughts;
 'tis likeliest

They had engaged their wandering
 steps too far;
 And envious darkness, ere they
 could return,
 Had stole them from me: else, O
 thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some
 felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up
 the stars,
 That Nature hung in heaven, and
 filled their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due
 light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may
 guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud
 mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening
 ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I
 find.
 What might this be? A thousand
 fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning
 shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's
 names
 On sands, and shores, and desert
 wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but
 not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks
 attended
 By a strong-siding champion, Con-
 science. —
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-
 handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with
 golden wings,
 And thou, unblemished form of
 Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t'whom
 all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of ven-
 geance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if
 need were,
 To keep my life and honor unas-
 sailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the
 night?
 I did not err, there does a sable
 cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the
 night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted
 grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be
 heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enlivened
 spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are
 not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that
 liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourn-
 eth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where.
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of
 the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the
 skies,
 And give resounding grace to all
 heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Com. — Can any mortal mixture of
 earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting rav-
 ishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that
 breast,
 And with these raptures moves the
 vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the
 wings
 Of silence, through the empty-
 vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven
 down
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have
 oft heard
 My mother Circé with the Sirens
 three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs, and bale-
 ful drugs,

Who, as they sung, would take the
 prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into
 attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft
 applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled
 the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of
 itself;
 But such a sacred and homefelt de-
 light,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to
 her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail,
 foreign wonder!
 Whom certain these rough shades
 did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural
 shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by
 blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of
 this tall wood.

Lady. — Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill
 is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending
 ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme
 shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the cour-
 teous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy
 couch.

Com. — What chance, good Lady,
 hath bereft you thus?

Lady. — Dim darkness, and this
 leafy labyrinth.

Com. — Could that divide you from
 near-ushering guides?

Lady. — They left me weary on a
 grassy turf.

Com. — By falsehood, or discourte-
 sy, or why?

Lady. — To seek i' the valley some
 cool friendly spring.

Com. — And left your fair side all
 unguarded, Lady?

Lady. — They were but twain, and
 purposed quick return.

Com. — Perhaps forestalling night
 prevented them.

Lady. — How easy my misfortune
 is to hit!

Com. — Imports their loss beside
the present need?

Lady. — No less than if I should
my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime,
or youthful bloom?

Lady. — As smooth as Hebe's their
unrazed lips.

Com. — Two such I saw, what time
the labored ox

In his loose traces from the furrow
came,

And the swinked hedger at his sup-
per sat;

I saw them under a green mantling
vine

That crawls along the side of yon
small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the ten-
der shoots;

Their port was more than human,
as they stood:

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the ele-
ment,

That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I
was awestruck,

And as I passed, I worshipped: if
those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to
heaven

To help you find them.

Lady. — Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me
to that place?

Com. — Due west it rises from this
shrubby point.

Lady. — To find that out, good
shepherd, I suppose

In such a scant allowance of star-
light,

Would overtask the best land-pilot's
art,

Without the sure guess of well-
practised feet.

Com. — I know each lane, and
every alley green,

Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild
wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to
side,

My daily walks and ancient neigh-
borhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet
lodged

Or shroud within these limits, I
shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted
lark

From her thatched pallet rouse: if
otherwise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be
safe

Till further quest.

Lady. — Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courte-
sy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly
sheds

With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry
halls

And courts of princes, where it first
was named,

And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less
secure,

I cannot be, that I should fear to
change it.

Eye me, blest Providence, and square
my trial

To my proportioned strength. Shep-
herd, lead on.

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

1 *Br.* — Unmuffle, ye faint stars,
and thou, fair moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's
benison,

Stoop thy pale visage through an
amber cloud,

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns
here

In double night of darkness and of
shades;

Or if your influence be quite dammed
up

With black usurping mists, some
gentle taper,

Though a rush candle, from the
wicker-hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levelled rule of
streaming light;

And thou shalt be our star of
Arcady,

Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 *Br.* — Or if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we
but hear

The folded flocks penned in their
wattled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten
stops,

Or whistle from the lodge, or village
 cock
 Count the night watches to his
 feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some
 little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable
 boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost
 sister!
 Where may she wander now, whither
 betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude
 burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bol-
 ster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some
 broad elm
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught
 with sad fears.
 What, if in wild amazement and
 affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the dire-
 ful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
 1 *Br.* — Peace, brother, be not
 over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain
 evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest
 unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date
 of grief,
 And run to meet what he would
 most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion!
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness
 bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and
 noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she
 is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her
 calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming
 plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue
 would
 By her own radiant light, though
 sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And
 Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Con-
 templation,

She plumes her feathers, and lets
 grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to-ruffled, and sometimes
 impaired.
 He that has light within his own
 clear breast,
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy
 bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and
 foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day
 sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.
 2 *Br.* — 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men
 and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his
 weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple
 dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian
 tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need
 the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted
 eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend
 her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incon-
 tinence.
 You may as well spread out the un-
 sunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's
 den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding
 waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me
 not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them
 both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt
 the person
 Of our unworn sister.
 1 *Br.* — I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's
 state
 Secure without all doubt or con-
 troversy;
 Yet where an equal poise of hope
 and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature
 is
 That I incline to hope rather than
 fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left,
 As you imagine; she has a hidden
 strength
 Which you remember not.
 2 Br. — What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if
 you mean that?
 1 Br. — I mean that too, but yet a
 hidden strength
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be
 termed her own;
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.
 She that has that is clad in complete
 steel,
 And like a quivered Nymph with
 arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unhar-
 bored heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous
 wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of
 chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or moun-
 taineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
 Yea there, where very desolation
 dwells,
 By grotts, and caverns shagged with
 horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched
 majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in pre-
 sumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks
 by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish
 fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn un-
 laid
 ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at
 curfew time,
 No goblin, or swart faery of the
 mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virgin-
 ity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of
 Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her
 dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, forever
 chaste,

Wherewith she tamed the brindled
 lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, and set
 at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods
 and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was
 queen o' the woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon
 shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, uncon-
 quered virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to
 congealed stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dashed brute
 violence
 With sudden adoration and blank
 awe?
 So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely
 so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey
 her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and
 guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vis-
 ion,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear
 can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habi-
 tants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward
 shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's
 essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when
 lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures,
 and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of
 sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward
 parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she
 quite lose
 The divine property of her first be-
 ing.
 Such are those thick and gloomy
 shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sep-
 ulchres,
 Lingering and sitting by a new-made
 grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it
 loved,

And linked itself by carnal sensuality

To a degenerate and degraded state,
2 Br. — How charming is divine philosophy!

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,

Where no crude surfeit reigns,

1 Br. — List, list, I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 Br. — Methought so too: what should it be?

1 Br. — For certain
Either some one like us night-founded here,

Or else some neighbor woodman,
or, at worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Br. — Heaven keep my sister.
Again, again, and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

1 Br. — I'll halloo:
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,

Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know: what are you? speak;

Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. — What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

2 Br. — O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

1 Br. — Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,

And sweetened every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook?

Spir. — O my loved master's heir,
and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

1 Br. — To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. — Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 Br. — What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

Spir. — I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,

Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance,

What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,

Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circé born, great Comus,

Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;

And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,

With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage

Charâctered in the face: this I have learnt

Tending my flocks hard by i' the
 hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom-glade, whence
 night by night,
 He and his monstrous rout are heard
 to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at
 their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost
 bowers.
 Yet have they many baits, and guile-
 ful spells,
 T'invigle and invite the unwary
 sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the
 way.
 This evening late, by then the chew-
 ing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the sa-
 vory herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and
 were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and
 began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melan-
 choly,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a
 close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the
 woods,
 And filled the air with barbarous
 dissonance;
 At which I ceased, and listened them
 a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened
 steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-cur-
 tained sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing
 sound
 Rose like a stream of rich distilled
 perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even
 Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and
 wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all
 ear,
 And took in strains that might
 create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere
 long

Too well I did perceive it was the
 voice
 Of my most honored Lady, your
 dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief
 and fear,
 And O poor hapless nightingale
 thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near
 the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with
 headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often
 trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the
 place,
 Where that damned wizard, hid in
 sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had
 met
 Already, ere my best speed could
 prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his
 wished prey;
 Who gently asked if he had seen
 such two,
 Supposing him some neighbor vil-
 lager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I
 guessed
 Ye were the two she meant: with
 that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found
 you here,
 But further know I not.
 2 Br. — O night and shades,
 How are ye joined with Hell in
 triple knot,
 Against the unarmed weakness of
 one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the con-
 fidence
 You gave me, brother?
 1 Br. — Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the
 threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this
 I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assailed, but never
 hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not
 intralled;
 Yea even that which mischief meant
 most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most
 glory:

But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness,
when at last
Gathered like scum, and settled to
itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this
fail,

The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

But come, let's on.

Against the opposing will and arm
of heaven

May never this just sword be lifted
up;

But for that damned magician, let
him be girt

With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the mon-
strous forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him
out,

And force him to return his pur-
chase back,

Or drag him by the curls to a foul
death,

Cursed as his life.

Spir. — Alas! good vent'rous
Youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold em-
prise;

But here thy sword can do thee
little stead;

Far other arms and other weapons
must

Be those that quell the might of
hellish charms:

He with his bare wand can unthread
thy joints,

And crumble all thy sinews.

1 *Br.* — Why prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself ap-
proach so near,

As to make this relation?

Spir. — Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from sur-
prisal,

Brought to my mind a certain shep-
herd lad,

Of small regard to see to, yet well
skilled

In every virtuous plant and healing
herb,

That spreads her verdant leaf to the
morning ray:

He loved me well, and oft would beg
me sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender
grass

Would sit, and hearken e'en to ees-
tasy,

And in requital ope his leathern
scrip,

And show me simples of a thousand
names,

Telling their strange and vigorous
faculties:

Amongst the rest a small unsightly
root,

But of divine effect, he culled me out:
The leaf was darkish, and had

prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not
in this soil:

Unknown, and like esteemed, and
the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted
shoon:

And yet more med'cinal is it than
that moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses
gave;

He called it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign

use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew,

blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I pursed it up, but little reck'ning
made,

Till now that this extremity com-
pelled:

But now I find it true; for by this
means

I knew the foul enchanter though
disguised,

Entered the very lime-twigs of his
spells,

And yet came off: if you have this
about you,

(As I will give you when we go) you
may

Boldly assault the necromancer's
hall;

Where if he be, with dauntless har-
dihood,

And brandished blade rush on him,
break his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the
ground,

But seize his wand; though he and
his cursed crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and men-
ace high,

Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit
 smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but
 shrink.

1 Br. — Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll
 follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield
 before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace,
 set out with all manner of delicious-
 ness; soft music, tables spread with
 all dainties. COMUS appears with
 his rabble, and the LADY set in an
 enchanted chair, to whom he offers
 his glass, which she puts by, and
 goes about to rise.*

Com. — Nay, Lady, sit; if I but
 wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chained up in
 alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. — Fool, do not boast.
 Thou canst not touch the freedom
 of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this
 corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while heaven
 sees good.

Com. — Why are you vext, Lady?
 why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger;
 from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See, here be all the
 pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful
 thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively,
 and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-
 season.

And first behold this cordial julep
 here,
 That flames, and dances in his crys-
 tal bounds,

With spirits of balm, and fragrant
 syrups mixed.
 Not that Nephethes, which the wife
 of Thone

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as
 this,

To life so friendly, or so cool to
 thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your-
 self,

And to those dainty limbs which
 nature lent

For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her
 trust,

And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 With that which you received on
 other terms;

Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must
 subsist,

Refreshment after toil, ease after
 pain,

That have been tired all day without
 repast,

And timely rest have wanted; but,
 fair Virgin,

This will restore all soon.

Lady. — 'Twill not, false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and
 honesty

That thou hast banished from thy
 tongue with lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe
 abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim
 aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy
 guard me!

Hence with thy brewed enchant-
 ments, foul deceiver;

Hast thou betrayed my credulous
 innocence

With visored falsehood and base
 forgery?

And wouldst thou seek again to trap
 me here

With liquorish baits fit to insnare a
 brute?

Were it a draught for Juno when she
 banquets,

I would not taste thy treasonous
 offer; none

But such as are good men can give
 good things,

And that which is not good is not
 delicious

To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. — O foolishness of men! that
 lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic
 fur,

And fetch their precepts from the
 Cynic tub,

Praising the lean and sallow Absti-
 nence.

Wherefore did Nature pour her
 bounties forth

With such a full and unwithdrawing
 hand,
 Covering the earth with odors,
 fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn
 innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious
 taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning
 worms,
 That in their green shops weave the
 smooth-haired silk
 To deck her sons; and that no cor-
 ner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own
 loins
 She hatched the all worshipped ore,
 and precious gems,
 To store her children with: if all the
 world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed
 on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing
 wear but frieze,
 The All-giver would be unthanked,
 would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet
 despised;
 And we should serve him as a grudg-
 ing master,
 As a penurious niggard of his
 wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not
 her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with
 her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fer-
 tility;
 The earth cumbered, and the winged
 air darked with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude
 their lords,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and
 the unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of
 the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they
 below
 Would grow inured to light, and come
 at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shame-
 less brows.
 List, Lady, be not coy, and be not
 cozened
 With that same vaunted name Vir-
 ginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be
 hoarded,

But must be current, and the good
 thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken
 bliss,
 Unsavory in the enjoyment of
 itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected
 rose
 It withers on the stalk with lan-
 guished head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be
 shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemn-
 nities,
 Where most may wonder at the
 workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep
 home,
 They had their name thence; coarse
 complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve
 to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the house-
 wife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip
 for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the
 morn?
 There was another meaning in these
 gifts,
 Think what, and be advised, you are
 but young yet.
Lady. — I had not thought to have
 unlockt my lips
 In this unhallowed air, but that this
 juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment,
 as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules pranked in
 reason's garb.
 I hate when Vice can bolt her argu-
 ments,
 And Virtue has no tongue to check
 her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most inno-
 cent Nature,
 As if she would her children should
 be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good
 cateress,
 Means her provision only to the
 good,
 That live according to her sober
 laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temper-
 ance:
 If every just man, that now pines
 with want,

Had but a moderate and beseeching
 share
 Of that which lewdly-pampered
 luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast
 excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well
 dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumbered with
 her store;
 And then the Giver would be better
 thanked,
 His praise due paid; for swinish
 gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his
 gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.
 Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him
 that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with con-
 temptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of
 Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to
 what end?
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to appre-
 hend
 The sublime notion, and high mys-
 tery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the
 sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou
 shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present
 lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rheto-
 ric,
 That hath so well been taught her
 dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself
 convinced;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled
 worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my
 rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved
 to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her
 nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures reared
 so high,
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy
 false head.

Com. — She fables not; I feel that
 I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior
 power:
 And though not mortal, yet a cold
 shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath
 of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of
 Erebus,
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must
 dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come,
 no more.
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foun-
 dation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but
 the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all straight; one
 sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in
 delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be
 wise, and taste. —

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords
 drawn, wrest his glass out of his
 hand, and break it against the
 ground: his rout make sign of re-
 sistance, but are all driven in. The
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

Spir. — What, have you let the
 false enchanter's escape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have
 snatched his wand,
 And bound him fast: without his
 rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissever-
 ing power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits
 here
 In stony fetters fixed, and motion-
 less:
 Yet stay, be not disturbed: now I
 bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may
 be used,
 Which once of Melibæus old I
 learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er
 piped on plains.
 There is a gentle nymph not far
 from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the
 smooth Severn stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;
 Whilom she was the daughter of
 Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his fath-
 er Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad
 pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendo-
 len,
 Commended her fair innocence to
 the flood,
 They stayed her flight with his cross-
 flowing course.
 The water-nymphs that in the bot-
 tom played,
 Held up their pearlèd wrists, and
 took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus'
 hall,
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared
 her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to
 imbathe
 In nectared lavers strewed with as-
 phodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of
 each sense
 Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she
 revived,
 And underwent a quick immortal
 change,
 Made Goddess of the river: still she
 retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight
 meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-
 luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf de-
 lights to make,
 Which she with precious vialled li-
 quors heals;
 For which the shepherds at their
 festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic
 lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths
 into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffo-
 dils,
 And, as the old swain said, she can
 unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the
 numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled
 song;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will
 be swift

To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I
 try,
 And add the power of some adjuring
 verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent
 wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-drop-
 ping hair;
 Listen for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.
 Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's
 mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond
 rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered
 have.

Listen and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by water-
 nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grow the willow and the osier
 dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn
 sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet

O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spir. — Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the
wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. — Shepherd, 'tis my office
best

To help ensnarèd chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venomèd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous
heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and
cold:

Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

*SABRINA descends, and the LADY
rises out of her seat.*

Spir. — Virgin, daughter of Lo-
crine,

Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmèd waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while heaven lends
us grace,

Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,

And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come, let us haste, the stars grow
high,
But night sits monarch yet in the
mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Lud-
low town and the President's cas-
tle; then come in country dancers,
after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,
with the TWO BROTHERS, and the
LADY.*

SONG.

Spir. — Back, Shepherds, back,
enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to
their Father and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their
youth,
Their faith, their patience, and
their truth,
And sent them here through hard
assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epi-
logizes.*

Spir. — To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:

There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed
 Hours,

Thither all their bounties bring;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew,
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, ad-
 vanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet en-
 tranced,

After her wandering labors long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth
 bend,

And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free;
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime:
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

MYTHOLOGY.

ONEVER rudely will I blame his faith
 In the might of stars and angels!

'Tis not merely

The human being's Pride that peo-
 ples space

With life and mystical predomi-
 nance;

Since likewise for the stricken heart
 of Love

This visible nature, and this common
 world,

Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper im-
 port

Lurks in the legend told my infant
 years

Than lies upon that truth we live to
 learn.

For fable is Love's world, his home,
 his birthplace:

Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays
 and talismans,

And spirits; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.

The intelligible forms of ancient
 poets,

The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the

majesty,

That had their haunts in dale, or
 piny mountain,

Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly
 spring,

Or chasms and watery depths; all
 these have vanished;

They live no longer in the faith of
 reason.

But still the heart doth need a lan-
 guage, still

Doth the old instinct bring back the
 old names,

And to yon starry world they now
 are gone,

Spirits or gods, that used to share
 this earth

With man as with their friend; and
 to the lover

Yonder they move, from yonder
 visible sky

Shoot influence down; and even at
 this day

'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is
 great,

And Venus who brings every thing
 that's fair!

COLERIDGE: *Wallenstein*.

KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
 But it was na to meet Duneira's
 men,

Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could
be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress flower round the
spring —
The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,
And the nut that hangs frae the
hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could
be.
But lang may her minny look o'er
the wa',
And lang may she seek in the green-
wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duncira blame,
And lang, lang greet ere Kilmeny
come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope
was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had
been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed,
and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all
was still,
When the fringe was red on the
westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon in the
wane,
The reek of the cot hung over the
plain —
Like a little wee cloud in the world
its lane;
When the ingle glowed with an eiry
flame,
Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny
came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have
you been?
Long hae we sought baith holt and
den —
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily
sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae
green?
And these roses, the fairest that
ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you
been?"
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely
grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's
face;

As still was her look, and as still
was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the
emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless
sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not
where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she
could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock
never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the
wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky
had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round
her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms
she had seen,
And a land where sin had never
been —
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
They clasped her waist and her
hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek and they
kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming
fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're wel-
come here!
Oh, bonny Kilmeny, free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again —
That world of sin, of sorrow, and
fear —
O, tell of the joys that are waiting
here!
And tell of the signs you shall
shortly see,
Of the times that are now, and the
times that shall be."

But to sing of the sights Kilmeny
saw,
So far surpassing Nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad
cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man
were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly
away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's
day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own
 countrys;
 With distant music soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened, she lay
 her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the green-
 wood wene.
 When seven long years had come
 and fled;
 When grief was calm, and hope was
 dead;
 When scarce was remembered Kil-
 meny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny
 came hame!
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her ee!
 And oh, the words that fell from
 her mouth
 Were words of wonder and words
 of truth!

It was na her home, and she could
 na remain;
 She left this world of sorrow and
 pain,
 And returned to the land of thought
 again.

HOGG.

DREAMS.

AGAIN returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confident undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long
 estranged:
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as
 gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.

SCOTT.

ROMEO'S PRESAGE.

Romeo. — If I may trust the flat-
 tering eye of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news
 at hand:
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his
 throne;
 And all this day an unaccustomed
 spirit

Lifts me above the ground with
 cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found
 me dead;
 (Strange dream that gives a dead
 man leave to think,)
 And breathed such life with kisses
 in my lips,
 That I revived and was an emperor.
 Ah, me! how sweet is love itself pos-
 sessed
 When but love's shadows are so rich
 in joy.

SHAKSPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet.*
 Act v. Sc. 1.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
 More than fifty years ago:
 None have yet come home to me,
 But keep sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them, in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,
 With tattered sails and battered
 hulls,
 While around them screamed the
 gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid
 From me, sailing round the world;
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be
 furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold, —
 Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
 While the spices which they bear
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 Of the waves and winds the sport;
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And contented watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
 Gazing for them down the bay,
 Days and nights, for many years,
 Till I turned heart-sick away.
 But the pilots, when they land,
 Stop and take me by the hand,

Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I can buy then all I need, —
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Every thing except a heart:
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

R. B. COFFIN.

THE WHITE ISLAND.

In this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by Sorrow's streames,
Teares and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternitie,
Uniting,

In that Whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here and lustre there,
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an Horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized and you;
And fresh joyes, as never to
Have ending.
HERRICK.

FANTASY.

BREAK, Fantasy, from thy cave of
cloud,
And spread thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of
phlegm,
And, though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odor rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

BEN JONSON.

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE DOVE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and
tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right

Flaming in the Phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple was so well compounded:

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Wherenpon it made this threne
To the Phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

BEAUTY, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
SHAKESPEARE.

COMPLIMENT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My gentle Puck, come hither, thou
remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's
back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious
breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her
song;

And certain stars shot madly from
their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

That very time, I saw, but thou
couldst not,

Flying between the cold moon and
the earth,

Cupid all armed: a certain aim he
took

At a fair vestal, throned by the
west;

And loosed his love-shaft smartly
from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thou-
sand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery
shaft

Quenched in the chaste beams of the
watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cu-
pid fell;

It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before milk-white, now purple with
love's wound, —

And maidens call it Love-in-idle-
ness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I
showed thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids
laid

Will make a man or woman madly
dote

Upon the next live creature that it
sees.

Fetch me this herb: and be thou here
again,

Ere the Leviathan can swim a
league.

Puck. — I'll put a girdle round
about the earth

In forty minutes.

Oberon. — Hast thou the flower
there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. — Ay, there it is.

Oberon. — I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild
thyme blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding vio-
let grows,

Quite over-canopied with lush wood-
bine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with
eglantine:

There sleeps Titania, some time of
the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances
and delight;
And there the snake throws her
enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak
her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fan-
tasies.
SHAKSPEARE: *Midsummer Night's
Dream.*

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been
with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she
comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-
stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie
asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spin-
ners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grass-
hoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's
web;
The collars, of the moonshine's
watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the
lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated
gnat,
Not half so big as a round little
worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a
maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-hut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old
grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-
makers.
And in this state she gallops night
by night
Through lovers' brains, and then
they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on
court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight
dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on
kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blis-
ters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-
meats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a cour-
tier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out
a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a
tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies
asleep,
Then dreams he of another bene-
fice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a sol-
dier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting for-
eign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish
blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and
then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts,
and wakes,
And, being thus frightened, swears a
prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very
Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in
the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul slut-
tish hairs,
Which once untangled, much mis-
fortune bodes.

SHAKSPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet.*

SONG FROM GYPSIES' META- MORPHOSES.

THE owl is abroad, the bat, the
toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole sit both in a
hole;
And frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they bay, and the timbrels
play;
The spindle now is a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are
fled;
But all the sky is a-burning.

THE faery beam upon you,
And the stars to glisten on you,
A moon of light
In the noon of night,

Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you,
 The wheel of Fortune guide you,
 The Boy with the bow beside you
 Run aye in the way, till the bird of
 day,
 And the luckier lot betide you.

BEN JONSON.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy
 water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of
 repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's
 lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of
 woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note
 singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
 When will heaven its sweet bell
 ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy
 world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter wave
 weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages
 away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin
 lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning
 delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly
 springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will heaven, its sweet bell
 ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

THOMAS MOORE.

FAIRIES.

LITTLE was King Laurin, but from
 many a precious gem
 His wondrous strength and power,
 and his bold courage came;
 Tall at times his stature grew, with
 spells of gramarye,

* Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was,
 by some supernatural power, transformed
 into a swan, and condemned to wander
 over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland,
 till the coming of Christianity, when the
 first sound of the mass bell was to be the
 signal of her release.

Then to the noblest princes fellow
 might he be.

WARTON: *Little Garden of Roses.*

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
 Through caverns measureless to
 man,
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled
 round:
 And here were gardens bright with
 sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-
 bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the
 hills,
 Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep chasm which
 slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
 cover!
 A savage place! as holy and en-
 charmed
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was
 haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-
 lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless
 turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants
 were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was
 forced:
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted
 burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like re-
 bounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresh-
 er's flail:
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at
 once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred
 river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy
 motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred
 river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measure-
 less to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless
 ocean:

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard
from far
Ancestral voices prophecying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled
measure
From the fountain and the
caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves
of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould
win me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of
ice!

And all who heard should see them
there,
And all should cry, Beware! Be-
ware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair,
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly har-
mony,

This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes
it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and
quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded
shell,

His listening brethren stood
around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a God they thought there
could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise
and quell?

DRYDEN.

MUSIC.

WHEN whispering strains with
creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the
heart;

And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heartstring ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host;
Whose lays we think
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!

Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did
sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art;
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.
SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC.

NORTHWARD he turneth through a
little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's
golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and
poor.

KEATS.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was
young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, faint-
ing,
Possessed beyond the Muse's paint-
ing:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were
fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of
sound;
And as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive
power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not
why,
E'en at the sound himself had
made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret
stings:
In one rude clash he struck the
lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the
strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief be-
guiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas
wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at dis-
tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-
long;

And from the rocks, the woods,
the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all
the song;

And, where her sweetest theme
she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard
at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and
waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but
with a frown

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stained sword,
in thunder down;

And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full
of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious
heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary
pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered
mien,

While each strained ball of sight
seemed bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought
were fixed;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song
was mixed;

And now it called on Love, now
raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more
sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn
 her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks
 around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the
 mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with
 fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how altered was its spright-
 lier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of
 healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morn-
 ing dew,
 Blew an inspiring air that dale and
 thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and
 Dryad known ;
 The oak-crowned Sisters, and their
 chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys
 green :

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized
 his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand
 address ;

But soon he saw the brisk awaken-
 ing viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he
 loved the best ;

They would have thought, who
 heard the strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale, her
 native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed
 the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay
 fantastic round :

Loose were her tresses seen, her
 zone unbound ;

And he, amidst his frolic and his
 play,

As if he would the charming air
 repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy
 wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thine ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding
 power,

Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard ;
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page : —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest seed could more pre-
 vail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard
 age ;

E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound, —
 O bid our vain endeavors cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

COLLINS.

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !
 And tell thy silent master's humble
 tale

In sounds that may prevail ;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire
 Though so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her, such different notes make
 all thy harmony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :
 And, though the moving hand ap-
 proach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear
 A kind of numerous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try ;
 Now all thy charms apply ;
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests
 of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only
 found

To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.

Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourish-
ment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble
tale

In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let
thy master die.

COWLEY.

TO MUSIC.

EVER a current of sadness deep
Through the streams of thy triumph
is heard to sweep.

HEMANS.

TO THE HARP.

THAT instrument ne'er heard
Struck by the skilful bard
It strongly to awake,
But it the Infernals scared
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touched by the best of kings,
That sung the holy ode.

So his when women slew
And it in Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew
As down the stream it went.

And diversely though strong,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce known
If first it did belong
To Greece, or if our own.

The Druidés imbrued
With gore on altars rude
With sacrifices crowned
In hollow woods bedewed,
Adored the trembling sound.

DRAYTON.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

THE sea rolls vaguely, and the stars
are dumb.

The ship is sunk full many a year.
Dream no more of loss or gain:

A ship was never here.

A dawn will never, never come.

Is it all in vain?

ALLINGHAM.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia
won

By Philip's warlike son —

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with
myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be
crowned);

The lovely Thais by his side

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride

In flower of youth and beauty's
pride: —

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave

None but the brave

None but the brave deserves the
fair!

Timotheus placed on high

Amid the tuneful choir

With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above —

Such is the power of mighty love!

A dragon's fiery form belied the god;

Sublime on radiant spheres he rode

When he to fair Olympia prest,

And while he sought her snowy
breast;

Then round her slender waist he
curled,

And stamped an image of himself, a
sovereign of the world.

— The listening crowd admire the
lofty sound!

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs
rebound!

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god;
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
musician sung, —
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever
young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he
comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king
grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes,
and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his mind and checked his
pride.

He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless
victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
The many rend the skies with
loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music
won the cause.
The prince unable to conceal his
pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and
looked,
Sighed and looked and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once
oppress
The vanquished victor sunk upon
her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder
strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal
of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from
their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in
battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches
on high,
How they point to the Persian
abodes
And glittering temples of their hos-
tile gods.
The princes applaud with a furi-
ous joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with
zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired
another Troy!

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or
kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred
store

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts
unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

DRYDEN.

ART AND NATURE.

NATURE is made better by no
mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so
over that Art
Which you say adds to Nature is an
Art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet
maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser
kind
By buds of nobler race. This is an
Art
Which does mend Nature, change it
rather; but
The Art itself is Nature.

SHAKSPEARE: *Winter's Tale*.

DÆDALUS.

WAIL for Dædalus, all that is fairest!
All that is tuneful in air or wave!
Shapes whose beauty is truest and
rarest,
Haunt with your lamps and spells
his grave!

Statues, bend your heads in sor-
row,
Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
That know not a past, nor expect a
morrow
On many a moonlight Grecian wold!

By sculptured cave and speaking
river,
Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs re-
call;
The leaves with a sound of winter
quiver,
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

Yet are thy visions in soul the
grandest
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed
eye,
Though, Dædalus, thou no more com-
mandest
New stars to that ever-widening sky.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in
blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er
us,
With looks of beauty and words of
good.

Calmly they show us mankind vic-
torious
O'er all that's aimless, blind, and
base;
Their presence has made our nature
glorious,
Unveiling our night's illumined face.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!
Stars and Sun, lament for him!
Ages quake in strange commotion!
All ye realms of Life be dim!

Wail for Dædalus, awful Voices,
From earth's deep centre Mankind
appall!
Seldom ye sound, and then Death
rejoices,
For he knows that then the mighti-
est fall.

JOHN STERLING.

CATHEDRAL.

Almeria. — It was thy fear, or else
 some transient wind
 Whistling through hollows of this
 vaulted aisle:
 No, all is hushed and still as death.
 'Tis dreadful!
 How reverend is the face of this tall
 pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their
 marble heads
 To bear aloft its arched and ponder-
 ous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast
 and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity! It strikes an
 awe
 And terror on my aching sight; the
 tombs
 And monumental caves of death
 look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trem-
 bling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear
 thy voice;
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let
 me hear
 Thy voice;—my own affrights me
 with its echoes.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

SONNET.

OH how much more doth beauty
 beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth
 doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it
 deem
 For that sweet odor which doth in
 it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep
 a dye
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as
 wantonly
 When summer's breath their maskèd
 buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their
 show,
 They live unwooded, and unrespected
 fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do
 not so;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest
 odors made:

And so of you, beauteous and
 lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by verse
 distils your truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET.

FROM you have I been absent in the
 spring,
 When proud-pied April, dressed in
 all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of Youth in every
 thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and
 leaped with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the
 sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in
 hue,
 Could make me any summer's story
 tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them
 where they grew:
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the
 rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of
 delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all
 those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you
 away,
 As with your shadow I with these
 did play.

SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE CRITIC.

I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind
 With thy shallow wit:
 Vex not thou the poet's mind;
 For thou canst not fathom it.

.

II.

Dark-browed sophist, come not
 anear;

.

Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.

The flowers would faint at your
cruel cheer.

In the heart of the garden the merry
bird chants,
It would fall to the ground if you
came in.

TENNYSON.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little,
while as yet 'tis early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want
me, sound upon the bugle-
horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as
of old, the curlews call.
Dreary gleams about the moorland
flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance
overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring
into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied
casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping
slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads,
rising through the mellow
shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tan-
gled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered,
nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and
the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a
fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for
the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as
human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and
all the wonder that would
be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing
gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes
on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of
love.

Then her cheek was pale and thin-
ner than should be for one so
young,
And her eyes on all my motions
with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy,
speak, and speak the truth to
me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of
my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead
came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing
in the northern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken
with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the
dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings,
fearing they should do me
wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cous-
in?" weeping, "I have loved
thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and
turned it in his glowing
hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran
itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and
smote on all the chords with
might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trem-
bling, passed in music out of
sight.

Many a morning on the moorland
did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses
with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did
we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at
the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O
my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O
the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser
than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and ser-
vile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — hav-
ing known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a
narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to
his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing
coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou
art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will
have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion
shall have spent its novel
force,
Something better than his dog, a
little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy:
think not they are glazed with
wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him:
take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that
his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies,
touch him with thy lighter
thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy
things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me,
though I slew thee with my
hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden
from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and
silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp
us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err
from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the
straitened forehead of the
fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should blus-
ter! Hadst thou less unwor-
thy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was
loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish
that which bears but bitter
fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom,
though my heart be at the
root.

Never, though my mortal summers
to such length of years should
come
As the many-wintered crow that
leads the clanging rookery
home.

Where is comfort! in division of the
records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love
her, as I knew her kind?

I remember one that perished:
sweetly did she speak and
move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to
look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love
her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly:
love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils!
this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is
remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn
it, lest thy heart be put to
proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and
when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and
thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers,
and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee,
pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows,
to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never,"
whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in
the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking
ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow:
get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace;
for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to
drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my
latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press
me from the mother's breast.

O, the child, too, clothes the father
with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine, and half is his: it
will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted
to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims
preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the
feelings—she herself was not
exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered"—
Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy!
wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest
I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and
opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors,
all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is
that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling
on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor,
and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps
the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur,
snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will
turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O
thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that
I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me,
and the tumult of my life,

Yearning for the large excitement
that the coming years would
yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he
leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky high-
way near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London
flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be
gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in
among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the work-
ers, ever reaping something
new:
That which they have done but
earnest of the things that they
shall do:

For I dipped into the future, far as
human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and
all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, drop-
ping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shout-
ing, and there rained a ghastly
dew
From the nations' airy navies grap-
pling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of
the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
plunging through the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no long-
er, and the battle-flags were
furled
In the Parliament of man, the Fede-
ration of the world.

There the common sense of most
shall hold a fretful realm in
awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapped in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion
sweeping through me left me
dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and
left me with the jaundiced
eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all
things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly,
creeping on from point to
point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a
lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks
behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages
one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are wid-
ened with the process of the
suns.

What is that to him that reaps not
harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heat of existence
beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lin-
gers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the
world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lin-
gers, and he bears a laden
breast,
Full of sad experience, moving to-
ward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me,
sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion
were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp
on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature
to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weak-
ness! woman's pleasure, wo-
man's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions
bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all
thy passions, matched with
mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and
as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens,
nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient,
where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell
my father evil-starred; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a
selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there
to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the
gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mel-
low moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms
in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats
an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous wood-
land, swings the trailer from
the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower,
hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-
purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment
more than in this march
of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in
the thoughts that shake man-
kind.

There the passions cramped no longer
shall have scope and breathing-
space;

I will take some savage woman, she
shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they
shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and
hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and
leap the rainbows of the
brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring
over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy!
but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower
than the Christian child.

I to herd with narrow foreheads,
vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures,
like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage, — what
to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the
foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men
should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at
gaze like Joshua's moon in
Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever
down the ringing grooves of
change.

Through the shadow of the globe we
sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a
cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not)
help me as when life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters,
flash the lightnings, weigh the
sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my
spirit hath not set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well
through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long
farewell to Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither,
now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin,
blackening over heath and
holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in
its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with
rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring
seaward, and I go.

TENNYSON.

HURTS OF TIME.

OUT upon Time, who will leave no
more

Of the things to come than the
things before;

Out upon Time, who forever will
leave

But enough of the past for the
future to grieve,

Relics of things that have passed
away,

Fragments of stone reared by crea-
tures of clay.

For who the fool that doth not know
How bloom and beauty come and go,
And how disease, and pain, and
sorrow,

May chance to-day, may chance to-
morrow,

Unto the merriest of us all?

BYRON.

POET'S MOOD.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see it,
But only melancholy;

Oh, sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up, without a
 sound!

Fountain-head and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and
 owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still
 gloomy valley:
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely
 melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MOODS.

OUT upon it: I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give them all the lie.

Go tell the Court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Go tell the Church it shows
 What's good, but does no good:

If Court and Church reply,
 Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
 Acting, but oh! their actions;
 Not loved, unless they give,
 Nor strong but by their factions;
 If Potentates reply,
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition;
 Their practice only hate:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in their greatest cost
 Seek nothing but commending:
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion;
 Tell Love it is but lust;
 Tell Time it is but motion;
 Tell Flesh it is but dust:
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
 Tell Honor how it alters;
 Tell Beauty that it blasteth;
 Tell Favor that she falters:
 And as they do reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle points of niceness;
 Tell Wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over wisdom:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
 Tell Skill it is pretension;
 Tell Charity of coldness;
 Tell Law it is contention:
 And if they yield reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
 Tell Nature of decay;
 Tell Friendship of unkindness;
 Tell Justice of delay:
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them still the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming:
 If Arts and Schools reply,
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell, Manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth:
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing:
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the Soul can kill!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

RABIA.

RABIA, sick upon her bed,
 By two saints was visited,—

Holy Malik, Hassan wise —
 Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure,
 Will God's chastisement endure."

Malik, from a deeper sense
 Uttered his experience:

"He who loves his Master's choice
 Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will
 In their maxims lingering still,

And replied, "O men of grace!
 He who sees his Master's face

Will not, in his prayer, recall
 That he is chastised at all."

Trans. by J. F. CLARKE.

IV.

CONTEMPLATIVE. — MORAL.
RELIGIOUS.

MAN. — VIRTUE. — HONOR. — TIME. — CHANGE.
FATE. — DEATH. — IMMORTALITY.
HYMNS. — HOLYDAYS.

“Eyes which the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.” — KEBLE.

CONTEMPLATIVE.—MORAL.—RELIGIOUS.

FROM HYPERION.

As Heaven and Earth are fairer,
fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness,
though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companion-ship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness.

KEATS.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is every thing,
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; — to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of Duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below our drink: above our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat.

More servants wait on Man
 Than he'll take notice of. In every
 path
 He treads down that which doth
 befriend him
 When sickness makes him pale
 and wan.
 O mighty Love! Man is one world,
 and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
 So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with thee at
 last!
 Till then afford us so much wit,
 That as the world serves us, we may
 serve thee,
 And both thy servants be.

HERBERT.

HONOR.

SAY, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest
 sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind
 can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to dis-
 claim,
 And guard the way of life from all
 offence
 Suffered or done.

We know the arduous strife, the
 eternal laws
 To which the triumph of all good is
 given,
 High sacrifice, and labor without
 pause,
 Even to the death: else wherefore
 should the eye
 Of man converse with immortality?

WORDSWORTH.

ENGLISH CHANNEL.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I
 stood;
 And saw, while sea was calm and
 air was clear,
 The coast of France—the coast of
 France how near!
 Drawn almost into frightful neigh-
 borhood.
 I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood

Was like a lake, or river bright and
 fair,
 A span of waters; yet what power is
 there!
 What mightiness for evil and for
 good!
 Even so doth God protect us, if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow,
 and waters roll
 Strength to the brave, and Power,
 and Deity;
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One
 decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said, that
 by the soul
 Only, the Nations shall be great and
 free.

WORDSWORTH.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing
 by,
 "Let us," said he, "pour on him all
 we can;
 Let the world's riches, which dis-
 persèd lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made away;
 Then beauty flowed; then wisdom,
 honor, pleasure.
 When almost all was out, God made
 a stay;
 Perceiving that alone of all the treas-
 ure
 Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
 "Bestow *this* jewel also on my crea-
 ture,
 He would adore my gifts instead of
 me;
 And rest in Nature, not the God of
 Nature:
 So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest;
 But keep them, with repining rest-
 lessness.
 Let him be rich and weary; that, at
 least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast."

HERBERT.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

THOU whose sweet youth and early
 hopes enhance
 Thy rate and price, and mark thee
 for a treasure,
 Hearken unto a Verser, who may
 chance
 Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait
 of pleasure:
 A verse may find him who a ser-
 mon flies
 And turn delight into a sacri-
 fice.

When thou dost purpose aught
 (within thy power),
 Be sure to doe it, though it be but
 small;
 Constance knits the bones, and
 makes us stowre,
 When wanton pleasures beckon us
 to thrall.
 Who breaks his own bond, for-
 feith himself:
 What nature made a ship, he
 makes a shelf.

By all means use sometimes to be
 alone.
 Salute thyself: see what thy soul
 doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis
 thine own:
 And tumble up and down what thou
 find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good
 fellows finde,
 He breaks up house, turns out
 of doores his minde.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse
 doth bear the bell,
 Wisdome's a trimmer thing than shop
 e'er gave.
 Say not then, this with that lace will
 do well;
 But, this with my discretion will be
 brave.
 Much curiousnesse is a perpet-
 ual wooing,
 Nothing with labor, folly long a
 doing.

Entice all neatly to what they know
 best;
 For so thou dost thyself and him a
 pleasure:

(But a proud ignorance will lose his
 rest,
 Rather than show his cards) steal
 from his treasure
 What to ask further. Doubts
 well raised do lock
 The speaker to thee, and pre-
 serve thy stock.

When once thy foot enters the
 church, be bare.
 God is more there than thou; for
 thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then
 beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and
 fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stock-
 ings; quit thy state;
 Allequal are within the churches'
 gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers
 most:
 Praying's the end of preaching. O
 be drest;
 Stay not for th' other pin: why thou
 hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell
 doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and ex-
 tremely flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy
 soul loose about thee.

Judge not the preacher; for he is
 thy judge:
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st
 him not.
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not
 grudge
 To pick out treasures from an
 earthen pot.
 The worst speak something
 good: if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth
 patience.

HERBERT.

HUMILITY.

To me men are for what they
 are,
 They wear no masks with me.
 I never sickened at the jar
 Of ill-tuned flattery;
 I never mourned affection lent

In folly or in blindness;—
The kindness that on me is spent
Is pure, unasking kindness.

R. M. MILNES.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth
raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by
praise;

Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors
freed,

Whose conscience is his strong
retreat;

Whose state can neither flatterers
feed,

Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of
lands;

And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

WISDOM.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his
dream,

She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem:
Beauty and joy are hers by right;

And knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely
dight

In misery and ugliness.

What's that which Heaven to man
endears,

And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of
tears,

"Ah, that's the thing which I
would be!"

Not childhood, full of frown and
fret;

Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have
known;

Not great men, even when they're
good:

The good man whom the Lord
makes great,

By some disgrace of chance or blood
He fails not to humiliate:

Not these: but souls, found here
and there,

Oases in our waste of sin,
Where every thing is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;

Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recog-
nize,

And ridicule against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting, and
dies;

Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious
field

Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield;

Yet ever careful not to hurt
God's honor, who creates success,

Their praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;

And should their own life plaudits
bring,

They're simply vexed at heart
that such

An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so
much.

They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings

In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but
wings.

They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the
rod,

That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of
God.

Their home is home; their chosen
lot

A private place and private name,
But, if the world's want calls, they'll
not

Refuse the indignities of fame.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

VIRTUE.

SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so
bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-
night. —

For thou must die.

Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and
brave,

Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave; —

And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and
roses;

A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your
closes; —

And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn
to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT.

HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty

Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that:

Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea
stamp,

The man's the gowd for a'
that.

What though on hamely fare we
dine,

Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves
their wine,

A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'er sae
poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a'
that,

Though hundreds worship at his
word,

He's but a coof for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a'
that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his
might,

Guid faith he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o'
worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the
earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that,

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that.

When man to man, the world
o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that.

BURNS.

THE QUIP.

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates
agree

To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I plucked not — "Sir,"
said she,

"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are
those?"

But thou shalt answer, Lord, for
me.

Then Money came; and, chinking
still —

“What tune is this, poor man?”
said he;

“I heard in music you had skill.”
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,
In silks, that whistled — “Who but
he?”

He scarce allowed me half an eye.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversa-
tion;

And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet, when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall
come,
Speak not at large; say I am thine;
And then they have their answer
home.

HERBERT.

ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse
below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose
flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood
strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome
wing,

My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,

To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast
seen

Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which intrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business
bent,

Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring con-
straint

To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare de-
sery:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful
train!

Ah, show them where in ambush
stand,

To seize their prey, the murth'rous
band!

Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their
youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wail, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall
try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to
flow;
And keen Remorse with blood
defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the
veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy
hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know
their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their para-
dise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

LIFE.

ART is long, and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of
God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set
free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine
eye
Be on them; who, in love and
truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or
blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall
last!
And thou, if they should totter,
teach them to stand fast!

.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant
grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their
beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong,
And the most ancient heavens,
through thee, are fresh and
strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh! let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And, in the light of truth, thy bond-
 man let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

CONFESSION.

No screw, no piercer can
 Into a piece of timber worke and
 winde,
 As God's afflictions into man,
 When he a torture hath designed.
 They are too subtle for the subtlest
 hearts;
 And fall, like rheumes, upon the
 tenderest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave, and
 cast about:
 And till they foot and clutch
 their prey,
 They never cool, much less give
 out.
 No smith can make such locks, but
 they have keys;
 Closets are halls to them; and
 hearts, high-ways.

Only an open breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they
 cannot enter;
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
 But quickly seek some new
 adventure.
 Smooth open hearts no fastening
 have; but fiction
 Doth give a hold and handle to
 affliction.

HERBERT.

THE SHIELD.

THE old man said, "Take thou this
 shield, my son,
 Long tried in battle, and long tried
 by age,
 Guarded by this thy fathers did en-
 gage,
 Trusting to this the victory they
 have won."

Forth from the tower Hope and
 Desire had built,
 In youth's bright morn I gazed upon
 the plain,—
 There struggled countless hosts,
 while many a stain
 Marked where the blood of brave
 men had been spilt.

With spirit strong I buckled to the
 fight,
 What sudden chill rushes through
 every vein?
 Those fatal arms oppress me — all in
 vain
 My fainting limbs seek their accus-
 tomed might.

Forged were those arms for men of
 other mould;
 Our hands they fetter, cramp our
 spirits free:
 I throw them on the ground, and
 suddenly
 Comes back my strength — returns
 my spirit bold.

I stand alone, unarmed, yet not alone;
 Who heeds no law but what within
 he finds,
 Trusts his own vision, not to other
 minds,
 He fights with thee — Father, aid
 thou thy son.

S. G. W.

THE CONSOLERS.

CONSOLERS of the solitary hours
 When I, a pilgrim, on a lonely shore
 Sought help, and found none, save
 in those high powers
 That then I prayed might never leave
 me more!

There was the blue, eternal sky
 above,
 There was the ocean silent at my feet,
 There was the universe — but nought
 to love;
 The universe did its old tale repeat.

Then came ye to me, with your heal-
 ing wings,
 And said, "Thus bare and branch-
 less must thou be,
 Ere thou couldst feel the wind from
 heaven that springs."

And now again fresh leaves do bud
 for me, —
 Yet let me feel that still the spirit
 sings
 Its quiet song, coming from heaven
 free.

S. G. W.

THE SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 players:
 They have their exits and their en-
 trances;
 And one man in his time plays many
 parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first
 the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's
 arms:
 And then the whining schoolboy,
 with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping
 like snail
 Unwillingly to school: and then the
 lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful
 ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then
 a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded
 like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick
 in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: and
 then the justice
 In fair round belly, with good capon
 lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of for-
 mal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern in-
 stances.
 And so he plays his part: the sixth
 age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch
 on side,
 His youthful hose well saved, a
 world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big
 manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish
 treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last
 scene of all

That ends this strange eventful
 history,
 Is second childishness, and mere ob-
 livion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,
 sans every thing.
 SHAKSPEARE: *As you like it.*

SUN-DIAL.

THE shadow on the dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments and months, and years
 away;
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime;
 What is it? mortal man!
 It is the scythe of Time.
 Not only o'er the dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years
 away;
 From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering
 walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the
 sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls;
 And still where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys.

MONTGOMERY.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie while the day ran
 by:
 Here will I smell my remnant out,
 and tie
 My life within this band.
 But Time did beckon to the flowers,
 and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal
 away,
 And withered in my hand.
 My hand was next to them, and then
 my heart;
 I took, without more thinking, in
 good part
 Time's gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste
convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal
day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your
time ye spent,
Fit, while you lived, for smell and
ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints
or grief;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

HERBERT.

REVOLUTIONS.

LIKE as the waves make towards the
pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their
end;
Each changing place with that which
goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do con-
tend.
Nativity once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory
fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his
gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set
on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's
brow
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's
truth,
And nothing stands but for his
scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my
verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, despite his
cruel hand.

SHAKSPEARE.

GOOD OMENS.

NOT mine own fears, nor the pro-
phetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on
things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love
control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined
doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse
endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own
presage;
Uncertainties now crown themselves
assured,
And peace proclaims olives of end-
less age.
Now with the drops of this most
balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me
subscribes,
Since spite of him, I'll live in this
poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and
speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy
monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs
of brass are spent.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SKEPTIC.

I CALLED on dreams and visions to
disclose
That which is veiled from waking
thought; conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer. Then my
soul
Turned inward, to examine of what
stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and
life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless.
By pain of heart,—now checked,
and now impelled,
The Intellectual Power, through
words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and peril-
ous way!

WORDSWORTH.

DESTINY.

THE Destiny, Minister General,
That executeth in the world o'er all
The purveiance that God hath seen
before;
So strong it is, that though the
world had sworn

The contrary of a thing by Yea or
Nay,
Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day
That falleth not eft in a thousand
year.

For certainly our appetités here,
Be it of war, or peace, or hate, or
love, —

All this is ruled by the sight above.

CHAUCER.

FORECAST.

OR if the soul of proper kind,
Be so perfect as men find,
That it wot what is to come,
And that he warneth all and some
Of every of their adventures,
By avisions, or by figures,
But that our flesh hath no might
To understande it aright,
For it is warnèd too derkely,
But why the cause is, not wot I.

CHAUCER.

FORECAST.

THERE are points from which we
can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future
like a glass,
And coming things, full-freighted
with our fate,
Jut out dark on the offing of the
mind.

BAILEY: *Festus*.

A POET'S HOPE.

LADY, there is a hope that all men
have,
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy
place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn,
gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our
race,
That when that fearful bourn for-
ever past,
They may find rest, — and rest so
long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever,
My path is onward to the farthest
shores, —

Upbear me in your arms, unceasing
river,
That from the soul's clear fountain
swiftly pours,
Motionless not, until the end is
won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt
the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels
sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited,
That tessellate the unseen unthought
star,
To be the thing that now I feebly
dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest
gleam.

Ah, caverns of my soul! how thick
your shade,
Where flows that life by which I
faintly see, —
Wave your bright torches, for I
need your aid,
Golden-eyed demons of my ances-
try!
Your son though blinded hath a
light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns
did win.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in
my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold
sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy
charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we
call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft, and azure-lidded
sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze
reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here
delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter
powers;
And laugh to see the mild and sunny
day
Smile on the shrunk and thin au-
tumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place
with me,
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

CHANNING.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learned
the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon there is)
Would love but as before.

But he, who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he who color loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in women see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the he and she;

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Who will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

DONNE.

CHARACTER.

How seldom, friends, a good great
man inherits
Honor or wealth with all his worth
and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land
of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he
merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains —
For shame, dear friends, renounce
this canting strain;
What wouldst thou have a good
great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain?
Or throne of corpses which his sword
hath slain?

Greatness and goodness are not
means, but ends:

Hath he not always treasures, always
friends,

The good great man? — three treas-
ures, *Love* and *Light*,

And *Calm Thoughts* regular as in-
fants' breath;

And three firm friends, more sure
than day and night,

Himself, his *Maker*, and the angel
Death.

COLERIDGE.

THAT EACH THING IS HURT
OF ITSELF.

WHY fearest thou the outward foe,
When thou thyself thy harm dost
feed?

Of grief or hurt, of pain or woe,
Within each thing is sown the seed.
So fine was never yet the cloth,
No smith so hard his iron did beat,
But th' one consumèd was with moth,
Th' other with canker all to-freate.

The knotty oak and wainscot old
Within doth eat the silly worm;
Even so a mind in envy rolled
Always within itself doth burn.
Thus every thing that nature wrought,
Within itself his hurt doth bear!
No outward harm need to be sought,
Where enemies be within so near.

ANONYMOUS.

MY MIND TO ME A KING-
DOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most
would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay —
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind sup-
plies.

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth
bring.

I see how plentie surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 These get with toil, and keep with
 fear;
 Such cares my mind could never
 bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lover's eye —
 To none of these I yield as thrall;
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they
 crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much
 they have;
 And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's bane.
 I feare no foe, nor fawn on friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
 I weigh not Croesus' wealth a
 straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I fear not fortune's fatal law;
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seek for more;
 Unlike the plain, I climb no hill;
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,
 And laugh at them that toil in vain
 To get what must be lost again.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
 I feign not love where most I hate;
 I break no sleep to win my will;
 I wait not at the mighty's gate.
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;
 Extremes are counted worst of all;
 The golden mean betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;

This is my choyce; for why, I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect
 ease;

My conscience clear my chief
 defence;

I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence.

Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

You that can look through Heaven,
 and tell the stars,
 Observe their kind conjunctions,
 and their wars;

Find out new lights, and give them
 where you please,

To these men honors, pleasures, to
 those ease;

You that are God's surveyors, and
 can show

How far, and when, and why the
 wind doth blow;

Know all the charges of the dread-
 ful thunder,

And when it will shoot over, or fall
 under:

Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
 Yes, and by truth, what shall be-
 come of me?

Find out my star, if each one, as
 you say,

Have his peculiar Angel, and his
 way:

Observe my fate, next fall into your
 dreams,

Sweep clean your houses, and new
 line your seams,

Then say your worst: or have I
 none at all?

Or is it burnt out lately? or did
 fall?

Or am I poor, not able, no full flame?
 My star, like me, unworthy of a
 name?

Is it, your art can only work on
 those

That deale with dangers, dignities,
 and cloathes?

With love, or new opinions? you all
 lye,

A fishwife hath a fate, and so have I,

But far above your finding; He
 that gives,
 Out of his providence, to all that
 lives;
 He that made all the stars, you daily
 read,
 And from thence filch a knowledge
 how to feed;
 Hath hid this from you, your con-
 jectures all
 Are drunken things, not how, but
 when they fall;
 Man is his own star, and the soul
 that can
 Render an honest, and a perfect
 man
 Commands all light, all influence,
 all fate,
 Nothing to him falls early or too
 late.
 Our acts our Angels are, or good, or
 ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us
 still,
 And when the stars are laboring we
 believe
 It is not that they govern, but they
 grieve
 Our stubborn ignorance; all things
 that are
 Made for our general uses are at war,
 Even we among ourselves, and from
 the strife
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.
 O man, thou image of thy Maker's
 good,
 What canst thou fear, when breathed
 into thy blood
 His spirit is, that built thee? what
 dull sense
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that
 providence?
 Who made the morning, and who
 placed the light
 Guide to thy labors? who called up
 the night,
 And bid her fall upon thee, like sweet
 showers
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy
 powers?
 Who gave thee knowledge? who so
 trusted thee,
 To let thee grow so near himself, the
 Tree?
 Must he then be distrusted? shall
 his frame
 Discourse with him, why thus, and
 thus I am?

He made the Angels thine, thy fel-
 lows all,
 Nay, even thy servants, when devo-
 tions call.
 Oh canst thou be so stupid then, so
 dim,
 To seek a saving influence, and lose
 him?
 Can Stars protect thee? or can pov-
 erty,
 Which is the light to Heaven, put
 out his eye?
 He is my star; in him all truth I
 find,
 All influence, all fate, and when my
 mind
 Is furnished with his fullnesse, my
 poor story
 Shall outlive all their Age, and all
 their glory.
 The hand of danger cannot fall
 amiss,
 When I know what, and in whose
 power it is.
 Nor want, the cause of man, shall
 make me groan;
 A holy hermit is a mind alone.
 Doth not experience teach us all we
 can
 To work ourselves into a glorious
 man?
 Love's but an exhalation to best eyes
 The matter's spent, and then the
 fool's fire dyes?
 Were I in love, and could that bright
 star bring
 Increase to wealth, honor, and every
 thing:
 Were she as perfect good as we can
 aim,—
 The first was so, and yet she lost the
 Game.
 My mistress then be knowledge and
 faire truth;
 So I enjoy all beauty and all youth,
 And though to Time her lights and
 laws she lends,
 She knows no Age that to corruption
 bends.
 Friends' promises may lead me to
 believe,
 But he that is his own friend knows
 to live.
 Affliction, when I know it, is but
 this,
 A deep alloy whereby man tougher is
 To bear the hammer; and the deeper
 still, —

We still arise more image of his will.
Sickness an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And Death, at longest but another night.
Man is his own Star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

JOHN FLETCHER.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave;
And asked, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer,
"No!
Go, seek elsewhere."

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note:

"Surely," thought I,
"This is the lace of Peace's coat.

I will search out the matter."

But, while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower, —
The crown-imperial. "Sure," said I,

"Peace at the root must dwell."

But, when I digged, I saw a worm devour

What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;

Whom when for Peace I did demand, he thus began: —

"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save

His life from foes.

But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse

Through all the earth.

For they that taste it do rehearse,

That virtue lies therein, —

A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,

By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,

And grows for you:

Make bread of it; and that repose

And peace which everywhere

With so much earnestness you do pursue,

Is only there."

HERBERT.

JOY.

O Joy, hast thou a shape?

Hast thou a breath?

How fillest thou the soundless air?

Tell me the pillars of thy house!

What rest they on? Do they escape

The victory of Death?

And are they fair

Eternally, who enter in thy house?

O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst thou dare

To tell the pillars of thy house?

On adamant of pain

Before the earth

Was born of sea, before the sea,

Yea, and before the light, my house

Was built. None know what loss, what gain,

Attends each travail birth.

No soul could be

At peace when it had entered in my house,

If the foundations it could touch or see,

Which stay the pillars of my house!

H. H.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM, (may his tribe
increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in the
room,
Making it rich and like a lily in
bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben
Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he
said,
"What writest thou?" The vision
raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet
accord,
Answered, "The names of those who
love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Adhem.
"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke
more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray
thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fel-
low-men."
The angel wrote and vanished; the
next night
He came again with a great waken-
ing light,
And showed their names whom love
of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all
the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

ORTHODOXY.

"NOUGHT loves another as itself,
Nor venerates another so;
Nor is it possible to thought,
A greater than itself to know.

"And, Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the
door."

The Priest sat by, and heard the
child:
In trembling zeal he seized his hair;
He led him by his little coat,
And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
"Lo, what a fiend is here!" said
he,
"One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be
heard;
The weeping parents wept in vain;
They stript him to his little shirt,
And bound him in an iron chain;

And burned him in a holy place,
Where many had been burned
before;
The weeping parents wept in vain:
Are such things done on Albion's
shore?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none
could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
From fair to foul, from foul to fair:
The golden crown he did not spare,
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and
clods;
And even statues of the Gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are:
We will not have them tried."

And, since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him
test
How real is our jail!"

But though they slew him with the
sword,
And in a fire his Touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed its ashes on the
breeze,
They little guessed each grain of
these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

ALLINGHAM.

PRAYERS.

Isabella. — Hark, how I'll bribe
you,
Ay, with such gifts that Heaven
shall share with you.
Not with fond shekels of the tested
gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either
rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true
prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter
there,
Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved
souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds
are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
SHAKSPEARE: *Measure for Measure.*

SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou
begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then
schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us
bound
To rules of reason, holy messen-
gers —
Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dog-
ging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all
sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us
in;
Bibles laid open; millions of sur-
prises;
Blessings beforehand; ties of grate-
fulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our
ears;
Without, our shame; within, our
consciences;
Angels and grace; eternal hopes
and fears —

Yet all these fences, and their whole
array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows
quite away.

HERBERT.

WAYFARERS.

How they go by — those strange and
dreamlike men!
One glance on each, one gleam
from out each eye,
And that I never looked upon till
now,
Has vanished out of sight as in-
stantly.

Yet in it passed there a whole heart
and life,
The only key it gave that tran-
sient look;
But for this key its great event in
time
Of peace or strife to me a sealed
book.

E. S. H.

THE STRANGERS.

EACH care-worn face is but a book
To tell of houses bought or sold;
Or filled with words that men have
took
From those who lived and spoke
of old.

I see none whom I know, for they
See other things than him they
meet;
And though they stop me by the way,
'Tis still some other one to greet.

There are no words that reach my
ear;
Those speak who tell of other
things
Than what they mean for me to hear,
For in their speech the counter
rings.

I would be where each word is true,
Each eye sees what it looks upon;
For here my eye has seen but few
Who in each act that act have
done.

JONES VERY.

PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon,
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My Gown of Glory, (Hope's true
gage)

And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of
Heaven;

No other balm will there be given.
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SLEEP.

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer,
balmy sleep,—
He, like the world, his ready visits
pays
Where fortune smiles: the wretched
he forsakes,
And lights on lids unsullied by a
tear.

YOUNG.

SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest
subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O Sleep!
O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I
frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my
eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetful-
ness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in
smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies
to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of
the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest
melody?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with
the vile,

In loathsome beds; and leav'st the
kingly couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum
bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy
mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and
rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious
surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the
top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and
hanging them

With deafening clamors in the slip-
pery clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself
awakes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give
thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so
rude;

And, in the calmest and most still-
est night,

With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy
low, lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a
crown.

SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry IV.*

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the
question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to
suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of
troubles,

And, by opposing, end them?—To
die,—to sleep,—

No more;—and, by a sleep, to say
we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand
natural shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a con-
summation

Devoutly to be wished. To die;—
to sleep:—

To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay,
 there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what
 dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and
 scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud
 man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the
 law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the
 spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy
 takes,
 When he himself might his quietus
 make,
 With a bare bodkin? Who would
 fardels bear
 To grunt and sweat under a weary
 life;
 But that the dread of something
 after death, —
 The undiscovered country, from
 whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the
 will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills
 we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not
 of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards
 of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and
 moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn
 awry,
 And lose the name of action. — Soft
 you, now!
 The fair Ophelia: — Nymph, in thy
 orisons
 Be all my sins remembered.

SHAKSPEARE.

LIFE AND DEATH.

REASON thus with life, —
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a
 breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,
 That dost this habitation, where thou
 keep'st,
 Hourly afflict. Thou art by no
 means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender
 fork
 Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is
 sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet
 grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more.
 SHAKSPEARE: *Measure for Measure*.

LIFE AND DEATH.

AY, but to die, and go we know
 not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to
 rot:
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted
 spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed
 ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless
 winds,
 And blown with restless violence
 round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse
 than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain
 thoughts
 Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed
 worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

SHAKSPEARE: *Measure for Measure*.INSCRIPTION ON MELROSE
ABBEY.

THE earth goes on the earth glitter-
 ing in gold,
 The earth goes to the earth sooner
 than it would;
 The earth builds on the earth castles
 and towers,
 The earth says to the earth — All
 this is ours.

INSCRIPTION ON A WALL IN
ST. EDMUND'S CHURCH IN
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

MAN, thee behoveth oft to have this
in mind,
That thou givest with thine hand,
that thou shalt find;
For widows be slothful, and children
be unkind,
Executors be covetous, and keep all
that they find
If anybody ask where the dead's
goods became?
So God help me and Halidam, he
died a poor man.

INSCRIPTION IN MARBLE IN
THE PARISH CHURCH OF
FAVERSHAM, IN AGRO CANT-
TIANO.

Whoso him bethoft
Inwardly and oft,
How hard it were to flit
From bed unto the pit,
From pit unto pain
That ne'er shall cease again,
He would not do one sin
All the world to win.

LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice, before the rising
morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord have
I required;
And in thick darkness, amid shades
forlorn,
Him of the infernal gods have I de-
sired:
Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight, great Jove,
restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-
dowed
With faith, the suppliant heaven-
ward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a
cloud,
Her countenance brightens — and
her eye expands,

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her
stature grows,
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?
O joy!
What doth she look on — whom doth
she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of
Troy?
His vital presence — his corporeal
mould?
It is — if sense deceive her not —
'tis he!
And a god leads him — wingèd Mer-
cury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her
with his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace
hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia, that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of up-
per air:
He comes to tarry with thee three
hours' space;
Accept the gift; behold him face to
face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen
her lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she es-
say'd;
But unsubstantial form eludes her
grasp
As often as that eager grasp was
made.
The phantom parts — but parts to
re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her
sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy
voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy
throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on
will rejoice.
Not to appall me have the gods be-
stowed
This precious boon, — and blessed a
sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not
leave
His gifts imperfect:— Spectre though
I be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive,
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat did not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes — bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
That then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And He, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me, — no vain shadow this:
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Paræe threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. — Earth destroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love,
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn" —

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a re-animated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and star,
Is love — though oft to agony distressed;
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow" —
"Peace!" he said —
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a
happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits
feel
In worlds whose course is equable
and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to
heal —
The past unsighed for, and the fu-
ture sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pur-
sued;

Of all that is most beauteous—
imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid
streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal
gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds
the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to
survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which
hath earned
That privilege by virtue. — “Ill,”
said he,
“The end of man’s existence I dis-
cerned,
Who from ignoble games and
revelry
Could draw, when we had parted,
vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime,
day and night:

“And while my youthful peers,
before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar
bent),
Prepared themselves for glorious
enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in
the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were
detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay
enchained.

“The wished-for wind was given: —
I then revolved
Our future course, upon the silent
sea;

And, if no worthier led the way, re-
solved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine
should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged the
Trojan sand.

“Yet bitter, oftentimes bitter, was the
pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved
wife;
On thee too fondly did my memory
hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal
life, —
The paths which we had trod —
these fountains — flowers;
My new-planned cities, and un-
finished towers.

“But should suspense permit the
foe to cry,
‘Behold they tremble! haughty their
array,
Yet of their number no one dares to
die?’ —
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: but lofty
thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance
wrought.

“And thou, though strong in love,
art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too
slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blessed re-union in the shades
below.
The invisible world with thee hath
sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and sol-
emnized.

“Learn by a mortal yearning to
ascend,
Seeking a higher object: — Love
was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for
that end:
For this the passion to excess was
driven —
That self might be annulled; her
bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love.”

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes
re-appears!
Round the dear shade she would
have clung — 'tis vain:
The hours are past — too brief had
they been years;
And him no mortal effort can de-
tain:
Swift, toward the realms that know
not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his
silent way —
And on the palace floor a lifeless
corse she lay.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply
loved!
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet
without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus re-
moved;
Delivered from the galling yoke of
time,
And these frail elements — to gather
flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading
bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are
due;
And mortal hopes defeated and
o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by
man alone,
As fondly he believes. — Upon the
side
Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-
tained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom
she died;
And ever, when such stature they
had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to
their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at
the sight;
A constant interchange of growth
and blight!

WORDSWORTH.

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay
and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to
the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and
lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the
swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine
arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-haired shadow roaming like
a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls
of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a
man —
So glorious in his beauty and thy
choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he
seemed
To his great heart none other than a
God!
I asked thee, "Give me immortal-
ity."
Then didst thou grant mine asking
with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how
they give,
But thy strong Hours indignant
worked their wills,

And beat me down and marred and
wasted me,
And though they could not end me,
left me maimed
To dwell in presence of immortal
youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy
love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though
even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy
guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that
fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back
thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most
meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart;
there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where
I was born.

Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renewed.
 Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosened manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch—if I be he that watched—
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimsoned all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmy than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kissed

Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn:
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

COME MORIR.

HE leaves the earth, and says, enough and more
 Unto thee have I given, oh Earth.—
 For all
 With hand free and ungrudging gave I up,—
 But now I leave thy pale hopes and dear pains,
 The rude fields where so many years I've tilled.
 And where no other feeling gave me strength,
 Save that from them my home was aye in view,
 For only transient clouds could hide from me
 My spirit's home, whence it came, where should go;—
 Enough, more than enough, now let me rest.

S. G. W

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

YE sigh not when the sun, his
 course fulfilled,
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth
 and sky,
 In the soft evening, when the winds
 are stilled,
 Sinks where his islands of refresh-
 ment lie,
 And leaves the smile of his departure
 spread
 O'er the warm-colored heaven and
 ruddy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for him, who,
 having won
 The bound of man's appointed
 years, at last,
 Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's
 labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has
 passed;
 While the soft memory of his virtues
 yet
 Lingers like twilight hues, when the
 bright sun is set?

BRYANT.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty
 deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the
 dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE
CHURCHYARD OF RICH-
MOND, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou
 wilt, let us make here three tabernacles,
 one for thee, one for Moses, and one for
 Elias." — ST. MATTHEW.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt let us build, — but for
 whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear;

But the shadows of eve that encom-
 pass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place
 of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away, —
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt
 with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a fear and
 a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded be-
 fore,
 Nor knows the foul worm that he
 frets
 The skin that but yesterday fools
 could adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the
 tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the
 proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adorn-
 ment allowed,
 Save the long winding-sheet and the
 fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain;
 Who hide in their turns have been
 hid;
 The treasures are squandered again;
 And here in the grave are all metals
 forbid,
 Save the tinsel that shines on the
 dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can
 afford,
 The revel, the laugh and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute at their
 pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller
 here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah, no! They have withered and
 died.

Or fled with the spirit above:
 Friends, brothers, and sisters, are
 laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none
 have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot
grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine
ear,
Which Compassion itself could re-
lieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love,
hope, or fear,
Peace, peace! is the watchword, the
only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs
must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold head, and around
the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none
may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will
build,
And look for the sleepers around us
to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures
it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the
great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when
he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

THANATOPSIS.

. . . YET a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no
more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with
many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall
exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished
thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
again;
And lost each human trace, sur-
rendering up

Thine individual being, shalt thou
go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the
rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads
upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and
pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst
thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt
lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,
— with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the
wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages
past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The
hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
— the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness be-
tween;
The venerable woods, — rivers that
move
In majesty, and the complaining
brooks
That make the meadows green; and
poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy
waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The
golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of
heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of
death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All
that tread
The globe are but a handful to the
tribes
That slumber in its bosom. . . .
So live, that when thy summons
comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that
moves
To that mysterious realm, where
each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of
death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

TO BE NO MORE.

To be no more — sad cure; for who would lose
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion?

MILTON.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met,
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night, — but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning.

BARBAULD.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful
toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile
The short and simple annals of the
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth,
e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these
the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no tro-
phies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle
and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the
note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleet-
ing breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the si-
lent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear
of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with
celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might
have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her
ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did
ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble
rage,
And froze the genial current of
the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray se-
rene
The dark unfathomed caves of
ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with
dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields with-
stood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here
may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his
country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to
command,
The threats of pain and ruin to
despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a na-
tion's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed
alone
Their growing virtues, but their
crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter
to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on
mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious
truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenu-
ous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's igno-
ble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned
to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of
their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to
protect,
Some frail memorial still erected
nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a
sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the
unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she
strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to
die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a
prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er
resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
ful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering
look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye
requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of
Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wont-
ed fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the un-
honed dead,
Dost in these lines their artless
tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation
led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire
thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,
"Oft have we seen him at the
peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews
away,
To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nod-
ding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic
roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would
he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bab-
bles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as
in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one
forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in
hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the
accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fa-
vorite tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the
rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood,
was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad
array,
Slow through the church-way path
we saw him borne: —
Approach and read (for thou canst
read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath you
aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of
earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame
unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his
humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for
her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as large-
ly send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a
tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all
he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to dis-
close,
Or draw his frailties from their
dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope
repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his
God.

GRAY.

THE SKULL.

REMOVE yon skull from out the
scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may
dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains
her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined
wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals
foul:

Yes, this was once Ambition's airy
hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace
of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre,
eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of
Wit,
And Passion's host, that never
brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever
writ,
People this lonely tower, this tene-
ment refit?

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed,
there be
A land of souls beyond that sable
shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sad-
ducee,
And sophists, madly vain of dubi-
ous lore;
How sweet it were in concert to
adore
With those who made our mortal
labors light!
To hear each voice we feared to
hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed
to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all
who taught the right!

BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering
clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal
mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust be-
hind.

Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly
way?

Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory
holds,

So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul be-
holds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos
back;
And where the farthest heaven had
birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or
makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system
breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts
shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

BYRON.

CELINDA.

WALKING thus towards a pleasant
grove,

Which did, it seemed, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite
To give a triumph to their love,—
They staid at last, and on the
grass

Repos'd so as o'er his breast
She bowed her gracious head to
rest,

Such a weight as no burden was.
Long their fixed eyes to heaven bent,
Unchanged they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.
"These eyes again thine eyes shall
see,

Thy hands again these hands infold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.
Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them
such."

LORD EDWARD HERBERT

EUTHANASIA.

BUT souls that of his own good life
partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his
eye
They are to him: He'll never them
forsake:
When they shall die, then God him-
self shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity.
HENRY MORE.

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short
space
Could see a glimpse of his bright
face;
When on some gilded cloud or
flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity:
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense;
But felt through all this fleshly
dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that
plain

Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence the enlightened spirit
sees

That shady city of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much
stay

Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would
move;

And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

IMMORTALITY,

"The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural pie^{ty}."

I.

THERE was a time when meadow,
grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a
dream.

It is not now as it hath been of
yore;—

Turn whereso'er I may,

By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now
can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens
are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory
from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a
joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought
of grief:

A timely utterance gave that
thought relief,

And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets
from the steep;

No more shall grief of mine the
season wrong;

I hear the echoes through the
mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the
fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy
shouts, thou happy shepherd-
boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard
the call

Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I
feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is
adorning,

This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and
wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun
shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his
mother's arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many
one,

A single field which I have looked
upon,

Both of them speak of something
that is gone:

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the
dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a for-
getting:

The soul that rises with us, our
life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we
come

From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our in-
fancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to
close

Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and
whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from
the east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die
away,
And fade into the light of common
day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of
her own;

Yearnings she hath in her own
natural kind,

And, even with something of a
mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her in-
mate man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he
came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-
born blisses,

A six years' darling of a pygmy
size!

See, where 'mid work of his own
hand he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's
kisses,

With light upon him from his
father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or
chart,

Some fragment from his dream of
human life,

Shaped by himself with newly-
learnèd art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his
song:

Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or
strife;

But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance
 doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet
 dost keep
 Thy heritage; thou eye among the
 blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the
 eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal
 mind, —
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to
 find;
 (In darkness lost, the darkness of
 the grave;)
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a
 slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in
 the might
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy
 being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost
 thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
 strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her
 earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a
 weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as
 life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me
 doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be
 blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at
 rest,
 With new-fledged hope still flutter-
 ing in his breast: —
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate question-
 ings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our
 mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-
 prised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our
 day,
 Are yet a master light of all our see-
 ing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have
 power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in
 the being
 Of the eternal silence: truths that
 wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad
 endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that im-
 mortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the
 shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling
 evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a
 joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which
 was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows,
 hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

LOVE AND HUMILITY.

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
 But nought so great as love I find:
 Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
 Are nought compared to that good sprite.
 Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
 Sure source of lasting happiness!
 Higher than heaven! lower than hell!
 What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?

My mansion hight humility,
 Heaven's vastest capability.
 The further it doth downward bend,
 The higher up it doth ascend;
 If it go down to utmost nought,
 It shall return with what it sought.

Could I demolish with mine eye
 Strong towers; stop the fleet stars in sky,
 Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
 Or turn black midnight to bright noon;
 Though all things were put in my hand, —
 As parched, as dry, as Libyan sand
 Would be my life, if Charity
 Were wanting. But Humility
 Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
 That lies entombed in lowly grave.
 But if 'twere lawful up to send
 My voice to heaven, this should it rend,
 Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
 That thou mayst raise me with the just.

HENRY MORE.

MY LEGACY.

THEY told me I was heir: I turned
 in haste,
 And ran to seek my treasure,
 And wondered as, I ran, how it was placed, —

If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my
hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked
at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? some message sent to me
whereby
I learn which way my new posses-
sions lie?"

Some asked me in; nought lay be-
yond their door;
Some smiled, and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind
who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day,
were spent,
While empty handed up and down I
went.

At last one cried, whose face I could
not see,
As through the mists he hasted;
"Poor child, what evil ones have
hindered thee,
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art
joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits
the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for
many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name his name in many
ways;
I saw his temples plainly;
But they who named him most gave
me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heir-
ship mine.

And when at last I stood before his
face,
I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy which filled
the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my
share,
Kneeling before my brother and
"joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or
spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder
brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests
are fed:
My brother had not where to lay his
head.

My share! The right like him to
know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest
gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him
to keep
A watch by day and night with all
who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief
and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank my Father with my every
breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each
"joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him
for thy share."

H. H.

DIVINE LOVE.

THOU hidden love of God! whose
height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows —
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions
rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way —
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast
brought
My mind to seek her peace in
Thee!

Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.

O when shall all my wanderings
end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend ?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart
to share ?

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone —
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be
free,

When it hath found repose in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN :

Trans. by John Wesley.

MORAVIAN HYMN.

O DRAW me, Father, after thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious words still comfort
me ;

Be thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight ; nor
fear

Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to
move,

Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering, be thy love my peace ;
In weakness, be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall
cease,

My God ! in that transcendent hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me through death's
whelming tide.

JOHN WESLEY.

PSALM XCIII.

CLOTHED with state, and girt with
might,

Monarch-like Jehovah reigns,
He who earth's foundation pight*—
Pight at first, and yet sustains ;

* Pitched.

He whose stable throne disdains
Motion's shock and age's flight ;
He who endless one remains
One, the same, in changeless plight.

Rivers, — yea though rivers roar,
Roaring though sea-billows rise,
Vex the deep, and break the
shore, —

Stronger art thou, Lord of skies !
Firm and true thy promise lies
Now and still as heretofore :
Holy worship never dies
In thy house where we adore.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD in me there lieth nought
But to thy search revealed lies ;
For when I sit
Thou markest it ;
Nor less thou notest when I rise :
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk ;
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And everywhere ;
Not youngest thought in me doth
grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk
But, yet unuttered, thou dost
know.

If forth I march, thou goest before ;
If back I turn, thou com'st behind ;
So forth nor back
Thy guard I lack ;
Nay, on me too thy hand I find.
Well I thy wisdom may adore,
But never reach with earthly
mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
O whither might I take my way ?
To starry sphere ?
Thy throne is there :
To dead men's undelightsome
stay ?

There is thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain should I assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can
match !
Suppose thy lightful flightful wings

Thou lend to me,
And I could flee

As far as thee the evening brings:
Even led to west he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western
things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night!
In sable veil to cover me:

Thy sable veil
Shall vainly fail:

With day unmasked my night
shall be,
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to thee.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SATAN.

BELOW the bottom of the great Abyss,
There where one centre reconciles
all things,

The world's profound heart pants;
there placed is

Mischief's old Master! close about
him clings

A curled knot of embracing snakes,
that kiss

His correspondent cheeks: these
loathsome strings

Hold the perverse prince in eternal
ties,

Fast bound since first he forfeited
the skies.

Heaven's golden-wingèd herald late
he saw

To a poor Galilean virgin sent;
How long the bright youth bowed,
and with what awe

Immortal flowers to her fair hand
present:

He saw the old Hebrew's womb
neglect the law

Of age and barrenness; and her Babe
prevent

His birth by his devotion, who be-
gan

Betimes to be a saint before a
man!

Yet, on the other side, fain would
he start

Above his fears, and think it cannot
be:

He studies Scripture, strives to sound
the heart

And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
He knows, but knows not how, or
by what art

The heaven-expecting ages hope to
see

A mighty Babe, whose pure, un-
spotted birth

From a chaste virgin womb should
bless the earth!

But these vast mysteries his senses
smother,

And reason, — for what's faith to
him! — devour,

How she that is a maid should prove
a mother,

Yet keep inviolate her virgin flower:
How God's eternal Son should be

man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual

power;
How a pure spirit should incar-
nate be,

And life itself wear death's frail
livery.

That the great angel-blinding light
should shrink

His blaze, to shine in a poor shep-
herd's eye;

That the unmeasured God so low
should sink

As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;
That from his mother's breast He

milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair

family;
That a vile manger his low bed

should prove
Who in a throne of stars thunders

above.

That He whom the sun serves, should
faintly peep

Through clouds of infant flesh: that
He the old

Eternal Word would be a child, and
weep;

That He who made the fire should
feel the cold;

That Heaven's high Majesty his
court should keep

In a clay-cottage, by each blast con-
trolled:

That Glory's self should serve our
griefs and fears:.

And free Eternity submit to years.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

NARAYENA: SPIRIT OF GOD.

BLUE crystal vault and elemental
fires

That in the aerial fluid blaze and
breathe!

Thou tossing sea, whose snaky
branches wreath

This pensile orb with intertwined
gyves; —

Mountains whose lofty radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits
to the skies;

Smooth meads and lawns that glow
with vergant dyes

Of dew-bespangled leaves and blos-
soms bright!

Hence! vanish from my sight:

Delusive pictures! Unsubstantial
shows!

My soul absorbed, one only Being
knows;

Of all perceptions one abundant
source;

Whence every object every moment
flows:

Suns hence derive their force;

Hence planets learn their course;

But suns and fading worlds I view
no more:

God only I perceive; God only I adore.

SIR WILLIAM JONES: *Translation.*

PENITENCE.

GREAT God!

Greater than greatest! better than
the best!

Kinder than kindest! with soft pity's
eye

Look down —

On a poor breathing particle in
dust!

Or, lower, — an immortal in his
crimes.

His crimes forgive, forgive his vir-
tues too!

Those smaller faults, half converts
to the right.

YOUNG.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining
frame,

Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous
tale,

And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her
burn,

And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,

And spread the truth from pole to
pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial
ball?

What though nor real voice nor
sound

Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,

And utter forth a glorious voice,

Forever singing as they shine,

"The hand that made us is divine!"

ADDISON.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE
TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? Oh! rather say
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads or
high,

Where the other dares not lend his
eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod;

The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO
GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of
thy ark;

What sea soever swallow me, that
flood

Shall be to me an emblem of thy
blood.

Though thou with clouds of anger
do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I
know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away some-
times, —
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who
love me:
When I have put this flood 'twixt
them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins
and thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root
below
In winter, in my winter now I go
Where none but thee, the eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost con-
trol
The amorousness of an harmonious
soul;
But thou wouldst have that love
thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous
now.
Thou lov'st not till from loving
more thou free
My soul: who ever gives, takes lib-
erty;
Oh! if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me!
Seal, then, this bill of my divorcee to
all
On whom those fainter beams of
love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth
scattered be
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses),
to thee.
Churches are best for prayer that
have least light;
To see God only, I go out of sight;
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

DONNE.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And, what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, *for thy*
sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and
own
Cannot for less be told.

HERBERT.

SING UNTO THE LORD.

PSALM XCVI.

SING, and let your song be new,
Unto him that never endeth!
Sing all earth, and all in you,
Sing to God, and bless his name.
Of the help, the health he sendeth,
Day by day new ditties frame.

Make each country know his worth:
Of his acts the wondered story
Paint unto each people forth.
For Jehovah great alone,
All the gods for awe and glory,
Far above doth hold his throne,

For but idols, what are they
Whom besides mad earth adoreth?
He the skies in frame did lay;
Grace and honor are his guides;
Majesty his temple storeth;
Might in guard about him bides.

Kindreds come! Jehovah give, —
O give Jehovah all together,
Force and fame whereso you live.
Give his name the glory fit;

Take your offerings, get you
thither,
Where he doth enshrined sit.

Go, adore him in the place
Where his pomp is most displayed.
Earth, O go with quaking pace,
Go proclaim Jehovah king:
Stayless world shall now be stayed;
Righteous doom his rule shall bring.

Starry roof and earthy floor,
Sea and all thy wideness yieldeth;
Now rejoice, and leap, and roar.
Leafy infants of the wood,
Fields, and all that on you feed-
eth,
Dance, O dance, at such a good!

For Jehovah cometh, lo!
Lo, to reign Jehovah cometh!
Under whom you all shall go.
He the world shall rightly guide;
Truly, as a king becometh,
For the people's weal provide.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

PSALM XVIII.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
Forevermore shall reign.

STERNHOLD.

DEPENDENCE.

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl:
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream:
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide:
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne:
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

COWPER.

PROVIDENCE.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste;
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain:
God is his own interpreter;
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from
end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall
I write,

And not of thee, through whom my
fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do
thee right?

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I
here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to
thee:
And just it is that I should pay the
rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

Tempests are calm to thee: they
know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do
their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast
made poore sand
Check the proud sea, even when it
swells and gathers.

How finely dost thou times and sea-
sons spin,
And make a twist checkered with
night and day!
Which as it lengthens, windes and
windes us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the
way.

Bees work for man; and yet they
never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it,
having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flower doth stay, and
honey run.

Who hath the virtue to expresse the
rare
And curious virtues both of herbs
and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that
thy care
Would show a root that gives ex-
pressions!

The sea which seems to stop the
traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage
made:
The windes, who think they rule the
mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to
serve his trade.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but
gently spend
Your honey drops; presse not to smell
them here:

When they are ripe, their odor will
ascend,
And at your lodging with their
thanks appeare.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts
to man;
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut
alone
Is clothing, meat, and trencher,
drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in
one.

Each thing that is, although in use
and name
It go for one, hath many ways in
store
To honor thee; and so each hymn
thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one
more.

HERBERT.

PRAISE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening
dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous
hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings
flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should
fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee — for thyself alone.

BARBAULD.

AFFLICTION.

WHEN first Thou didst entice to Thee
my heart,

I thought the service brave;
So many joys I writ down for my
part!

Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with Thy gracious bene-
fits.

I lookèd on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me.

Thy glorious household stuff did me
intwine,

And 'tice me unto Thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both
heaven and earth

Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasure could I want, whose
King I served?

Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts
reserved

No place for grief or fear:
Therefore my sudden soul caught at
the place,

And made her youth and fierceness
seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me milk and
sweetnesses;

I had my wish and way:

My days were strewed with flowers
and happiness:

There was no month but May:
But with my years sorrow did twist
and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather
took

The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering
book,

And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my
life.

Yet lest perchance I should too hap-
py be

In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, Thou
throwest me

Into more sicknesses.
Thus does Thy power cross-bias me,
not making

Thine own gift good, yet me from
my ways taking.

Now I am here; what Thou wilt do
with me,

None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;

For sure then I should grow
To fruit, or shade; at least some bird
would trust

Her household to me, and I should
be just.

Yet though Thou troublest me, I
must be meek;

In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and
go seek

Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean
forgot,

Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee
not.

HERBERT.

GRATEFULNESS.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, — a grateful
heart.

See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By art:

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says — If he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did
crave,

What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullying Thy transparent
rooms,

Gift upon gift, much would have
more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st
on,

And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and
groan,

Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can
make,

But that these country airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain

Of Thee.

Not thankful when it pleaseth me, —
As if Thy blessings had spare days, —
But such a heart, whose pulse may
be

Thy praise.
HERBERT.

MATINS.

WHEN with the virgin morning
thou dost rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacri-
fice;
First wash thy heart in innocence,
then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure
every thing.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and
thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frank-
incense.

Thy golden censers filled with odors
sweet
Shall make thy actions with their
ends to meet.

HERRICK.

BEFORE SLEEP.

THE night is come like to the
day, —

Depart not thou, great God, away,
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but
thee.

Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful
foes

Whose eyes are open while mine
close.

Let no dreams my head infest
• But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun,
Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Secure, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again; —
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

HYMN.

LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence
there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from
thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the
shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

My God! and can a humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thy eye?

Impossible! for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou art thy friends
must be.

WATTS.

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for-
evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the
door,
And what I must do then, think here
before.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree,
stood in one place:
Look, Lord, and find both Adams
met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat sur-
rounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul
embrace.

So, in his purple wrapped, receive
me, Lord;
By these his thorns give me his
other crown;
And as to others' souls I preached
thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to
mine own:
Therefore, that he may raise, the
Lord throws down.

DONNE.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and
weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill, —
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine
eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
 And that opened which was sealed;
 When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!
 HERRICK.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude man-
 ger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sym-
 pathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty
 paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She wooes the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with inno-
 cent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white
 to throw;
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul
 deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
 She, crowned with olive green,
 came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds
 dividing;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through
 sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were
 high uphung,
 The hookèd chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the
 armèd throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign
 Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth
 began:
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild
 ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on
 the charmèd wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious
 influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer, that often warned them
 thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did
 glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake,
 and bade them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his
 wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new enlightened world no
 more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning
 axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic
 row;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them
 below;

Perhaps their loves, or else their
sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts
so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger
strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rap-
ture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs
each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region
thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its
last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in
happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-
faced night arrayed;
The helmèd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with
wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morn-
ing sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on
hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their
oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our
senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep
organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic
symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the
age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from
earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to
the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like
glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued
clouds down steering:
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling in-
fancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those yehained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must
thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire, and smoulder-
ing clouds outbrake:

The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the cen-
tre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air
shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this
happy day,
The old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd
sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his
folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in
words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of
Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the
prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud
lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing
sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of
tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with
midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their ser-
vice quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes
his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of
Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy
shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his
horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their
wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest
hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace
blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis,
haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass
with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can
be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his
worshipped ark.

XXV.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his
dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide;
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control
the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient
 wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his
 several grave:
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving
 their moon-loved maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious song should
 here have ending;
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid
 lamp attending;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order
 serviceable.

MILTON.

THE SHEPHERDS.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer
 night!
 Night to best days, in which a sun
 doth rise
 Of which that Golden eye which
 clears the skies
 Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light!
 And blessèd ye, in silly pastors' sight,
 Wild créatures in whose warm crib
 now lies
 That heaven-sent youngling, holy
 maid-born wight,
 'Midst, end, beginning of our
 prophecies!
 Blest cottage that hath flowers in
 winter spread!
 Though withered,—blessed grass,
 that hath the grace
 To deck and be a carpet to that place!
 Thus sang unto the sounds of oaten
 reed,
 Before the Babe, the shepherds bowed
 on knees;
 And springs ran nectar, honey
 dropped from trees.

DRUMMOND.

THE ANGELS.

RUN, shepherds, run where Bethle-
 hem blest appears.
 We bring the best of news; be not
 dismayed:
 A Saviour there is born more old
 than years,
 Amidst heaven's rolling height this
 earth who stayed.
 In a poor cottage inned, a virgin
 maid
 A weakling did him bear, who all
 upbears;
 There is he poorly swaddled, in
 manger laid,
 To whom too narrow swaddlings are
 our spheres:
 Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize
 his birth.
 This is that night—no, day, grown
 great with bliss,
 In which the power of Satan broken
 is:
 In heaven be glory, peace unto the
 earth!
 Thus singing, through the air the
 angels swarm,
 And cope of stars re-echoèd the
 same.

DRUMMOND.

THE STAR SONG.

TELL us, thou clear and heavenly
 tongue,
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
 Lies he the lily-banks among?
 Or say, if this new Birth of ours
 Sleeps, laid within some ark of
 flowers,
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst
 clear
 All doubts, and manifest the where.
 Declare to us, bright star, if we
 shall seek
 Him in the morning's blushing
 cheek,
 Or search the beds of spices through,
 To find him out?

Star. — No, this ye need not do;
 But only come and see Him rest,
 A princely babe, in's mother's breast.

HERRICK.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

BEHOLD a silly, tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed;
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there;
First what he is inquire:
An Orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feed;
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib his chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from
heaven:
This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian
wight!
Do homage to thy King;
And highly praise this humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring.
SOUTHWELL.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was by sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright,
Did in the air appear;

Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench
his flames;
Which with his tears were bred:

Alas, quoth he, but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their
hearts
Or feel the fire, but I.

My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel wounding thorns:
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scorns.

The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls —

For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.

With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.
SOUTHWELL.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE minstrels played their Christ-
mas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with
leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural
green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not
freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with stren-
uous hand!

And who but listened? — till was
paid
Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music
played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to
all!

How touching, when, at midnight,
 sweep
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
 To hear, and sink again to sleep!
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
 By blazing fire, the still suspense
 Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise
 Of hearts with gladness brimming
 o'er;
 And some unbidden tears that rise
 For names once heard, and heard no
 more;
 Tears brightened by the serenade
 For infant in the cradle laid.

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
 Where they survive, of wholesome
 laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest
 sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains
 old!

WORDSWORTH.

CHRISTMAS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night —
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new —
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the
 times:

Ring out, ring out my mournful
 rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and
 blood,

The civic slander and the spite:
 Ring in the love of truth and
 right,

Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of
 gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of
 old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the
 land, —

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

EASTER.

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way;
 I got me boughs off many a tree;
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st Thy sweets along
 with Thee.

The sun arising in the east, —
 Though *he* give light, and the east
 perfume;

If they should offer to contest
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine en-
 deavor?

We count three hundred, — but we
 miss:

There is but one, and that one ever.

HERBERT.

V.

HEROIC.

PATRIOTIC. — HISTORIC. — POLITICAL.

" *Pallas*. — See yonder souls set far within the shade,
Who in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,
That for their living good now semi-gods are made,
And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep.
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain
That Justice dare defend, and will the Age sustain."

BEN JONSON: *Golden Age Restored*.

HEROIC.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered
saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine moun-
tains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so
pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped
stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their
groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese
that rolled
Mother with infant down the
rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and
they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood
and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where
still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these
may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having
learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.
MILTON.

HEROISM.

At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow
image
Is found a hollow image and no
more,

Then falls the power into the mighty
hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born,
Who listens only to himself, knows
nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of
fire,
Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches
them,
Their fine-spun webs.
COLERIDGE'S *Translation of "Wal-
enstein."*

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good
pursue;
To God, his neighbor, and himself,
most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning
can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all
their due.
Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it
blind.
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now
lags behind.
Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them, but
doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example
weigh.

All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he
doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick, or
sleight;
For above all things he abhors de-
ceit.

His words and works, and fashion
too,
All of a piece; and all are clear and
straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the
day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark
can run.

The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue: virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom
passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his con-
stant way;

Whom others' faults do not de-
feat;
But, though men fail him, yet his
part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias,
from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not
mend, the ill.

This is the marksman safe and
sure;
Who still is right, and prays to be
so still.

HERBERT.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

TAKE along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby,
which shall be,
That thine be just and honest, that
thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when
thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for
truth than glory,

And never but for doing wrong be
sorry;
That, by commanding first thyself,
thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou
tak'st;
That Fortune never make thee to
complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give
her again!
That, whatsoever face thy Fate puts
on,
Thou shrink or start not, but be
always one:
That thou think nothing great, but
what is good;
And from that thought strive to be
understood.
These take, and now go seek thy
peace in war:
Who falls for love of God shall rise
a star.

BEN JONSON.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is
he
That every man in arms should
wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when
brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath
wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his
childish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward
light
That make the path before him al-
ways bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to dis-
cern
What knowledge can perform, is dili-
gent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not
there,
But makes his moral being his prime
care;
Who, doomed to go in company with
pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable
train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's high-
est dower;

Controls them and subdues, trans-
 mutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their
 good receives;
 By objects which might force the
 soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compas-
 sionate;
 Is placable, — because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacri-
 fice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even
 more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to en-
 dure,
 As more exposed to suffering and
 distress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tender-
 ness.
 — 'Tis he whose law is reason; who
 depends
 Upon that law as on the best of
 friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are
 tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation
 rest,
 He fixes good on good alone, and
 owes
 To virtue every triumph that he
 knows;
 — Who, if he rise to station of com-
 mand,
 Rises by open means; and there will
 stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own de-
 sire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to
 the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of
 aim;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie
 in wait
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly
 state:
 Whom they must follow; on whose
 head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come
 at all;
 Whose powers shed round him in the
 common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar
 grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven
 has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human
 kind,
 Is happy as a lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness like a man
 inspired;
 And, through the heat of conflict,
 keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he
 foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the
 need:
 — He who, though thus endued as
 with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbu-
 lence,
 Is yet a soul whose master bias
 leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
 scenes;
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er
 he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath
 much to love:
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted
 high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity, —
 Who, with a toward or untoward
 lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish
 or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life,
 that one
 Where what he most doth value
 must be won;
 Whom neither shape of danger can
 dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness be-
 tray;
 Who, not content that former worth
 stand fast,
 Looks forward persevering to the
 last,
 From well to better, daily self-sur-
 passed:
 Who, whether praise of him must
 walk the earth
 Forever, and to noble deeds give
 birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his
 fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable
 name, —

Finds comfort in himself and in his
cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gath-
ering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause:
This is the happy warrior: this is
he
That every man in arms should
wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepared against all ills to
come,
That dares to dead the fire of martyr-
dom;
That sleeps at home, and sailing
there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the
seas;
That's counterproof against the
farm's mishaps;
Undreadful too of courtly thunder-
claps;
That wears one face, like heaven,
and never shows
A change, when fortune either comes
or goes;
That keeps his own strong guard, in
the despite
Of what can hurt by day, or harm by
night;
That takes and re-delivers every
stroke
Of chance, as made up all of rock
and oak;
That sighs at other's death, smiles
at his own
Most dire and horrid crucifixion;
Who for true glory suffers thus, we
grant
Him to be here our Christian mili-
tant.

HERRICK.

THE PRAYER.

Al! God, for a man with heart, head,
hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone
For ever and ever by,

One still strong man in a blatant
land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat —
one
Who can rule, and dare not lie!

TENNYSON.

ROYALTY.

THAT regal soul I reverence, in
whose eyes
Suffices not all worth the city
knows
To pay that debt which his own
heart he owes;
For less than level to his bosom
rise
The low crowd's heaven and stars:
above their skies
Runneth the road his daily feet have
pressed;
A loftier heaven he beareth in his
breast,
And o'er the summits of achieving
hies
With never a thought of merit or of
meed;
Choosing divinest labors through a
pride
Of soul, that holdeth appetite to
feed
Ever on angel-herbage, nought be-
side;
Nor praises more himself for hero-
deed
Than stones for weight, or open seas
for tide.

D. A. WASSON.

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

GIVE me a Spirit that on life's rough
sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a
lusty wind,
Even till his sailyards tremble, his
masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so
low
That she drinks water, and her keel
ploughs air:
There is no danger to a man that
knows

Where life and death is; there's not
any law
Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it
needful
That he should stoop to any other
law;
He goes before them, and commands
them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

CHIVALRY.

THE house of Chivalry decayed,
Or rather ruined seems, her build-
ings laid
Flat with the Earth, that were the
pride of Time;
Those obelisks and columns broke
and down,
That strook the stars, and raised the
British Crown
To be a constellation.
When to the structure went more
noble names
Than to the Ephesian Temple lost
in flames,
When every stone was laid by virtu-
ous hands.

BEN JONSON.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Samson. — O DARK, dark, dark, amid
the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great
Word,
“Let there be light, and light was
over all;”
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime
decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Chorus. — This, this is he; softly a
while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought, or
belief!

See how he lies at random, carelessly
diffused,
With languished head unpropped,
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soiled;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? can
this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild
beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears
the kid,
Ran on embattled armies clad in
iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the
forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the ham-
mered cuirass,
Chalybean tempered steel, and frock
of mail
Adamantëan proof;
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot ad-
vanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and
warlike tools,
Spurned them to death by troops.
The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old war-
riors turned
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or, grovelling, soiled their crested
helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came
to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of
bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower
of Palestine
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
Thou by main force pulled up, and
on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza, post, and massy
bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of
giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath day, and
loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear
up heaven.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?

Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!

The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,
Imprisoned now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light,
T' incorporate with gloomy night.

Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honor truth!

He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor armed;
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

Officer. — Samson, to thee our lords
thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast and great assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad
T' appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

Sams. — Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Chor. — How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sams. — Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazareth.

If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. — In time thou hast resolved; the man returns.

Off. — Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

Sams. — I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Manoah. — O what noise!
Mercy of heaven, what hideous noise was that!

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor.—To our wish I see one
hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our
tribe.

Messenger.—Gaza yet stands, but
all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelmed and
fallen.

Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I entered with sun-
rise,

The morning trumpets festival pro-
claimed

Through each high-street. Little I
had despatched

When all abroad was rumored, that
this day

Samson should be brought forth to
show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats
and games;

I sorrowed at his captive state, but
minded

Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars
vaulted high,

With seats, where all the lords and
each degree

Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the
throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky
might stand;

I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and
sacrifice

Had filled their hearts with mirth,
high cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turned.
Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant
brought,

In their state livery clad; before him
pipes

And timbrels, on each side went
armèd guards,

Both horse and foot, before him and
behind

Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,
and spears.

At sight of him the people with a
shout

Rifted the air, clamoring their God
with praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy
their thrall.

He patient, but undaunted, where
they led him,

Came to the place, and what was set
before him,

Which without help of eye might be
assayed,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he
still performed

All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they
led him

Between the pillars; he his guide
requested,

For so from such as nearer stood we
heard,

As over-tired to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two

massy pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main

support.
He unsuspecting led him; which
when Samson

Felt in his arms, with head awhile
inclined,

And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one
who prayed,

Or some great matter in his mind
revolved:

At last with head erect thus cried
aloud,

“Hitherto, lords, what your com-
mands imposed

I have performed, as reason was,
obeying,

Not without wonder or delight be-
held:

Now of my own accord such other
trial

I mean to show you of my strength,
yet greater.

As with amaze shall strike all who
behold.”

This uttered, straining all his nerves
he bowed;

As with the force of winds and
waters pent,

When mountains tremble, those two
massy pillars

With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they

came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with

burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat be-
neath,

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors,
 or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not
 only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this
 feast.
 Samson, with these immixt, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction
 on himself;
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood
 without.

2. *Semi-chorus*. — But he, though
 blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguished
 quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 Not as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their
 heads.

So virtue given for lost,
 Depressed, and overthrown, as
 seemed,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imlost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now
 teemed,
 Revives, flourishes, then vigorous
 most
 When most unactive deemed;
 And though her body die, her fame
 survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. — Come, come, no time for
 lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause: Samson hath
 quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath
 finished
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully revenged.

MILTON.

ARIADNE'S FAREWELL.

THE daughter of a king, how should
 I know
 That there were tinsels wearing face
 of gold,

And worthless glass, which in the
 sunlight's hold
 Could shameless answer back my
 diamond's glow
 With cheat of kindred fire? The
 currents slow,
 And deep, and strong, and stainless,
 which had rolled
 Through royal veins for ages, what
 had told
 To them that hasty heat and lie
 could show
 As quick and warm a red as theirs?
 Go free!

The sun is breaking on the sea's blue
 shield
 Its golden lances; by their gleam I
 see
 Thy ship's white sails. Go free, if
 scorn can yield
 Thee freedom!

Then, alone, my love and I, —
 We both are royal; we know how to
 die.

H. H.

CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
 Into the drowsy snare too soon
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unques-
 tioned then,
 A beggar went, and laughed,
 "This brings
 Me chance, at last, to see if men
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his
 crown,
 Propping his face with listless hand;
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou
 have of me?"
 The beggar turned, and pitying,
 Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
 Shook off the crown, and threw it
 by.

"O man! thou must have known,"
 he said.
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned
then,
Went king and beggar hand in
hand.

Whispered the king, "Shall I know
when
Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in
haste
Were wiping from the king's hot
brow

The crimson lines the crown had
traced.

"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man
seen

The king?" The cry ran to and
fro;

Beggar and king, they laughed, I
ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew
gray;

The king came not. They called
him dead;

And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

H. H.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our country, our God—Oh!
my sire!

Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy
vow,

Strike the bosom that's bared for
thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no
more:

If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be
sure,
That the blood of thy child is as
pure

As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes
me below.

Though the virgins of Salem la-
ment,

Be the judge and the hero unbent!

I have won the great battle for
thee,

And my father and country are
free!

When this blood of thy giving hath
gushed,

When the voice that thou lovest is
hushed,

Let my memory still be thy pride,

And forget not I smiled as I died!

BYRON.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the
shaft or sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the
Lord,

Heed not the corse, though a king's,
in your path:

Bury your steel in the bosoms of
Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler
and bow,

Should the soldiers of Saul look
away from the foe,

Stretch me that moment in blood at
thy feet!

Mine be the doom which they dared
not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we
part,

Heir to my royalty, son of my heart:
Bright is the diadem, boundless the

sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits
us to-day!

BYRON.

CASSIUS.

WELL, honor is the subject of my
story.—

I cannot tell, what you and other
men

Think of this life; but, for my single self
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*"
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their color fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.
 Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man,
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

SHAKSPEARE.

ANTONY OVER THE DEAD
BODY OF CÆSAR.

Antony. — FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, (For Brutus is an honorable man; So are they all, all honorable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see, that on the Lupercal; I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And, sure, he is an honorable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke; But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament, (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,) And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, And dip their napkins in his sacred blood:
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.
Citizen. — We'll hear the will; Read it, Mark Antony.
Citizen. — The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Antony. — Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs, For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Cit. — Read the will; we will hear it, Antony,

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Antony. — Will you be patient?
Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar:
I do fear it.

Cit. — They were traitors: Honorable men!

Cit. — The will! the testament!

Cit. — They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Ant. — You will compel me then to read the will.

Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. — Come down.

Ant. — Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. — Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. — If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:

And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep! and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?
Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend: and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an
 Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put
 a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that
 should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and
 mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEECH OF THE DAUPHIN.

Dauphin. — Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout
 the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead
 coal of wars,
 Between this chastised kingdom and
 myself,
 And brought in matter that should
 feed this fire;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be
 blown out
 With that same weak wind which
 enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the
 face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this
 land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my
 heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John
 hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that
 peace to me?
 I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land
 for mine;
 And, now it is half conquered, must
 I back,
 Because that John hath made his
 peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny
 hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition
 sent,
 To underprop this action? Is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? Who
 else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain
 this war?

Have I not heard these islanders
 shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their
 towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for
 the game,
 To win this easy match played for a
 crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded
 set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be
 said.

Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of
 war,
 And culled these fiery spirits from
 the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of
 death.

SHAKSPEARE: *King John.*

HOTSPUR'S QUARREL WITH HENRY IV.

Hotspur. — The king is kind; and
 well we know, the king
 Knows at what time to promise, when
 to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he
 wears:
 And, — when he was not six and
 twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched
 and low,
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking
 home, —
 My father gave him welcome to the
 shore:
 And, — when he heard him swear,
 and vow to God,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace;
 With tears of innocency, and terms
 of zeal, —
 My father in kind heart and pity
 moved,
 Swore him assistance, and performed
 it too.

Now when the lords and barons of
the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean
to him,
The more and less came in with cap
and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in
lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him
their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; fol-
lowed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multi-
tudes.
He presently, — as greatness knows
itself, —
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood
was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravens-
purg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to
reform
Some certain edicts, and some
strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the common-
wealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to
weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by
this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he
win
The hearts of all that he did angle
for.
Proceeded farther; cut me off the
heads
Of all the favorites, that the absent
king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish
war.

Then to the point. —
In short time after, he deposed the
king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his
life:
And, in the neck of that, tasked the
whole state;
To make that worse, suffered his
kinsman, March,
(Who is, if every owner were well
placed,
Indeed his king), to be incaged in
Wales,
There without ransom to lie for-
feited:

Disgraced me in my happy victo-
ries;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-
board;
In rage dismissed my father from
the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed
wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek
out
This head of safety; and, withal, to
pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
SHAKSPEARE: *King Henry IV.*

HOTSPUR.

King Henry. — Send us your pris-
oners, or you'll hear of it.
[Exit.]

Hotspur. — And if the devil come
and roar for them,
I will not send them: — I will after
straight,
And tell him so: for I will ease my
heart,
Although it be with hazard of my
head.
Not speak of Mortimer?
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let
my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with
him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these
veins,
And shed no dear blood drop by
drop in the dust;
But I will lift the downy-trod Mortim-
er
As high in the air as this unthankful
king,
As this ingrate and cankered Boling-
broke.
He will, forsooth, have all my prison-
ers,
And when I urged the ransom once
again,
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek
looked pale;
And on my face he turned an eye of
death,
Trembling even at the name of Mor-
timer.
. . . I cannot blame his cousin
king,

That wished him on the barren
 mountains starved,
 But shall it be, that you, — that set
 the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And, for his sake, wear the detested
 blot
 Of murderous subornation, — shall it
 be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents, or base second
 means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hang-
 man rather? —
 (O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament,
 Wherein you range under this subtle
 king, —)
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in
 these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust be-
 half, —
 As both of you, God pardon it! have
 done, —
 To put down Richard, that sweet
 lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker,
 Bolingbroke?

Send danger from the east unto the
 west,
 So honor cross it from the north to
 south,
 And let them grapple; O! the blood
 more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
 By heaven, methinks, it were an
 easy leap,
 To pluck bright Honor from the pale-
 faced moon;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch
 the ground,
 And pluck up drownèd honor by the
 locks;
 So he that doth redeem her thence,
 might wear,
 Without corival, all her dignities:
 But out upon this half-faced fellow-
 ship!
Worcester. — Those same noble
 Scots,
 That are your prisoners, —
Hot. — I'll keep them all;
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot
 of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he
 shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this hand.
I will; that's flat: —
 He said he would not ransom Morti-
 mer;
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mor-
 timer;
 But I will find him when he lies
 asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla — “Morti-
 mer!”

Nay,
 I'll have a starling shall be taught to
 speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it
 him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.
 All studies here I solemnly defy,
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bo-
 lingbroke:
 And that same sword-and-buckler
 Prince of Wales, —
 But that I think his father loves him
 not,
 And would be glad he met with
 some mischance,
 I'd have him poisoned with a pot of
 ale.

Why, look you, I am whipped and
 scourged with rods,
 Nettled, and stung with pismires,
 when I hear
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
 In Richard's time, — What do you
 call the place?
 A plague upon't! it is in Gloucester-
 shire; —
 'Twas where the madcap duke his
 unele kept;
 His unele York; — where I first
 bowed my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bo-
 lingbroke,
 When you and he came back from
 Ravenspurgh.
 Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
 This fawning greyhound then did
 proffer me!

Look, — *when his infant fortune came
 to age,*
 And, — *gentle Harry Percy, — and
 kind cousin, —*
 The devil take such cozeners! —
 Heaven forgive me! —
 Good unele, tell your tale, for I have
 done.

SHAKSPEARE: *King Henry IV.*

HENRY V.'S AUDIENCE OF
FRENCH AMBASSADORS.

Henry V.—Call in the messen-
gers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an ATTENDANT. The KING
ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolved: and,—
by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our
power,—

France being ours, we'll bend it to
our awe,

Or break it all to pieces: or there
we'll sit,

Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost
kingly dukedoms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance
over them:

Either our history shall, with full
mouth,

Speak freely of our acts; or else our
grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a
tongueless mouth,

Not worshipped with a waxen epi-
taph.

Enter AMBASSADORS OF FRANCE.

Now are we well prepared to know
the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we
hear

Your greeting is from him, not from
the king.

[*And as the Dauphin sends us ten-
nis-balls,*]

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleas-
ant with us:

His present, and your pains, we
thank you for:

When we have matched our rackets
to these balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace,
play a set,

Shall strike his father's crown into
the hazard:

Tell him, he hath made a match
with such a wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be
disturbed

With chaces. And we understand
him well,

How he comes o'er us with our wild-
er days,

Not measuring what use we made
of them.

We never valued this poor seat of
England;

And therefore, living hence, did give
ourselves

To barbarous license; as 'tis ever
common,

That men are merriest when they
are from home.

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep
my state;

Be like a king, and show my sail of
greatness,

When I do rouse me in my throne
of France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-

days;

But I will rise there with so full a
glory,

That I will dazzle all the eyes of
France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to
look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince,—this
mock of his

Hath turned his balls to gun-stones;
and his soul

Shall stand sore chargèd for the
wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them: for many
a thousand widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their
dear husbands:

Mock mothers from their sons, mock
castles down;

And some are yet ungotten, and un-
born,

That shall have cause to curse the
Dauphin's scorn.

But this lies all within the will of
God,

To whom I do appeal; and in whose
name,

Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming
on,

To venge me as I may, and to put
forth

My rightful hand in a well-hallowed
cause.

So get you hence in peace; and tell
the Dauphin,

His jest will savor but of shallow
wit,

When thousands weep, more than
did laugh at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—
Fare you well.

SHAKESPEARE.

BATTLE ON ST. CRISPAN'S
DAY.

Westmoreland. — O that we now
had here

(*Enter KING HENRY*)

But one ten thousand of those men
in England

That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. — What's he that wishes
so?

My cousin *Westmoreland*? — No,
my fair cousin:

If we are marked to die, we are
enough

To do our country loss; and if to
live,

The fewer men, the greater share of
honor.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not
one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my
cost;

It yearns me not, if men my gar-
ments wear:

Such outer things dwell not in my
desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man
from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so
great an honor,

As one man more, methinks, would
share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not
wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, *Westmoreland*,
through my host,

That he who hath no stomach to
this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall
be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his
purse:

We would not die in that man's
company,

That fears his fellowship to die with
us.

This day is called — the feast of
Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes
safe home,

Will stand on tip-toe when this day is
named.

And rouse him at the name of
Crispian:

He that shall live this day, and see
old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his
friends,

And say — To-morrow is Saint
Crispian:

Then will he strip his sleeves, and
show his scars,

And say, these wounds I had on
Crispian's day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be
forgot,

But he'll remember, with advan-
tages,

What feats he did that day: then
shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as house-
hold words, —

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and

Gloster, —

Be in their flowing cups freshly re-
membered:

This story shall the good man teach
his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go
by,

From this day to the ending of the
world,

But we in it shall be rememberèd:
We few, we happy few, we band of

brothers;

For he, to-day, that sheds his blood
with me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so
vile,

This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now

abed,

Shall think themselves accursed
they were not here,

And hold their manhood cheap,
while any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint
Crispin's day.

SHAKSPEARE.

KING RICHARD'S SOLILOQUY.

Richard III. — Now is the winter
of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this son
of York;

And all the clouds, that lowered
upon our house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean
buried.

Now are our brows bound with
victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for mon-
uments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry
meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful
measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed
his wrinkled front;
And now, — instead of mounting
barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adver-
saries, —
He capers nimbly in a lady's cham-
ber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, — that am not shaped for
sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous look-
ing-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want
love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling
nymph,
I, that am curtailed of this fair
proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling
nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before
my time
Into this breathing world, scarce
half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashion-
able
That dogs bark at me as I halt by
them; —
Why I, in this weak piping time of
peace,
Have no delight to pass away the
time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity;
And therefore, since I cannot prove
a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken
days, —
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these
days, —
Plots have I laid, inductions danger-
ous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and
dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the
king
In deadly hate the one against the
other:

And, if King Edward be as true and
just
As I am subtle, false, and treacher-
ous,
This day should Clarence closely be
mewed up;
About a prophecy, which says —
that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer
shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul:
here Clarence comes.
SHAKSPEARE.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.
"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish: write that word
In the blood that she has spilt, —
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the
prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with
wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

COWPER.

BONDUCA.

[Bonduca the British queen, taking occasion from a defeat of the Romans to impeach their valor, is rebuked by Caratac.]

QUEEN BONDUCA, I do not grieve
your fortune.

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of
your fortunes;

You put too much wind to your sail:
discretion

And hardy valor are the twins of
honor,

And nursed together, make a con-
queror;

Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice,
and routed;—

A truth we ought to crown the gods
for, lady,

And not our tongues.

You call the Romans fearful, fleeing
Romans,

And Roman girls:—

Does this become a doer? are they
such?

Where is your conquest then?

Why are your altars crowned with
wreaths of flowers,

The beast with gilt horns waiting
for the fire?

The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to Victory?

Why are these triumphs, lady? for
a May-game?

For hunting a poor herd of wretched
Romans?

Is it no more? shut up your temples,
Britons,

And let the husbandman redeem his
heifers;

Put out our holy fires; no timbrel
ring;

Let's home and sleep; for such great
overthrows

A candle burns too bright a sacrifice;
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame.

You say, I doat upon these Ro-
mans;—

Witness these wounds, I do; they
were fairly given:

I love an enemy, I was born a sol-
dier;

And he that in the head of 's troop
defies me,

Rending my manly body with his
sword,

I make a mistress. Yellow-tress'd
Hymen

Ne'er tied a longing virgin with
more joy,

Than I am married to that man that
wounds me:

And are not all these Roman? Ten
struck battles

I sucked these honored scars from,
and all Roman.

Ten years of bitter nights and heavy
marches,

When many a frozen storm sung
through my cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that
or I

Were the more stubborn metal,
have I wrought through,

And all to try these Romans. Ten
times a night

I have swum the rivers, when the
stars of Rome

Shot at me as I floated, and the bil-
lows

Tumbled their watery ruins on my
shoulders,

Charging my battered sides with
troops of agues,

And still to try these Romans;
whom I found

As ready, and as full of that I
brought,

(Which was not fear nor flight,) as
valiant,

As vigilant, as wise, to do and
suffer,

Ever advanced as forward as the
Britons;

Have I not seen these Britons

Run, run, Bonduca?—not the quick
rack swifter;

The virgin from the hated ravisher

Not half so fearful;—not a flight
 drawn home,
 A round stone from a sling, a lover's
 wish,
 E'er made that haste they have. By
 heavens!
 I have seen these Britons that you
 magnify,
 Run as they would have out-run
 time, and roaring,—
 Basely for mercy, roaring; the light
 shadows,
 That in a thought scour o'er the
 fields of corn,
 Halted on crutches to them. Yes,
 Bonduca,
 I have seen thee run too, and thee,
 Nennius;
 Yea, run apace, both; then when
 Penyus,
 The Roman girl, cut through your
 armèd carts,
 And drove them headlong on ye
 down the hill;—
 Then when he hunted ye like
 Britain foxes,
 More by the scent than sight: then
 did I see
 These valiant and approvèd men of
 Britain,
 Like boding owls, creep into tods of
 ivy,
 And hoot their fears to one another
 nightly.
 I fled too,
 But not so fast; your jewel had
 been lost then,
 Young Hengo there; he trasht me,
 Nennius:
 For when your fears outrun him,
 then stept I,
 And in the head of all the Romans'
 fury
 Took him, and, with my tough belt
 to my back,
 I buckled him;—behind him, my
 sure shield;—
 And then I followed. If I say I
 fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of
 Britain,
 I lie not, Nennius. Neither had ye
 heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the child
 more,
 But that the son of Virtue, Penyus,
 Seeing me steer through all these
 storms of danger,

My helm still on my head, my
 sword my prow,
 Turned to my foe my face, he cried
 out nobly,
 "Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp
 off safely;
 Thy manly sword has ransomed
 thee: grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again
 in arms:
 Then if thou stand'st, thou art
 mine." I took his offer,
 And here I am to honor him.

There's not a blow we gave since
 Julius landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but
 like records
 They file to after-ages. Our Registers
 The Romans are, for noble deeds of
 honor;
 And shall we burn their mentions
 with upbraidings?
 Had we a difference with some petty
 Isle,
 Or with our neighbors, lady, for
 our landmarks,
 The taking in of some rebellious
 Lord,
 Or making a head against commo-
 tions,
 After a day of blood, peace might
 be argued:
 But where we grapple for the
 ground we live on,
 The Liberty we hold as dear as life,
 The gods we worship, and next
 those, our honors,
 And with those swords that know no
 end of battle:
 Those men beside themselves allow
 no neighbor;
 Those minds that, where the day is,
 claim inheritance;
 And where the sun makes ripe the
 fruits, their harvest;
 And where they march, but measure
 out more ground
 To add to *Rome*, and here in the
 bowels on us;
 It must not be; no, as they are our
 foes,
 And those that must be so until we
 tire 'em,
 Let's use the peace of Honor, that's
 fair dealing;
 But in our ends, our swords.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE BARD.

I. 1.

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by Conquest’s crim-
son wing,

They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall
avail

To save thy secret soul from night-
ly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cam-
bria’s tears!”

Such were the sounds that o’er the
crested pride

Of the first Edward scattered wild
dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon’s
shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march
his long array.

Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in
speechless trance:

“To arms!” cried Mortimer, and
couched his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming
flood,

Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the trou-
bled air),

And with a master’s hand, and
prophet’s fire,

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

“Hark, how each giant-oak, and
desert cave,

Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice
beneath!

O’er thee, oh King! their hundred
arms they wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser mur-
murs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal
day,

To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft
Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

“Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:

Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy
bed:

Mountains! ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his
cloud-topped head.

On dreary Arvon’s shore they
lie,

Smeared with gore, and ghastly
pale:

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens
sail;

The famished eagle screams, and
passes by.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful
art,

Dear as the light that visits these
sad eyes,

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm
my heart,

Ye died amidst your dying coun-
try’s cries—

No more I weep. They do not
sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,

Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they
join,

And weave with bloody hands the
tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

“Weave the warp, and weave the
woof,

The winding sheet of Edward’s race.

Give ample room, and verge
enough

The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,

When Severn shall re-echo with
affright

The shrieks of death, through Berk-
ley’s roof that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelent-
ing fangs,

That tear’st the bowels of thy
mangled mate,

From thee be born, who o’er thy
country hangs

The scourge of heaven. What ter-
rors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight
combined,

And sorrow’s faded form, and soli-
tude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among
 the dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noontide
 beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the
 zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure
 realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel
 goes;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure
 at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirl-
 wind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects
 his evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share
 the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled
 guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their
 destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons
 mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's
 lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight
 murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his
 father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy
 head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we
 spread:
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the ac-
 cursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and
 ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is
 spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is
 done.)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here
 to mourn:
 In yon bright track, that fires the
 western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on
 Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering
 skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching
 sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my
 soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we
 bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britan-
 nia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold,
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and states-
 men old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-
 line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding
 face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble
 in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport
 round her play
 Hear from the grave, great Talies-
 sin, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate
 thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as
 she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her
 many-colored wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction
 drest.

In buskined measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing
breast.

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my
ear,

That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou
yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched
the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden
flood,

And warms the nations with re-
doubled ray.

Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates
assign.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the
mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged
to endless night.

GRAY.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL.

Wizard. — Lochiel! Lochiel, be-
ware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee
in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on
my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scat-
tered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their
kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample
them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insult-
ing the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are
trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing
lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic
and far?
'Tis thine, Oh Glenullin! whose
bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all
night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider
is there;

But its bridle is red with the sign of
despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity
led!

Oh weep! but thy tears cannot num-
ber the dead:

For a merciless sword on Culloden
shall wave,

Culloden! that reeks with the blood
of the brave.

Lochiel. — Go, preach to the cow-
ard, thou death-telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful ap-
pear,

Draw, dotard, around thy old waver-
ing sight!

This mantle, to cover the phantoms
of fright.

Wizard. — Ha! laugh'st thou, Lo-
chiel, my vision to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy
plume shall be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly
forth,

From his home, in the dark rolling
clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-
speeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction
abroad;

But down let him stoop from his
havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed — for the
spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why
shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the
firmament cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all
dreadfully driven

From his cyry, that beacons the
darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in
might,

Whose banners arise on the battle-
ment's height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast
and to burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely
return!

For the blackness of ashes shall
mark where it stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her
famishing brood.

Lochiel. — False wizard, avaunt! I
 have marshalled my clan:
 Their swords are a thousand, their
 bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their
 blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the har-
 vest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's
 steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a
 wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to
 his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indig-
 nantly draws;
 When her bonnetted chieftains to
 victory crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Mo-
 ray the proud;
 All plaided and plumed in their tar-
 tan array —

Wizard. — Lochiel, Lochiel, be-
 ware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight
 I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God
 would reveal:
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mys-
 tical lore,
 And coming events cast their sha-
 dow before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes
 shall ring
 With the bloodhounds, that bark for
 thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the
 vials of wrath,
 Behold; where he flies on his deso-
 late path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he
 sweeps from my sight:
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and
 cover his flight!
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are
 hushed on the moors;
 Culloden is lost, and my country
 deplores;
 But where is the iron-bound pris-
 oner? Where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in
 despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, ban-
 ished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast
 bleeding and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;

The war-drum is muffled, and black
 is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy,
 dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit
 to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quiv-
 ering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in
 agony swims.
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze
 at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere
 it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poi-
 son the gale —

Lochiel. — Down, soothless insult-
 er! I trust not the tale:
 Though my perishing ranks should
 be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the
 surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by
 chains,
 While the kindling of life in his
 bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be
 laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his
 feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his
 name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the
 death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

DEFIANCE.

THE unearthly voices ceased,
 And the heavy sound was still;
 It died on the river's breast,
 And it died on the side of the hill;
 But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near,
 For it rung in the Lady's bower,
 And it rung in the Lady's ear;
 She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throbb'd high with
 pride, —
 "Your mountains shall bend,
 And your streams shall ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's
 bride."
 SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Lay of Last
 Minstrel.*

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS
ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power:
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!
 BURNS.

CROMWELL AND KING
CHARLES.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The force of angry heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,
 Who from his private gardens, where
 He lived reservèd and austere,
 As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,
 Could by industrious valor climb
 To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old,
 Into another mould.
 What field of all the civil war,
 Where his were not the deepest scar?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art;
 Where, twining subtle fears with
 hope,

He wove a net of such a scope,
 That Charles himself might
 chase

To Carisbrook's narrow case;
 That thence the royal actor borne,
 The tragic scaffold might adorn.
 While round the armèd bands,
 Did clap their bloody hands,
 He nothing common did, or mean,
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try;
 Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
 To vindicate his helpless right;
 But bow'd his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

MARVELL.

THE VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the
 dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
 bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her
 care:

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens re-
 ply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whose distant roaring swells and
 fa's.

The could blue north was streaming
 forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine
 eyes,
 And by the moonbeam shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His daurin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posy — *Libertie!*
 BURNS.

SCOTLAND.

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and
blate,

And first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn!

Even then, a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast —
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could
make,

Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle spreading
wide

Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weedin'-heuk aside,
An' spared the symbol dear.

BURNS.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on, —

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the
chime:

As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. —

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried;
when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the
ships,

Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun. —

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly
boom: —

Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us
bring.

But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king." —

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from
the day;

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away. —

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and up-
roar,

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore! —

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died, —
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er
their grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave! —

CAMPBELL

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand
years
The battle and the breeze:
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain
waves,

Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the flood below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON
THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there, — one is of
the sea,
One of the mountains, — each a
mighty voice;

In both from age to age, thou didst
rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Lib-
erty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy
glee
Thou foughtst against him, but hast
vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at
length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard
by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which
still is left;
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow
would it be
That mountain floods should thunder
as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky
shore,
And neither awful voice be heard
by thee!

WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.

ALAS! what boots the long, laborious
quest
Of moral prudence, sought through
good and ill;
Or pains abstruse, to elevate the
will,
And lead us on to that transcendent
rest
Where every passion shall the sway
attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign
hill?
What is it but a vain and curious
skill,
If sapient Germany must lie de-
pressed
Beneath the brutal sword? Her
haughty schools
Shall blush; and may not we with
sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few
plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps,
have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy
day,
Than all the pride of intellect and
thought.

WORDSWORTH.

SCHILL.

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered,
 take thy flight
 From Prussia's timid region. Go,
 and rest
 With heroes, 'mid the Islands of the
 Blest,
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark
 night;
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous
 and sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of
 time,
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy
 right.
 Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
 Is fortune's frail dependent; yet
 there lives
 A Judge, who, as man claims by
 merit, gives;
 To whose all-pondering mind a
 noble aim,
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth
 succeed.

WORDSWORTH.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by
 night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather-
 ed then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and
 bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women
 and brave men:
 A thousand hearts beat happily;
 and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous
 swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
 spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage
 bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas
 but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony
 street:
 On with the dance! let joy be
 unconfined;

No sleep till morn, when youth and
 pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with
 flying feet.
 But, hark! — that heavy sound
 breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would
 repeat,
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
 before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the can-
 non's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that
 high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain:
 he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the
 festival,
 And caught its tone with death's
 prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he
 deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that
 peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a
 bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood
 alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and, fore-
 most fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying
 to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and trem-
 blings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which, but an
 hour ago,
 Blushed at the praise of their own
 loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings,
 such as press
 The life from out young hearts,
 and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated:
 who could guess
 If ever more should meet those
 mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such
 awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot
 haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the
 clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impet-
 uous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks
 of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal
 afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming
 drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the
 morning star;
 While throned the citizens with
 terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The
 foe! They come! they come!"
 BYRON.

IN THE FIGHT.

THY voice is heard through rolling
 drums
 That beat to battle where he
 stands;
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands:
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee;
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine
 and thee.

TENNYSON.

MURAT.

THERE, where death's brief pang
 was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strewed beneath the advancing ban-
 ner
 Of the eagles' burning crest—
 There with thunder-clouds to fan her
 Victory beaming from her breast!
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain:—
 There be sure *Murat* was charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!
 BYRON.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
 When the drum beat, at dead of
 night,

Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder
 riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle
 driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall
 glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling
 dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many
 meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-
 sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

SONNET.

It is not to be thought of that the
 flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the
 open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark
 antiquity
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters
 unwithstood,"
 Roused though it be full often to a
 mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary
 bands,
 That this most famous stream in
 bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil and to good

Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of
old:

We must be free or die, who speak
the tongue

That Shakspeare spake — the faith
and morals hold

Which Milton held. In every thing
we are sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles
manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British
Channel;

The day was just begun;
And through the window-panes, on
floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-
pling pennon,

And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart,
the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,
Hithe, and Dover,

Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers
speeding over
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant
lions,

Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched
in grim defiance

The seacoast opposite;

And now they roared, at drum-beat,
from their stations

On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning
salutations,
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up
the burden,

Replied the distant forts —
As if to summon from his sleep the
warden

And lord of the Cinque Ports,

Him shall no sunshine from the
fields of azure,

No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black
forts' embrasure,
Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye
impartial

The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-
marshal

Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single
warrior,

In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the
Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the
sleeper, —

The dark and silent room;
And, as he entered, darker grew,
and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dis-
semble,

But smote the warden hoar —
Ah! what a blow! that made all
England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly can-
non waited,

The sun rose bright o'erhead, —
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-
mated

That a great man was dead!

LONGFELLOW.

THE LOST LEADER.

I.

JUST for a handful of silver he left
us;

Just for a ribbon to stick in his
coat;

Found the one gift of which fortune
bereft us,

Lost all the others she lets us
devote.

They, with the gold to give, doled
him out silver,

So much was theirs who so little
 allowed.
 How all our copper had gone for his
 service!
 Rags—were they purple, his
 heart had been proud:
 We that had loved him so, followed
 him, honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent
 eye,
 Learned his great language, caught
 his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and
 to die!
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was
 for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—
 they watch from their graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and
 the freemen;
 He alone sinks to the rear and the
 slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering,—not
 through his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from
 his lyre;
 Deeds will be done—while he boasts
 his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the
 rest bade aspire.
 Blot out his name, then,—record
 one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more
 foot-path untrod,
 One more triumph for devils, and
 sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one
 more insult to God!
 Life's night begins; let him never
 come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation,
 and pain,
 Forced praise on our part,—the
 glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning
 again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught
 him,—strike gallantly,
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce
 through his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowl-
 edge and wait us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by
 the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

WESTWARD the course of Empire
 takes its way.
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with
 the day:
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.
 BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY.

ENTRANCE OF COLUMBUS
 INTO BARCELONA.

Lo! on his far-resounding path
 Sink crucifix and crown,
 And from high tower and balcony
 The light of Spain looks down,—
 For Beauty's dark, dark virgin eyes
 Gleam ceaseless round him now,
 As stars from still upheaving skies
 Would new-born from the waves
 arise
 On his advancing prow.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

INDIANS.

ALAS! for them, their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out on hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer
 bounds,
 The plough is on their hunting
 grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through
 their woods,
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their
 floods;
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
 Their children,—look, by power
 opprest,
 Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go to die.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE LANDING OF THE PIL-
 GRIM FATHERS IN NEW
 ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rockbound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hu-or' lark
 The hills and waters $\approx \frac{2}{1}$,
 When a band of exiles moored their
 bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring
 drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert
 gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the
 sea:
 And the sounding aisles of the dim
 woods rang
 To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's
 foam:
 And the rocking pines of the forest
 roared,—
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band:—
 Why had *they* come to wither
 there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely
 high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of
 war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod:
 They have left unstained what there
 they found,—
 Freedom to worship God.

HEMANS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By broad Potomac's silent shore
 Better than Trajan lowly lies,
 Gilding her green declivities
 With glory now and evermore;
 Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
 His country is his monument.

ANON

BUNKER HILL.

Now deeper roll the maddening
 drums,
 The mingling host like Ocean heaves,
 While from the midst a horrid wail-
 ing comes,
 And high above the fight the lonely
 bugle grieves.

GRENVILLE MELLE.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to
 see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar:
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes'
 blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the
 flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's
 tread,
 Or know the conquered knee:
 The harpies of the shore shall
 pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave!
 Her thunders shook the mighty
 deep,
 And there should be her grave:
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light with-
drawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not, — the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and
wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion, stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to
mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless
dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his
dim
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains, —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great
eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

WHITTIER.

GREETING TO "THE GEORGE
GRISWOLD."

[The ship which bore to the Mersey the
contribution of the United States to the
relief of Lancashire.]

BEFORE thy stem smooth seas were
curled,
Soft winds thy sails did move,
Good ship, that from the Western
world
Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twixt starving here and thriving
there,
When wrath flies to and fro,
Till all seems hatred everywhere,
How fair thy white wings show!

O'er the great seas thy keel ploughed
through
Good ships have borne the chain
That should have knit old world and
new
Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne, — one kindly
wave
Of speech pulsed through its coil;
Then dumb and dead in ocean's
grave
Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou, good ship, again hast
brought
O'er these wide waves of blue,
The chain of kindly word and
thought
To link those worlds anew.

PUNCH.

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWA-
TOMIE.

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.

[Containing ye True History of ye Great
Virginia Fright.]

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like
a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons —
all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for Freedom,
and the Border-strife grew
warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling,
in his absence, in the night;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning — to
find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and
boldly fought for Freedom;
Smote from border unto border the
fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vowed —
so might Heaven help and
speed 'em! —

They would save those grand old
prairies from the curse that
blights the land;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!"
and he shoved his ramrod
down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men; and
they labored day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril,
and their very lives seemed
charmed;

Till the ruffians killed one son, in
the blessed light of Heaven —
In cold blood the fellows slew him,
as he journeyed all unarmed;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth,
and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,
— not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his plough-
share, — and they loaded him
with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses,
even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him, cruelly, for their sport,
and at last blew out his brains;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven,
calling Heaven's vengeance
down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the
name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil
that had scathed and torn him
so; —

He would seize it by the vitals; he
would crush it day and night;
he

Would so pursue its footsteps, — so
return it blow for blow —

That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in
backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more griz-
zled, and his wild blue eye
grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his
hawk's-nose, snuffing battle
from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though
the Kansas strife waxed mild-
er,

Grew more sullen, till was over the
bloody Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by
his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and
their bitter woes behind him,
Slipt off into Virginia, where the
statesmen all are born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and
no one knew where to find
him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or
was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough
to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows,
spades and shovels, or such
trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there
came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and
his well-beloved Sharpe's ri-
fles;

And eighteen other madmen joined
their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys, we've got an army large
enough to march and whip the
town!

"Take the town, and seize the mus-
kets, free the negroes, and then
arm them;

Carry the County and the State,
ay, and all the potent South;

On their own heads be the slaughter,
if their victims rise to harm
them —

These Virginians! who believed
not, nor would heed the warn-
ing mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or
my name is not John
Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on
the evening of a Sunday :

"This good work," declared the
captain, "shall be on a holy
night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and, be-
fore the noon of Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Ste-
phens, fifteen privates — black
and white,

Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac,
and knocked the sentry
down;

Took the guarded armory-building,
and the muskets and the can-
non;

Captured all the county majors
and the colonels, one by one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of
Virginia they ran on,

And before the noon of Monday,
I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men,
went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little
smell of powder, made he;

It was all done in the midnight,
like the emperor's *coup d'
état*;

"Cut the wires! stop the rail-cars!
hold the streets and bridges!"
said he,

Then declared the new Republic,
with himself for guiding
star, —

This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;

And the bold two thousand citizens
ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and
expressing here and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshoot-
ers and the Charlestown Vol-
unteers,

And the Shepherdstown and
Winchester Militia hastened
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his
ten thousand grenadiers!

General Brown,
Osawatomie Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all
the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners
escaped from Old Brown's
durance,

And the effervescent valor of the
Chivalry broke out,

When they learned that nineteen
madmen had the marvellous
assurance —

Only nineteen — thus to seize the
place and drive them straight
about;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him,
encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces
we have mentioned, was too
risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond
for the Government Ma-
rines —

Tore them from their weeping ma-
trons, fired their souls with
Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's
castle with their ladders and
machines;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a
cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry
gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game,
shooting lustily away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel,
those who came too late for
slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fixed
 their bullets in his clay;
 And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
 Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and
 between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their
 laurels; how they hastened
 on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half-
 dying, on the Charlestown
 court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in
 the scorn of all denial;

What the brave old madman told
 them—these are known the
 country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,”

Said the judge, “and all such
 rebels!” with his most judi-
 cial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I
 tell you that the flagon,

Filled with blood of Old Brown's
 offspring, was first poured by
 Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's
 life-veins, like the red gore of
 the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury,
 hissing through your slave-
 worn lands!

And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever,
 when you've nailed his coffin
 down!

E. C. STEDMAN.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE RE- PUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of
 the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where
 the grapes of wrath are stored!

He hath loosed the fateful lightning
 of his terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires
 of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded him an altar in
 the evening dews and damps:
 I have read his righteous sentence
 by the dim and flaring lamps:
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in
 burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so
 with you my grace shall deal:

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush
 the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet
 that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men
 before his judgment-seat;

Oh be swift my soul, to answer him!
 be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was
 born across the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that
 transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us
 die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal
 Maryland!

My mother State! to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,

And gird thy beauteous limbs with
 steel,

Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing
May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and
strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee
wrong,
Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,*
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's
chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain:
"Sic semper" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek:
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

* The Star-Spangled Banner was written during the war of 1812 by Francis Key of Maryland.

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!

The old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
Huzza! she spurns the Northern
scum!

She breathes — she burns! she'll
come! she'll come!

Maryland! My Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

POINTE COUPÉE,
April 26, 1861.

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night-wind smooths with drift-
ing sand

Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked
tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn, and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to
gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
 They weave in simple lays
 The pathos of remembered wrong,
 The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
 The joy of uncaged birds:
 Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
 Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord he
 come

To set de people free;
 An' massa tink it day ob doom,
 An' we ob jubilee.
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
 He jus' as 'troug as den;
 He say de word: we las' night
 slaves;

To-day, de Lord's freemen.

De yam will grow, de cotton
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn;
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;

He leaf de land behind:

De Lord's breff blow him funder on,
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de hoe, we own de plough,

We own de hands dat hold;

We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
 But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn:
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs

Dat some day we be free;

De norf-wind tell it to de pines,

De wild-duck to de sea;

We tink it when de church-bell ring,

We dream it in de dream;

De rice-bird mean it when he sing,

De eagle when he scream.

De yam will grow, de cotton
 blow,

We'll hab de rice an' corn:
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
 An' nebber lie de word;
 So like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord:

An' now he open ebery door,

An' 'trow away de key;

He tink we lub him so before,

We lub him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton
 blow,

He'll gib de rice an' corn:

O nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear

De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;

And with a secret pain,

And smiles that seem akin to tears,

We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,

Nor yet his hope deny:

We only know that God is just,

And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy
 face,

Flame-lighted, ruder still:

We start to think that hapless race

Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind

Oppressor with oppressed;

And, close as sin and suffering joined,

We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant
 shall be

Our sign of blight or bloom, —

The Vala-song of Liberty,

Or death-rune of our doom!

WHITTIER.

NEVER OR NOW.

IN vain the common theme my
 tongue would shun,

All tongues, all thoughts, all hearts
 can find but one.

Our alcoves, where the noisy world
 was dumb,

Throb with dull drum-beats, and the
 echoes come

Laden with sounds of battle and wild
 cries,

That mingle their discordant sym-
 phonies.

Old books from yonder shelves are
whispering, "Peace!
This is the realm of letters, not of
strife."

Old graves in yonder field are say-
ing, "Cease!
Hic jacet ends the noisiest mortal's
life."

—Shut your old books! What says
the telegraph?

We want an Extra, not an epitaph.
Old Classmates, (Time's unconscious
almanacs,

Counting the years we leave behind
our backs,

And wearing them in wrinkles on
the brow

Of friendship with his kind "How
are you *now*?"

Take us by the hand, and speak of
times that were. —

Then comes a moment's pause:
"Pray tell me where

Your boy is now! Wounded, as I
am told." —

"Twenty?" "What — bless me!
twenty-one years old!"

"Yes, — time moves fast." "That's
so. Old classmate, say,

Do you remember *our* Commence-
ment Day?

Were we such boys as these at
twenty?" Nay,

God called them to a nobler task
than ours,

And gave them holier thoughts and
manlier powers, —

This is the day of fruits and not of
flowers!

These "boys" we talk about like
ancient sages

Are the same *men* we read of in old
pages, —

The bronze recast of dead heroic
ages!

We grudge them not, — our dearest,
bravest, best, —

Let but the quarrel's issue stand
confest:

'Tis Earth's old slave-God battling
for his crown,

And Freedom fighting with her visor
down!

Better the jagged shells their flesh
should mangle, —

Better their bones from Rahab-necks
should dangle,

Better the fairest flower of all our
culture

Should cram the black maw of the
Southern vulture,

Than Cain act o'er the murder of his
brother

Unum on our side — *pluribus* on the
other!

Each of us owes the rest his best
endeavor;

Take these few lines, — we call them

NOW OR NEVER.

Listen, young heroes! your country
is calling!

Time strikes the hour for the brave
and the true!

Now, while the foremost are fighting
and falling,

Fill up the ranks that have opened
for you!

You whom the fathers made free
and defended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons
their fame!

You whose fair heritage spotless de-
scended,

Leave not your children a birth-
right of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom
stands gasping!

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped
in his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the
hands' clasping. —

"Off for the wars" is enough for
them all!

Break from the arms that would
fondly caress you!

Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabres
are drawn!

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers
shall bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when
you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a
nation

Poured on the turf where the red
rose should bloom;

Now is the day and the hour of sal-
vation;

Never or now! peals the trumpet
of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-
throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting
the skies;
Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted
pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cum-
berland lies!

From the foul dens where our
brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their
birth,
From the rank swamps where our
martyrs are lying
Pleading in vain for a handful of
earth;

From the hot plains where they
perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the bat-
tle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons; too long
you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never
or Now!

O. W. HOLMES.

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YAN- KEE IDYLL.

CONCORD BRIDGE.

HEARKEN in your ear, —
I'm older'n you, — Peace wun't keep
house with Fear:
Ef you want peace, the thing you've
gut to du
Is jes' to show you're up to fightin',
tu.
I recollect how sailors' rights was
won
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip
kissin' gun:
Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up
thet he
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the
sea;
You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
Adam's will,
An' ef you knuckle down, *he'll* think
so still.
Better that all our ships an' all their
crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dream-
less ooze,

Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it
went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's
moniment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
crave:
Give *me* the peace of dead men or of
brave!

THE MONIMENT.

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious
Fourth:
You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut
talk wuz worth.
It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o'
jint;
It's England thet gives up her dear-
est pint.
We've gut, I tell ye now, enough to
du
In our own fem'ly fight, afore we're
thru.
I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sum-
ter's shame,
When every flagstaff flapped its
tethered flame,
An' all the people, startled from their
doubt,
Come must'rin' to the flag with sech
a shout, —
I hoped to see things settled 'fore
this fall,
The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis
hanged, an' all;
Then come Bull Run, an' *sence* then
I've ben waitin'
Like boys in Jennoary thaw for
skatin',
Nothin' to du but watch my shad-
der's trace
Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun'
my base,
With daylight's flood an' ebb: it's
gitting slow,
An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em
go.
I tell ye wut, this war's agoin to
cost —

THE BRIDGE.

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money
lost;
We wun't give up afore the ship goes
down:
It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't
drown;

An' God wun't leave us yit to sink
or swim,
Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by
him.
This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to
be
A better country than man ever
sec.
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an'
prophesy!"
O strange New World, thet yit wast
never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin'
need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose
baby-bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injuns'
cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts
an' wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires
in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ish-
mel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's
mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret
events
To pitch new States ez Old-World
men pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jeho-
vah's plan,
Thet man's devices can't unmake a
man,
An' whose free latch-string never
was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's
kin, —
The grave's not dug where traitor
hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse
away!
I sec —
Jest here some dogs begun to
bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last re-
mark:
I listened long; but all I seemed to
hear
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some
birch-trees near;
But ez they hedn't no gret things to
say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right
away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass
the time,

I put some thoughts thet bothered
me in rhyme:
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,
But here they be — it's —

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,
Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"
Blood ain't so cool as ink, John;
It's likely you'd ha' wrote,
An' stopped a spell to think, John,
Arter they'd cut your throat?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
He'd skurce ha' stopped," sez he,
"To mind his p's an' q's ef thet
weasan'
He'd b'longed to ole J. B.,
Instid o' you an' me!"
Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet, ef Vattell on *his* toes
fell,
'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you and me!"
Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win — ditto, tails?
"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
Onless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
(I'm good at thet,)" sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest*
the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more than you or me!"
When your rights was our wrong,
John,
You didn't stop for fuss, —
Britanny's trident-prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he,

"It doesn't foller thet he can
swaller
Prescriptions signed 'J. B.'
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:
You mus'n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
"The fencin'-stuff'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,
Of honor, when it meant
You didn't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent*?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
He's like the rest," sez he:
"When all is done, it's number
one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Coz Abra'm thought 'twas right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe just now: but thet,
somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, Think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John:
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef't warn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from
here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.,
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an'
me!)"

We know we've gut a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 'twould win applause,
John,

Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*"
John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we, —
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he:
"But, sermon thru, an' come to
du,
Why, there's the ole J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide:
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forget; an' sometime
yet
The truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he:
"But nothin' else than wut he
sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn like you an' me!"
J. R. LOWELL: *Mason and Slidell.*

THE FLAG.

THERE'S a flag hangs over my
threshold, whose folds are
more dear to me
Than the blood that thrills in my
bosom its earnest of liberty;
And dear are the stars it harbors in
its sunny field of blue
As the hope of a further heaven that
lights all our dim lives through.

But now should my guests be merry,
the house is in holiday guise,
Looking out, through its burnished
windows like a score of wel-
coming eyes.

Come hither, my brothers who wan-
der in saintliness and in sin!
Come hither, ye pilgrims of Nature!
my heart doth invite you in.

My wine is not of the choicest, yet
bears it an honest brand;
And the bread that I bid you lighten
I break with no sparing hand;
But pause, ere you pass to taste it,
one act must accomplished be:
Salute the flag in its virtue, before
ye sit down with me.

The flag of our stately battles, not
struggles of wrath and greed:
Its stripes were a holy lesson, its
spangles a deathless creed;
'Twas red with the blood of free-
men, and white with the fear
of the foe,
And the stars that fight in their
courses 'gainst tyrants its
symbols know.

Come hither, thou son of my moth-
er! we were reared in the
selfsame arms;

Thou hast many a pleasant gesture,
thy mind hath its gifts and
charms,

But my heart is as stern to question
as mine eyes are of sorrows
full:

Salute the flag in its virtue, or pass
on where others rule.

Thou lord of a thousand acres, with
heaps of uncounted gold,

The steeds of thy stall are haughty,
thy lackeys cunning and bold:
I envy no jot of thy splendor, I rail
at thy follies none:

Salute the flag in its virtue, or leave
my poor house alone.

Fair lady with silken trappings, high
waving thy stainless plume,
We welcome thee to our numbers, a
flower of costliest bloom:

Let a hundred maids live widowed
to furnish thy bridal bed;

But pause where the flag doth ques-
tion, and bend thy triumphant
head.

Take down now your flaunting ban-
ner, for a scout comes breath-
less and pale,

With the terror of death upon him;
of failure is all his tale:

"They have fled while the flag
waved o'er them! they have
turned to the foe their back!

They are scattered, pursued, and
slaughtered! the fields are all
rout and wrack!"

Pass hence, then, the friends I gath-
ered, a goodly company!

All ye that have manhood in you,
go, perish for Liberty!

But I and the babes God gave
me will wait with uplifted
hearts,

With the firm smile ready to kindle,
and the will to perform our
parts.

When the last true heart lies blood-
less, when the fierce and the
false have won,

I'll press in turn to my bosom each
daughter and either son;

Bid them loose the flag from its
bearings, and we'll lay us
down to rest

With the glory of home about us,
and its freedom locked in our
breast.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

ALONG a river-side, I know not
where,

I walked one night in mystery of
dream;

A chill creeps curdling yet beneath
my hair,

To think what chanced me by the pal-
lid gleam

Of a moor-wraith that waned through
haunted air.

Pale fire-flies pulsed within the mead-
ow mist

Their halos, wavering thistle-downs
of light;

The loon, that seemed to mock some
goblin tryst,

Laughed; and the echoes, huddling
in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying
down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote
my ear
A movement in the stream that
checked my breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading
deer?

But something said, "This water is
of Death!
The Sisters wash a Shroud, — ill
thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient
Three,
Known to the Greek's and to the
Norseman's creed,
That sit in shadow of the mystic
Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their
endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and
Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I
had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-mor-
row,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever
seemed:
Something too high for joy, too deep
for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from
their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they
have strawn;"

So sang they, working at their task
the while;

"The fatal raiment must be cleansed
ere dawn;

For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's
Isle?

O'er what quenched grandeur must
our shroud be drawn?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer
corse,

That gathered States for children
round his knees,

That tamed the wave to be his post-
ing-horse,

Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest
son of Thor's?

"What make we, murmur'st thou,
and what are we?

When empires must be wound, we
bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable
Three:

Is it too coarse for him, the young
and proud?

Earth's mightiest deigned to wear
it; why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned.

"So strong, so fair!

Our Fowler, whose proud bird would
brook erewhile

No rival's swoop in all our western
air!

Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn-gold bright yet
in his hair!

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un pity-
ing dames!

I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who
scanned

The stars, Earth's elders, still must
noblest aims

Be traced upon oblivious ocean-
sands?

Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts
of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red
battle-dew,

Ye deem we choose the victor and
the slain:

Say, choose we them that shall be
leal and true

To the heart's longing, the high
faith of brain?

Yet there the victory lies, if ye but
knew.

"Three roots bear up dominion:
Knowledge, Will;

These twain are strong, but stronger
yet the third —

Obedience, 'tis the great tap-root,
that still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not
stirred,

Though Heaven-loosed tempests
spend their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper?

'Tis not we

Denounce it, but the Law before all
time:

The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the
chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hes-
per be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his
eagle's seat,
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of
their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found
more sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind
for Law?
Then let him hearken for the doom-
ster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in
flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery
'those with gold,
Down which they stumble to eternal
mock;
No chafferer's hand shall long the
sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would
sell the block.

"We sing old sagas, songs of weal
and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply under-
stood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear
and know,
See Evil weak; see strength alone in
Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with
walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of
Time Is,
That offers choice of glory or of
gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be
surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now
the tomb
Grates its slow hinge, and calls from
the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not
yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star
by star
Wins from the void to where on
Ocean's rim

The sunset shuts the world with
golden bar—
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye
grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved
for those
'That walk unblenching through the
trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is
worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven
sires,
Whose eye need blench, confronted
with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for
those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's
lines:
Peace, too, brings tears, and 'mid the
battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God
divines;
For the sheathed blade may rust
with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as
lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with
purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor
sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns
lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering
for their leap!"

So cried I, with clinched hands and
passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's
side:
Again the loon laughed, mocking,
and again
The echoes bayed far down the
night, and died,
While waking, I recalled my wan-
dering brain.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland,
sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across
the bay

The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white
smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of
our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from
her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her
straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of
slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation
strain.

"Never!" our gallant Morris re-
plies:
"It is better to sink than to
yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron
grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a
wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the
bay,
Still floated our flag at the main-
mast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in
the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled
stream.

Ho! brave land! with hearts like
these,

Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

LONGFELLOW.

SUNTHIN IN A PASTORAL LINE.

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a
draw,

An' it clings hold like precerdents in
law:

Your gra'ma'am put it there, —
when, goodness knows, —

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-
clo'es;

But the old chist wun't sarve her
gran'son's wife,

(For, 'thout new funnitoo, wut
good in life?)

An' so ole clawfoot, from the pre-
cinks dread

O' the spare chamber, slinks into
the shed,

Where, dim with dust, it fust or last
subsides

To holdin' seeds, an' fifty things be-
sides;

But better days stick fast in heart
an' husk,

An' all you keep in't gits a scent o'
musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've
airly read

Gits kind o' worked into their heart
an' head,

So's't they can't seem to write but
jest on sheers

With furrin countries or played-out
ideers,

Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't
smack

O' wut some critter chose to feel
'way back:

This makes 'em talk o' daises, larks,
an' things,

Ez though we'd nothin' here that
blows an' sings, —

(Why, I'd give more for one live
bobolink

Than a square mile o' larks in print-
er's ink,) —
This makes 'em think our fust 'o
May is May,
Which't ain't, for all the almanicks
can say.

O little city-gals! don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or
poet!

They're apt to puff, an' May-day
seldom looks

Up in the country ez it doos in
books;

They're no more like than hornets'
nests an' hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cow-
hide boots,

Tuggin' my foundered feet out by
the roots,

Hev seen ye come to fling on April's
hearse

Your muslin nosegays from the
milliner's,

Puzzlin' to find dry ground your
queen to choose,

An' dance your throats sore in mo-
rocker shoes:

I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet,
come wut would,

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with
hardihood.

Pleasure doos make us Yankees
kind o' winch,

Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by
the inch;

But yit we du contrive to worry
thru,

Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to
du,

An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set
out,

Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a re-
doubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know
where to find

Some blooms thet make the season
suit the mind,

An' seem to metch the doubtin'
bluebird's notes, —

Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry
coats,

Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves
ef you oncurl,

Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-
pearl, —

But these are jes' Spring's pickets;
sure ez sin,

The rebbles frosts'll try to drive 'em
in;

For half our May's so awfully like
Mayn't,

'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige
saint;

Though I own up I like our back'ard
springs

Thet kind o' haggle with their
greens an' things,

An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout
more words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms,
leaves, an' birds:

Thet's Northun natur', slow, an' apt
to doubt,

But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's
no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin'
in tall trees,

An' settlin' things in windy Con-
gresses, —

Queer politicians, though, for I'll be
skinned

Ef all on 'em don't head against the
wind.

'Fore long the trees begin to show
belief, —

The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from
all the willers

So plump they look like yaller cater-
pillars,

Then gray hoss-ches'nuts leetle
hands unfold

Softer'n a baby's be at three days
old:

Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick;
he knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-
snows;

So, choosin' out a handy crotch an'
spouse,

He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch, —
things lag behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes
up her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers
cresh their dams

Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in
an' jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some
pin-hole cleft,

Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out
 right an' left,
 Then all the waters bow themselves
 an' come,
 Sudden, in one great slope o' shed-
 derin' foam,
 Jes' so our Spring gits every thin' in
 tune,
 An' gives one leap from April into
 June:
 Then all comes crowdin' in; afore
 you think,
 Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill
 woods with pink;
 The cat-bird in the laylock-bush is
 loud;
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy
 cloud;
 Red-cedars blossom tu, though few
 folks know it,
 An' look all dipt in sunshine like a
 poet;
 The lime-trees pile their solid stacks
 o' shade,
 An' drows'ly simmer with the bees'
 sweet trade;
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-
 bird clings
 An' for the summer vy'ge his ham-
 mock slings:
 All down the loose-walled lanes
 in archin' bowers
 The barb'ry droops its strings o'
 golden flowers,
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-
 gals love to try
 With pins, — they'll worry yourn so,
 boys, bimeby!
 But I don't love your cat'logue style,
 — do you? —
 Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
 One word with blood in't's ez twice
 ez good ez two:
 'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet
 o' the year,
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is
 here;
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he
 swings,
 Or climbs against the breeze with
 quiverin' wings,
 Or, givin' way to't in a mock de-
 spair,
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter,
 thru the air.
 I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
 In Spring, with curus heats an'
 prickly pains,

Thet drive me, when I git a chance,
 to walk
 Off by myself to hev a privit talk
 With a queer critter thet can't seem
 to 'gree
 Along o' me like most folks, — Mis-
 ter Me.
 Ther' is times when I'm unsoshle ez
 a stone,
 An' sort o' suffocate to be alone, —
 I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks
 are nigh,
 An' can't bear nothin' closer than
 the sky;
 Now the wind's full ez shifty in the
 mind
 Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't
 blind,
 An, sometimes, in the fairest sou'-
 west weather,
 My inward vane pints east for weeks
 together,
 My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an'
 my sins
 Come drizzlin' on my conscience
 sharp ez pins:
 Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'
 sight,
 An' take it out in a fair stan' up fight
 With the one cuss I can't lay on the
 shelf,
 The crook'dest stick in all the
 heap, — myself.

'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-
 time:
 Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways
 rhyme
 With nobody's, but off the hendle
 flew
 An' took things from an east-wind
 pint o' view,
 I started off to lose me in the hills
 Where the pines be, up back o'
 Siah's Mills:
 Pines, ef you're blue, are the best
 friends I know,
 They mope an' sigh au' sheer your
 feelin's so, —
 They hesh the ground beneath so,
 tu, I swan,
 You half-forgit you've gut a body on.
 Ther's a small skool'us' there where
 four roads meet,
 The door-steps hollered out by little
 feet,
 An' side-post carved with names
 whose owners grew

To gret men, some on 'em an' deacons, tu;
 'Tain't used no longer, coz the town hez gut
 A high-school, where they teach the Lord knows wut:
 Three-story larnin's pop'lar now; I guess
 We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories less,
 For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez sinnin'
 By overloadin' children's underpinnin':
 Wal, here it wuz I larned my A, B, C,
 An' it's a kind o' favorite spot with me.

We're curus critters: Now ain't jes' the minute
 That ever fits us easy while we're in it;
 Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be perfect bliss,—
 Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten o' this;
 An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told
 Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o' gold.
 A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
 An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a man;
 Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I enjoy
 Like dreamin' back along into a boy:
 So the ole school'us' is a place I choose
 Afore all others, ef I want to muse;
 I set down where I used to set, an' git
 My boyhood back, an' better things with it,—
 Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't Cherrity,
 It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret a rerrity.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath arternoon
 Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,
 I found me in the school'us' on my seat,
 Drummin' the march to No-where's with my feet.

Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks say,
 Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way:
 It's thinkiu' every thin' you ever knew,
 Or ever hearn, to make your feelins blue.
 I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell:
 I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,
 Which some folks tell ye now is jes' a metterfor,
 (A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the better for);
 I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we'd win
 Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin:
 I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,
 So much a month, warn't givin' Natur' fits,—
 Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk fail,
 To work the cow thet hes an iron tail,
 An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
 Would send up cream to humor ary man:
 From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,
 Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like streams thet glide
 'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each side,
 Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix an' mingle
 In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single;
 An' when you cast off moorin's from To-day,
 An' down towards To-morrer drift away,
 The imiges thet tingle on the stream
 Make a new upside-down'ard world o' dream:
 Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks an' warnin's
 O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-mornin's,
 An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,
 Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone right.
 I'm gret on dreams, an' often, when I wake,

I've lived so much it makes my
 mem'ry ache,
 An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in
 my cheer
 'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some
 bad, all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it
 seemed,
 An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally
 dreamed,
 Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha'
 slep',
 When I hearn some un stompin' up
 the step,
 An' lookin' round, ef two an' two
 make four,
 I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.
 He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an'
 spurs
 With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-
 burrs,
 An' his gret sword behind him sloped
 away
 Long'z a man's speech thet dunno
 wut to say. —

"Ef your name's Biglow, an' your
 given-name

Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I
 came;

I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied
 by three." —

"My *wut?*" sez I. — "Your gret-
 gret-gret," sez he:

"You wouldn't ha' never ben here
 but for me.

Two hundred an' three year ago this
 May

The ship I come in sailed up Boston
 Bay;

I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War, —
 But wut on airth hev *you* gut up
 one for?

Coz we du things in England, 'tain't
 for you

To git a notion you can du 'em tu:
 I'm told you write in public prints:
 ef true,

It's nateral you should know a thing
 or two." —

'Thet air's an argymunt I can't
 endorse, —

'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs,
 you kep' a horse:

For brains," sez I, "wutever you
 may think,

Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-
 an'-ink, —

Though mos' folks write ez ef they
 hoped jes' quickenin'
 The churn would argoo skim-milk
 into thickenin';
 But skim-milk ain't a thing to
 change its view
 O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky
 flue.

But du pray tell me, 'fore we funder
 go,

How in all Natur' did you come to
 know

'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in King-
 dom Come?" —

"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-
 rappin' some,

An' danced the tables till their legs
 wuz gone,

In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin'
 on,"

Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all-
 split

Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.
 But, come now, ef you wun't con-
 fess to knowin',

You've some conjectures how the
 thing's a-goin'." —

"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vaue warn't
 never known

Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its
 own;

An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the
 jints,

It's safe to trust its say on certin
 pints:

It knows the wind's opiuiions to a T,
 An' the wind settles wut the
 weather'll be."

"I never thought a scion of our
 stock

Could grow the wood to make a
 weathercock;

When I wuz younger'n you, skurce
 more'n a shaver,

No airthly wind," sez he, "could
 make me waver!"

(Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw
 an' forehead,

Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-
 hilt forrard.) —

"Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I,
 "I swow,

When I wuz younger'n what you
 see me now, —

Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huld's
 bonnet,

Thet I warn't full-cocked with my
 jedgment on it;

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
 It's a sight harder to make up my
 mind, —
 Nor I don't often try tu, when
 events
 Will du it for me free of all expense.
 The moral question's ollus plain
 enough, —
 It's jes' the human-natur' side thet's
 tough;
 Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle
 me nor you, —
 The pinch comes in decidin' wut to
 du;
 Ef you *read* History, all runs
 smooth ez grease,
 Coz there the men ain't nothin'
 more'n idees, —
 But come to *make* it, ez we must to-
 day,
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs, an' stop
 the way:
 It's easy fixin' things in facts an'
 figgers, —
 They can't resist, nor warn't
 brought up with niggers;
 But come to try your the'ry on, —
 why, then
 Your facts an' figgers change to
 ign'ant men
 Actin' ez ugly" — "Smite 'em hip
 an' thigh!"
 Sez gran'ther, "an' let every man-
 child die!
 Oh for three weeks o' Crommle an'
 the Lord!
 Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind
 the sword!" —
 "Thet kind o' thing worked wal in
 ole Judee,
 But you forgit how long it's ben
 A.D.;
 You think thet's ellerkence, — I
 call it shoddy,
 A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul
 nor body;
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-
 sense,
 Thet warms ye now, an' will a
 twelvemonth hence.
 You took to follerin' where the
 Prophets beckoned,
 An,' fust you knowed on, back come
 Charles the Second;
 Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain
 stick,
 An' not to start Millennium too
 quick;

We hain't to punish only, but to
 keep,
 An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry
 deep."
 "Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the best
 o' glue,"
 Sez he, "an' so you'll find before
 you're thru;
 Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-
 shally
 Lozes ez often wut's ten times the
 vally.
 Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's
 neck gut split,
 Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over
 yit:
 Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez
 gin the exe" —
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut
 eight million necks.
 The hardest question ain't the black
 man's right,
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the
 white;
 One's chained in body an' can be sot
 free,
 But t'other's chained in soul to an
 idee:
 It's a long job, but we shall worry
 thru it;
 Ef bag'nets fail, the spellin'-book
 must du it."
 "Hosee," sez he, "I think you're
 goin' to fail:
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in
 the tail;
 This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the
 rattle, —
 You'll stomp on thet an' think
 you've won the bettle;
 It's Slavery thet's the fangs an'
 thinkin' head,
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it
 dead, —
 An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn
 by waitin'
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to
 debatin'! —
 "God's truth!" sez I, — "an' ef I
 held the club,
 An' knowed jes' where to strike, —
 but there's the rub!" —
 "Strike soon," sez he, "or you'll be
 deadly ailin', —
 Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure
 o' failin';
 God hates your sneakin' creturs thet
 believe

He'll settle things they run away an'
leave!"

He brought his foot down fiercely,
ez he spoke,
An' give me sech a startle thet I
woke.

J. R. LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds, against the April wind,
Flew northward, singing as they
flew;

They sang, "The land we leave
behind

Has swords for corn-blades, blood
for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the
South,

What saw and heard ye, gazing
down?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned
mouth,

The sickened camp, the blazing
town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry
lamps,

We saw your march-worn children
die;

In shrouds of moss, in cypress
swamps,

We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's
sighs;

And saw, from line and trench,
your sons

Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking
guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn
flocks?"

"We heard," they sang, "the
Freedman's song,

The crash of Slavery's broken
locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
The treason-nursing mischief
spurned,

As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost re-
turned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid
toil,

With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds
accursed,

A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening heavens with
prayer.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not
cease,

Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed song of
peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly-greening
spring,

Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to
sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their
flight;

But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was
light.

WHITTIER.

A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

No! is my answer from this cold
bleak ridge

Down to your valley: you may
rest you there:

The gulf is wide, and none can build
a bridge

That your gross weight would
safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you
With something that is kinder far
than scorn,

And think, "Ah well! I might have
grovelled too;

I might have walked there, fet-
tered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable
ways;

Once from these heights I shrank,
 beheld afar,
 In the soft lap of quiet, easy
 days.

I might—(I will not hide it)—
 once I might
 Have lost, in the warm whirlpools
 of your voice,
 The sense of Evil, the stern cry of
 Right;
 But truth has steered me free, and
 I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks
 back to jeer
 At the poor herd that call their
 misery bliss;
 But as a mortal speaks when God is
 near,
 I drop you down my answer; it is
 this:—

I am not yours, because you seek in
 me
 What is the lowest in my own es-
 teem:

Only my flowery levels can you
 see,
 Nor of my heaven-smit summits
 do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love
 yourself:
 Your heart has scarcely room for
 me beside.
 I could not be shut in with name
 and pelf;
 I spurn the shelter of your narrow
 pride!

Not yours; because you are not man
 enough
 To grasp your country's measure
 of a man!

If such as you, when Freedom's
 ways are rough,
 Cannot walk in them, learn that
 women can!

Not yours, because, in this the na-
 tion's need,
 You stoop to bend her losses to
 your gain,
 And do not feel the meanness of
 your deed;
 I touch no palm defiled with such
 a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too
 lofty steep
 For woman's scaling, care not I
 to know;
 But when he falters by her side, or
 creeps,
 She must not clog her soul with
 him to go.

Who weds me must at least with
 equal pace
 Sometimes move with me at my
 being's height:
 To follow him to his more glorious
 place,
 His purer atmosphere, were keen
 delight.

You lure me to the valley: men
 should call
 Up to the mountains, where the
 air is clear.
 Win me and help me climbing, if at
 all!
 Beyond these peaks rich harmo-
 nies I hear,—

The morning chant of Liberty and
 Law!
 The dawn pours in, to wash out
 Slavery's blot:
 Fairer than aught the bright sun
 ever saw
 Rises a nation without stain or
 spot.

The men and women mated for that
 time
 Tread not the soothing mosses of
 the plain;
 Their hands are joined in sacrifice
 sublime;
 Their feet firm set in upward paths
 of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your
 drowsy way!
 You cannot hear the voices in the
 air!
 Ignoble souls will shrivel in that
 day:
 The brightness of its coming can
 you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills
 alone:
 Heroes who poured their blood out
 for the Truth,

Women whose hearts bled, martyrs
all unknown,
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows!

It charms me not, — your call to rest below:

I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:

Take my life's silence for your answer: No.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE BAY FIGHT.*

"On the forecastle, Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships —
'If the Serpent lies so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,'
Said he."

THREE days through sapphire seas
we sailed,

The steady Trade blew strong and free,

The Northern Light his banners
paled,

The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren
reach

Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless
strand,

From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet coast-wise as we cruised or lay,
The land-breeze still at nightfall
bore,

By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
Sweet odors from the enemy's
shore,

* Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864.

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry lines, —
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his
pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
Nor bolder Flag a foe to dare,
Had left a wake on ocean blue
Since Lion-Heart sailed Trenc-le-
mer!*

But little gain by that dark ground
Was ours, save, sometime, freer
breath

For friend or brother strangely
found,

'Scaped from the drear domain of
death.

And little venture for the bold,
Or laurel for our valiant Chief,
Save some blockaded British thief,
Full fraught with murder in his
hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood,
Or dull bombardment, day by day,
With fort and earth-work, far away,
Low couched in sullen leagues of
mud.

A weary time, — but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in
flame!

"Man your starboard battery!"

Kimberly shouted; —
The ship, with her hearts of oak,
Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!

None of us doubted,
No, not our dying, —
Farragut's Flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right; —
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars

* The flag-ship of Richard I.

You got in the River-Wars?
That were leeched with clamorous
skill,

(Surgery savage and hard,)
Splinted with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard!

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown,
(Wont of old renown) —
But every ship was drest
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay —
At every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue, —
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
On we sailed two by two —
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze, or sinew of steel,
Her mate might bear her through.

Forging boldly ahead,
The great Flag-Ship led,
Grandest of sights!
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our Leader's dauntless Blue,
That had waved o'er twenty
fighths;
So we went, with the first of the
tide,
Slowly, 'mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore
And the thunder of each full broad-
side.

Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and state
We once held with these fellows!
Here, on the flood's pale-green,
Hark how he bellows,
Each bluff old Sea-Lawyer!
Talk to them Dahlgren,
Parrott, and Sawyer!

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the Line of Death
That our devilish Foe had laid, —

Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villanous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered, —
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!) —
Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath
Down went dauntless Craven,
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er
her,
Like the crest of a breaking
wave; —
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument,
(Seen afar in the offing,)
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations; —
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations,
(Christening the generations)
When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be har-
bored; —
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old
chief, —
"Go on!" — 'twas all he said, —
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee,
On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three,
(The rest had run up the Bay,) —
There he was, belching flame from
his bow,
And the steam from his throat's
abyss
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss; —
In sooth a most cursed craft! —
In a sullen ring, at bay,
By the Middle Ground they lay,
Raking us, fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,
 Ah, wickedly well they shot—
 How their death-bolts howled and
 stung!

And the water-batteries played
 With their deadly cannonade
 Till the air around us rung;
 So the battle raged and roared;—
 Ah, had you been aboard
 To have seen the fight we made!

How they leaped, the tongues of
 flame,
 From the cannon's fiery lip!
 How the broadsides, deck and frame,
 Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell
 Came crashing, heavy and oft,
 Clouds of splinters flying aloft
 And falling in oaken showers;—
 But ah, the pluck of the crew!
 Had you stood on that deck of ours,
 You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
 Boldly they worked and well—
 Steadily came the powder,
 Steadily came the shell.
 And if tackle or truck found hurt,
 Quickly they cleared the wreck—
 And the dead were laid to port,
 All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
 Never a cheek that paled,
 Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;—
 There was bold Kentucky's grit,
 And the old Virginian valor,
 And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfey
 Shannon,
 There were black orbs from palmy
 Niger,—
 But there, alongside the cannon,
 Each man fought like a tiger!

A little, once, it looked ill,
 Our consort began to burn—
 They quenched the flames with a will,
 But our men were falling still,
 And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
 In an awful shroud they lay,
 Broadships thundering away,
 And lightning from every port;

Scene of glory and dread!
 A storm-cloud all aglow
 With flashes of fiery red,
 The thunder raging below,
 And the forest of flags o'erhead!

So grand the hurly and roar,
 So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
 The regiments fighting ashore
 Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the Foe,
 Moving grimly and slow,
 They loomed in that deadly wreath,
 Where the darkest batteries
 frowned,—
 Death in the air all round,
 And the black torpedoes beneath!

And now, as we looked ahead,
 All for'ard, the long white deck,
 Was growing a strange dull red—
 But soon, as once and again
 Fore and aft we sped,
 (The firing to guide or check,)
 You could hardly choose but tread
 On the ghastly human wreck,
 (Dreadful gobbet and shred
 That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from main-mast to bitts!
 Red, on bulwark and wale,
 Red, by combing and hatch,
 Red, o'er netting and vail!

And ever, with steady *con*,
 The ship forged slowly by,—
 And ever the crew fought on,
 And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
 How by their guns they stood,
 Right in front of our dead,
 Fighting square abreast,—
 Each brawny arm and chest
 All spotted with black and red,
 Chrism of fire and blood!

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
 Worth all the weary time,
 Worth the woe and the peril,
 To stand in that strait sublime!

Fear? A forgotten form!
 Death? A dream of the eyes!
 We were atoms in God's great storm
 That roared through the angry
 skies.

One only doubt was ours,
 One only dread we knew, —
 Could the day that dawned so well
 Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
 And ever the shot and shell
 Came with the howl of hell,
 The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
 And the long line of corpses
 grew, —
Would the fleet win through?

They are men that never will fail,
 (How aforetime they've fought!)
 But Murder may yet prevail, —
 They may sink as Craven sank.
 Therewith one hard fierce thought,
 Burning on heart and lip,
 Ran like fire through the ship, —
Fight her, to the last plank!

A dimmer renown might strike
 If Death lay square alongside, —
 But the Old Flag has no like,
 She must fight, whatever betide; —
 When the War is a tale of old,
 And this day's story is told,
 They shall hear how the Hartford
 died!

But as we ranged ahead,
 And the leading ships worked in,
 Losing their hope to win,
 The enemy turned and fled —
 And one seeks a shallow reach;
 And another, winged in her flight,
 Our mate, brave Jouett, brings
 in; —
 And one, all torn in the fight,
 Runs for a wreck on the beach,
 Where her flames soon fire the
 night.

And the Ram, when well up the Bay,
 And we looked that our stems
 should meet,
 (He had us fair for a prey,)
 Shifting his helm midway,
 Sheered off, and ran for the fleet;
 There, without skulking or sham,
 He fought them, gun for gun.
 And ever he sought to ram,
 But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower
 Till we sent our parting shell,
 'Twas just one savage hour
 Of the roar and the rage of hell.

With the lessening smoke and thun-
 der,
 Our glasses around we aim, —
 What is that burning yonder?
 Our Philippi — aground and in
 flame!

Below, 'twas still all a-roar,
 As the ships went by the shore,
 But the fire of the Fort had slacked,
 (So fierce their volleys had been) —
 And now, with a mighty din,
 The whole fleet came grandly in,
 Though sorely battered and
 wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
 The Flag to port and ahead —
 And a pitying rain began
 To wash the lips of our dead.

'A league from the Fort we lay,
 And deemed that the end must
 lag, —
 When lo! looking down the Bay,
 There flaunted the Rebel Rag; —
 The Ram is again under way
 And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,
 Boldly his course he lay,
 Though the fleet all answered his
 fire,
 And, as he still drew nigher,
 Ever on bow and beam
 Our Monitors pounded away; —
 How the Chickasaw hammered
 away!

Quickly breasting the wave,
 Eager the prize to win,
 First of us all the brave
 Monongahela went in
 Under full head of steam; —
 Twice she struck him abeam,
 Till her stem was a sorry work,
 (She might have run on a crag!)
 The Lackawana hit fair,
 He flung her aside like cork,
 And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,
 (Lest the smoke his sight o'er-
 whelm,)
 Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
 "Hard-a-starboard your helm!
 Starboard! and run him down!"

Starboard it was, — and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather, —
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
The flame of fight in his eyes!) —
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us,
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
And a voice yelled — "Hard-a-port!
Hard-a-port! — here's the damned
Yankee
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
With a gnarring shudder and growl:
He gave us a deadly gun;
But, as he passed in his pride,
(Rasping right alongside!)
The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide,
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe,
With her bow all weathered and
brown,
The great Lackawana came down
Full tilt, for another blow; —
We were forging ahead,
She reversed — but, for all our
pains,
Rammed the old Hartford, instead,
Just for'ard the mizzen chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and
bend,
And the stout hull ring and reel,
As she took us right on end!
(Vain were engine and wheel,
She was under full steam) —
With the roar of a thunder-stroke
Her two thousand tons of oak
Brought up on us, right abeam!

A wreck, as it looked, we lay, —
(Rib and plank shear gave way
To the stroke of that giant wedge!)
Here, after all, we go —
The old ship is gone! — ah, no,
But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then, — at him again!
His flurry now can't last long;
He'll never again see land, —
Try that on *him*, Marchand!
On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,
Full on his beam we bore;
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
Lay on the tide like a log,
He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot; —
Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
Closed round the hideous Thing,
Hammering with solid shot,
And bearing down, bow on bow, —
He has but a minute to choose;
Life or renown? — which now
Will the Rebel Admiral lose?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,
He ever was strong and bold; —
Shall he shrink from a wooden
stem?
He will think of that brave band
He sank in the Cumberland; —
Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
Boldly his last sea-fight!
Can he strike? By Heaven, 'tis
true!

Down comes the traitor Blue,
And up goes the captive White!

Up went the White! Ah, then
The hurrahs that, once and again,
Rang from three thousand men
All flushed and savage with fight!
Our dead lay cold and stark,
But our dying, down in the dark,
Answered as best they might,
Lifting their poor lost arms,
And cheering for God and Right!

Ended the mighty noise,
Thunder of forts and ships.
Down we went to the hold, —
Oh, our dear dying boys!

How we pressed their poor brave
lips,
(Ah, so pallid and cold!)
And held their hands to the last
(Those that had hands to hold.)

Still thee, O woman heart!
(So strong an hour ago) —
If the idle tears must start,
'Tis not in vain they flow.

They died, our children dear,
On the drear berth-deck they
died, —
Do not think of them here —
Even now their footsteps near
The immortal, tender sphere —
(Land of love and cheer!
Home of the Crucified!)

And the glorious deed survives.
Our threescore, quiet and cold,
Lie thus, for a myriad lives
And treasure-millions untold, —
(Labor of poor men's lives,
Hunger of weans and wives,
Such is war-wasted gold.)

Our ship and her fame to-day
Shall float on the storied Stream
When mast and shroud have crum-
bled away,
And her long white deck is a
dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
Three mortal hours, at the most, —
And hell lies stiff and stark
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours, —
The bay is lost and won,
An Empire is lost and won!
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,
Twine them in one more wreath
Of tenderest white and red,
(Twin buds of glory and death!)
For the brows of our brave dead, —
For thy Navy's noblest Son.

Joy, O Land, for thy sons,
Victors by flood and field!
The traitor walls and guns
Have nothing left but to yield; —
(Even now they surrender!)

And the ships shall sail once more,
And the cloud of war sweep on

To break on the cruel shore; —
But Craven is gone,
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down
At sunrise and twilight dim,
The cannons menace and frown, —
But never again for him,
Him and the hundred.

The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars;
Never more shall the drum
Beat to colors and quarters, —
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal!
Let all your colors dip; —
Mourn him, proud ship!
From main deck to royal.
God rest our Captain,
Rest our lost hundred!

Droop, flag and pennant!
What is your pride for?
Heaven, that he died for,
Rest our Lieutenant.
Rest our brave threescore!

O Mother Land! this weary life
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;
Thine the strong agony of strife,
And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-
spret,
The weary rows of cots that lie
With wrecks of strong men, marred
and rent,
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
Wherein the flame our war-fleet
drives;
The fiery vaults, whose breath is
men's
Most dear and precious lives!

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
Dread Nature clears our murky
air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind:
The Mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind!

To-Day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread Apostles of His Name;
His Kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong: already slants the gold
Athwart these wild and stormy
skies;
From out this blackened waste, be-
hold
What happy homes shall rise!

But see thou well no traitor gloze,
No striking hands with Death and
Shame,
Betray the sacred blood that flows
So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe:—
Thy children's hearts are strong
and high;
Nor mourn too fondly;—well they
know
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing
breath,
Though, ever smiling round the
brave,
The blue sea bear us on to death,
The green were one wide grave.

U. S. Flag-ship Hartford, Mobile Bay,
August, 1864.

H. H. BROWNELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14,
1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lin-
coln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil
wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British
sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his
furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his un-
kempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill
at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art
to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the
pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the
way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its para-
graph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's
pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for
winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to
rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head
and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room
for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from
my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute
my pen;—
To make me own this hind of princes
peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king
of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned
to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height
he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth
seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by
blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he
could be:
How in good fortune and in ill, the
same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful
he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for
fame.

He went about his work,—such work
as few
Ever had laid on head and heart
and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a
task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's
good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the
burden grow,
That God makes instruments to
work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to
know,
Nor tamper with the weights of
good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the
side
That he felt clear was Liberty's
and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had
plied
His warfare with rude Nature's
thwarting nights, —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken
soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lum-
berer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boat-
man's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wan-
derer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the
prowling bear; —
Such were the deeds that helped
his youth to train:
Rough culture, — but such trees large
fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right
girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to
do,
And lived to do it: four long-suf-
fering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived
through,
And then he heard the hisses
change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to
praise,
And took both with the same un-
wavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from dark-
ling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from
where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and
him,
Reached from behind his back, a
trigger prest, —
And those perplexed and patient
eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs
were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his
lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his
pen,
When this vile murderer brought
swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth,
good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from
sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and
shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last
beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its tri-
umph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been
struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof
men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they
bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's,
stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on
a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and
nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crown-
est a life
With much to praise, little to be
forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR in *Punch*.

IN STATE.

I.

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world,
and tell us what the end will
be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmos-
phere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch,
or warrior's shield, or sheeted
bier.

“And on that vast and hollow
field,
With both lips closed and both
eyes sealed,
A mighty Figure is revealed, —
Stretched at full length, and stiff
and stark, as in the hollow of
a shield.

“The winds have tied the drifted
snow
Around the face and chin; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns
and say: ‘We always feared it
would be so!’

“She came of an heroic race:
A giant’s strength, a maiden’s
grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thor-
ough-blend, in her colossal
form and face.

“Where can her dazzling falchion
be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and
free;
And in that hand her shining brand
gleams from the depths re-
splendently.

“And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soar-
ing eagle is the crest.

“And on her brow, a softened
light,
As of a star concealed from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white,
Or of the rising moon behind the
raining vapors of the night.

“The Sisterhood that was so
sweet,
The Starry System sphered com-
plete,
Which the mazed Orient used to
greet,
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars
glimmer and glitter at her
feet.

“And over her, — and over all,
For panoply and coronal, —
The mighty Immemorial,
And everlasting Canopy and Starry
Arch and Shield of All.”

II.

“Three cold, bright moons have
marched and wheeled;
And the white cerement that re-
vealed
A Figure stretched upon a Shield,
Is turned to verdure; and the Land
is now one mighty Battle-
field.

“And lo, the children which she
bred,
And more than all else cherished,
To make them true in heart and
head,
Stand face to face, as mortal foes,
with their swords crossed
above the dead.

“Each hath a mighty stroke and
stride:
One true, — the more that he is
tried;
The other dark and evil-eyed; —
And by the hand of one of them, his
own dear mother surely died!

“A stealthy step, a gleam of hell, —
It is the simple truth to tell, —
The Son stabbed and the Mother
fell:
And so she lies, all mute and pale,
and pure and irreproachable!

“And then the battle-trumpet
blew;
And the true brother sprang and
drew
His blade to smite the traitor
through;
And so they clashed above the bier,
and the Night sweated bloody
dew.

“And all their children, far and
wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide;
And choosing, each whom he will
serve, unsheathe the sword and
take their side.

"And in the low sun's bloodshot
rays,
Portentous of the coming days,
The Two great Oceans blush and
blaze,
With the emergent continent be-
tween them, wrapt in crimson
haze.

"Now whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is great, and man is small,
The Truth shall triumph over all:
Forever and forevermore, the Truth
shall triumph over all!"

III.

"I see the champion sword-strokes
flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foe-
man-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in
scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted
through and through without
remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to
the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head
into its bloody slime, and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and
fire,
I see his victim fall, — expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead. He turns the
head, — the face! The son
beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents, the gaps, the broken
ranks,
The vanquished squadrons driven
headlong down the river's
bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the
main,

The tens of thousands that are
slain,
And all the speechless suffering and
agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded
cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle
blots; —
And writ on many a nameless grave,
a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorgèd prison-den,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone
that were the goodly shapes
of men.

"And still the bloody Dew must
fall!
And His great Darkness with the
Pall
Of His dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise Trans-
formed by Truth to triumph
over all!"

"And Last — and Last I see —
The Deed."
Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
And leaves the Pall of His great Dark-
ness over all the Land and Sea.
FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

REQUIEM.

BREATHE, trumpets, breathe slow
notes of saddest wailing;
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled
drums.

Comrades, with downcast eyes and
muskets trailing,
Attend him home: the youthful
warrior comes,

Upon his shield, upon his shield re-
turning,
Borne from the field of battle where
he fell.

Glory and grief together clasped in
mourning,
His fame, his fate, with sobs exult-
ing tell.

Wrap round his breast the flag his
breast defended, —
His country's flag, in battle's front
unrolled:
For it he died, — on earth forever
ended,
His brave young life lives in each
sacred fold.

With proud, proud tears, by tinge of
shame untainted,
Bear him, and lay him gently in his
grave.
Above the hero write, the young,
half-sainted,
"His country asked his life, his life
he gave."

GEORGE LUNT.

ODE.

[Sung on the occasion of decorating the
graves of the Confederate dead, at Mag-
nolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C.]

SLEEP sweetly in your humble
graves, —
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied
tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their
tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will
smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-
day,
Than when some cannon-mouldered
pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD.

COMMEMORATION ODE.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, JULY 21,
1865.

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms, and not to
yield, —
This shows, methinks, God's
plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic
breeds,
Who stand self-poised on man-
hood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for
his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength
he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had
led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry
grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I
turn
To speak what in my heart will beat
and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-
honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside
she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from
the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero
new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of
God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind
indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never
loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people
joyed to be,

Not lured by any cheat of
 birth,
 But by his clear-grained human
 worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace
 is dust;
 They could not choose but
 trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unflin-
 ing skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring
 again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-peak
 of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our
 cloudy bars,
 A seamark now, now lost in va-
 pors blind;
 Broad prairie rather, genial,
 level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all
 human kind,
 Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of
 loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting morn-
 ward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and
 Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme
 deface;
 Here was a type of the true elder
 race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked
 with us face to face.
 I praise him not; 't were too
 late;
 And some innate weakness there
 must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and can-
 not wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sub-
 lime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns
 and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the
 hour,
 But at last silence comes:
 These all are gone, and, standing
 like a tower,

Our children shall behold his
 fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foresee-
 ing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise,
 not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American.

.

We sit here in the Promised
 Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey
 and milk;
 But 'twas they won it, sword in
 hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us
 as silk.
 We welcome back our bravest and
 our best;—
 Ah, me! not all! some come not
 with the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as
 any here!
 I strive to mix some gladness with
 my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear;
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they
 wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the
 gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the
 dumb turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died
 to gain:
 Fitlier may others greet the liv-
 ing,
 For me the past is unforgiving;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. —
 Say not so!
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that
 repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by
 the way;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in
 the grave;
 No bar of endless night exiles the
 brave;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that staid
 behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations
blow!

For never shall their aureoled pres-
ence lack:

I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that
nobler show;

We find in our dull road their shin-
ing track;

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit
glow,

Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-
hearted ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the
rays

Of morn on their white Shields of
Expectation!

.

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture
rude

Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice re-
newed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs
dead,

The strain should close that conse-
crates our brave.

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofly be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an
hour

Beats no march of conscious
power,

Sweeps no tumult of elation!

'Tis no Man we celebrate,

By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of
Fate,

But the pith and marrow of a
Nation

Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest,
all,

For her day of need, and then

Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower

Feeling his soul spring up divinely
tall,

Touched but in passing by her
mantle-hem.

Come back, then, noble pride, for
'tis her dower!

How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his peo-
ple?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds
and waves!

Clash out, glad bells, from every
rocking steeple!

Banners, adance with triumph, bend
your staves!

And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering
beacon speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock, White-
face he,

And so leap on in light from sea
to sea,

Till the glad news be sent

Across a kindling continent,

Making earth feel more firm and air
breathe braver:—

“Be proud! for she is saved, and all
have helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood
of the poor,

She of the open soul and open
door,

With room about her hearth for
all mankind!

The fire is dreadful in her eyes
no more;

From her bold front the helm
she doth unbind,

Send all her handmaid armies
back to spin,

And bid her navies that so lately
hurled

Their crashing battle, hold their
thunders in,

Swinning like birds of calm
along the unharmed shore.

No challenge sends she to the
elder world,

That looked askance and hated;
a light scorn

Plays on her mouth, as round
her mighty knees

She calls her children back, and
waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between
her subject seas.”

Bow down, dear Land, for thou
 hast found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered
 days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wis-
 dom of his ways,
 And through thine enemies hath
 wrought thy peace!
 Bow down in prayer and praise!
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours
 once more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-di-
 shevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never
 other wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale
 eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay
 bare,
 What words divine of lover or of
 poet
 Could tell our love and make
 thee know it,
 Among the Nations bright be-
 yond compare?
 What were our lives without
 thee?
 What all our lives to save
 thee?
 We reck not what we gave
 thee;
 We will not dare to doubt
 thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will
 dare!

J. R. LOWELL.

CHICAGO.

OCT. 10, 1871.

BLACKENED and bleeding, helpless,
 panting, prone,
 On the charred fragments of her
 shattered throne
 Lies she who stood but yesterday
 alone.

Queen of the West! by some en-
 chanter taught
 To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
 Then lose the spell that all that
 wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some
 chance seed sown,
 Like her own prairies in one brief
 day grown,
 Like her own prairies in one fierce
 night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her plead-
 ing call
 We hear the cry of Macedon to
 Paul,
 The cry for help that makes her kin
 to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she
 feel
 The silver cup hid in the proffered
 meal,
 The gifts her kinship and our loves
 reveal.

BRET HARTE.

VI

PORTRAITS.—PERSONAL. PICTURES.

⁸⁶ Who will not honor noble numbers, when
Verses outlive the bravest deeds of men? ”—HERRICK.

PORTRAITS.—PERSONAL.—PICTURES.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THERE was a king that much might,
Who Nabugodonosor hight,
To his empire and to his laws,
As who saith, all in thilke dawes
Were obeisant, and tribute bear,
As tho' God of earth he were:
Till that the high king of kings
Which seeth and knoweth all things,
Whose eye may nothing asterte,
The privates of man's heart
They spoken and sound in his ear
As though they loud winds were, —
He took vengeance of his pride.

GOWER: *Confessio Amantis*.

NESTOR TO HECTOR.

Nestor. — I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth:
and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath
When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen

But this thy countenance, still
locked in steel,
I never saw till now.

Let an old man embrace thee:
And, worthy warrior, welcome to
our tents.

SHAKESPEARE.

CORIOLANUS.

Cominius. — I shall lack voice; the
deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly. — It is
held,
That valor is the chiefest virtue,
and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the
world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen
years,
When Tarquin made a head for
Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our
then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at,
saw him fight
When with his Amazonian chin he
drove
The bristled lips before him: he be-
strid
An o'erpressed Roman, and in the
consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self
he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that
day's feats,
When he might act the woman in
the scene,
He proved best man of the field, and
for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His
pupil age

Man-entered thus, he waxèd like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurched all swords o' the garland.
 For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home. He
 stopped the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obeyed,
 And fell below his stem: his sword
 (death's stamp),
 Where it did mark it took; from
 face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every
 motion
 Was timed with dying cries; alone
 he entered
 The mortal gate o' the city, which
 he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came
 off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement
 struck
 Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan
 pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his
 doubled spirit
 Re-quickened what in flesh was fati-
 gated,
 And to the battle came he; where
 he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men,
 as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we
 called
 Both field and city ours, he never
 stood
 To ease his breast with panting.
 Our spoils he kicked at,
 And looked upon things precious, as
 they were
 The common muck o' the world; he
 covets less
 Than misery itself would give; re-
 wards
 His deeds with doing them; and is
 content
 To spend the time to end it.
 His nature is too noble for the
 world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his
 trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder.
 His heart's his mouth:
 What his breast forges, that his
 tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death.

SHAKSPEARE.

CORIOLANUS AT ANTIUM.

Coriolanus. — Hear'st thou, Mars!
Aufidius. — Name not the god,
 thou boy of tears —
Cor. — Ha!
Auf. — No more.
Cor. — Measureless liar, thou hast
 made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy!
 O slave! —
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time
 that ever
 I was forced to scold. Your judg-
 ments, my grave lords,
 Must give this cur the lie: and his
 own notion
 (Who wears my stripes impressed on
 him; that must bear
 My beating to his grave) shall join to
 thrust
 The lie unto him.
 Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and
 lads,
 Stain all your edges on me. — Boy!
 False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true,
 'tis there,
 That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Fluttered your Volscies in Corioli:
 Alone I did it. — Boy!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

French King. — Think we King
 Harry strong;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm
 to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been
 fleshed upon us;
 And he is bred out of that bloody
 strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable
 shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captived, by the
 hand

Of that black name, Edward, black
prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, — on
mountain standing,
Up in the air, crowned with a golden
sun, —
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to
see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by
French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This
is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us
fear
The native mightiness and fate of
him.

SHAKSPEARE.

HENRY V.

Canterbury. — The king is full of
grace and fair regard.

Ely. — And a true lover of the
holy church.

Cant. — The courses of his youth
promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's
body,

But that his wildness, mortified in
him,

Seemed to die too; yea, at that very
moment,

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam
out of him;

Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial
spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar
made:

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring
faults;

Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at
once,

As in this king.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward
wish

You would desire, the king were
made a prelate;

Hear him debate of commonwealth
affairs,

You would say, — it hath been all-
in-all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you
shall hear

A fearful battle rendered you in
music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will un-
loose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when
he speaks,

The air, a chartered libertine, is
still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in
men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honeyed sen-
tences;

So that the air and practice part of
life

Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace
should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses
vain:

His companies unlettered, rude, and
shallow;

His hours filled up with riots, ban-
quets, sports,

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity.
SHAKSPEARE.

SPENSER AT COURT.

FULL little knowest thou, that hast
not tried,

What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes that might be
better spent;

To waste long nights in pensive dis-
content;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-
morrow;

To feed on hope, to pine with feare
and sorrow;

To have thy prince's grace, yet want
her peers;

To have thy asking, yet waite many
yeares;

To fret thy soule with crosses and
with cares;

To eate thy heart through comfort-
less despairs;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride,
to run,

To spend, to give, to want, to be
undone.

SPENSER.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with
 holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous
 Muse
 What kind of creature I could most
 desire
 To honor, serve, and love, as poets use.
 I meant to make her fair, and free,
 and wise,
 Of greatest blood, and yet more
 good than great;
 I meant the Day-Star should not
 brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lu-
 cent seat.
 I meant she should be courteous,
 facile, sweet,
 Hating that solemn vice of great-
 ness, pride;
 I meant each softest virtue there
 should meet
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
 Only a learned and a manly soul
 I purposed her, that should, with
 even powers,
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears
 control
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free
 hours.
 Such when I meant to feign, and
 wished to see,
 My Muse bade *Bedford* write, and
 that was she.

BEN JONSON.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A SWEET, attractive kind of grace,
 A full assurance given by looks,
 Continual comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospel books!
 I trow, that countenance cannot
 lie
 Whose thoughts are legible in
 the eye.

Was ever eye did see that face,
 Was ever ear did hear that tongue,
 Was ever mind did mind his grace
 That ever thought the travel long?
 But eyes and ears, and every
 thought,
 Were with his sweet perfections
 caught.

MATTHEW ROYDEN.

EPITAPH ON SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his
 honored bones,
 The labor of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should
 be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of
 fame,
 What need'st thou such weak wit-
 ness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonish-
 ment
 Hast built thyself a live long monu-
 ment.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-
 endeavoring art
 Thy 'easy numbers flow, and that
 each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy un-
 valued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep im-
 pression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself be-
 reaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much
 conceiving;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp
 dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would
 wish to die.

MILTON.

EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lye
 As much beauty as could dye;
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth —
 The other, let it sleep with death:
 Fitter, where it dyed to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

TRANSLATION OF COWLEY'S
EPIGRAM ON FRANCIS DRAKE.

THE stars above will make thee
 known,
 If man were silent here;
 The sun himself cannot forget
 His fellow-traveller.

BEN JONSON.

EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse, —
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast killed another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

EPIGRAM.

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first
times, a man
Made for what Nature could, or
Virtue can;
Both whose dimensions lost, the
world might find
Restored in thy body, and thy mind!
Who sees a soul in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabi-
net.
But I, no child, no fool, respect the
kind
The full, the glowing graces there
enshrined,
Which, (would the world not miscall
it flattery,)
I could adore, almost to idolatry.

BEN JONSON.

TO THE COUNTESS OF RUT-
LAND.

THERE, like a rich and golden pyra-
mid,
Borne up by statues, shall I rear
your head
Above your under-carvèd ornaments,
And show how to the life my soul
presents
Your form imprest there, not with
tickling rhymes
Or common-places filched, that take
these times,
But high and noble matter, such as
flies
From brains entranced, and filled
with ecstasies,
Moods which the god-like Sidney oft
did prove,
And your brave friend and mine so
well did love.

BEN JONSON.

TO WILLIAM SIDNEY, ON HIS
BIRTHDAY.

GIVE me my cup, but from the Thes-
pian well,
That I may tell to Sidney, what
This day doth say,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell
When all the noise
Of these forced joys
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best genius left alone,

'Twill be exacted of your name whose
son,
Whose nephew, whose grandchild
you are;
And men will then
Say you have followed far,
When well begun:
Which must be now: they teach you
how;
And he that stays
To live until to-morrow, hath lost
two days.
Then
The birthday shines, when logs not
burn, but men.

BEN JONSON.

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

HERRICK.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO
TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For the flowry earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
 For now each tree does wear,
 Made of her pap and gum,
 Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the Rose, and now
 The Arabian dew besmears
 My uncontrollèd brow,
 And my retorted hairs.

Homer! this health to thee,
 In sack of such a kind,
 That it would make thee see,
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
 To pledge this second health
 In wine, whose each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid; and suppose
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat,
 O Bacchus! cool thy rays;
 Or frantic I shall eat
 Thy Thyrses, and bite the Bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
 And being ravisht thus,
 Come, I will drink a tun
 To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next,
 This flood I drink to thee;
 But stay, I see a text,
 That this presents to me.

Behold! Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose small return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;
 They only will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost in the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
 In Lethe, to be drowned;
 Then only numbers sweet,
 With endless life are crowned.

HERRICK.

SONNET.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE
 OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle
 thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and
 twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full
 career,

But my late spring no bud or
 blossom show'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive
 the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so
 near,

And inward ripeness doth much
 less appear,

That some more timely-happy
 spirits indu' th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest meas-
 ure even

To that same lot, however mean
 or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and
 the will of Heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's
 eye.

MILTON.

ODE TO BEN JONSON.

AH Ben!

Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts,

Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun;

Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;

And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic
 wine.

My Ben!

Or come again,
 Or send to us

Thy wit's great overplus;
 But teach us yet

Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend:

And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit, the world should have
 no more.

HERRICK.

TO SIR HENRY VANE.

VANE, young in years, but in sage
counsel old,
Than whom a better senator
ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns,
not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot, and the Afri-
can bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard
to be spelled;
Then to advise how War may,
best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves,
iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to
know
Both spiritual power and civil,
what each means,
What severs each, thou hast
learned, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee
we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand
Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her
eldest son.

MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is
spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark
world and wide,
And that one talent which is
death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though
my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and
present
My true account, lest he returning
chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light
denied?"
I fondly ask: But Patience, to
prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God
doth not need
Either man's work, or his own
gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him
best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding
speed,

And post o'er land and ocean
without rest;
They also serve who only stand
and wait."

MILTON.

SONNET.

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune
chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful
deeds,
That did not better for my life pro-
vide,
Than public means, which public
manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name re-
ceives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is
subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's
hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were re-
newed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will
drink
Potions of eyesell, 'gainst my strong
infection:
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct cor-
rection.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I
assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to
cure me.

SHAKESPEARE.

PORTRAIT OF ADDISON.

PEACE to all such! but were there
one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame
inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art
to please,
And born to write, converse, and
live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule
alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near
the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with
jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused him-
self to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with
civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the
rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to
strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to com-
mend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious
friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers
besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
Whilst wits and Templars every sen-
tence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of
praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a one
there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus
were he?

POPE.

LINES TO ALEXANDER POPE.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth as-
sail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend
bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is
thine,
And spleen no more shall blame:
When with thy Homer thou shalt
shine
In one unclouded fame:

When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day, (for come it will,) that day
Shall I lament to see.

DAVID LEWIS.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BUT all our praises why should lords
engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the
Man of Ross:

Pleased Vaga echoes through her
winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause
resounds.
Who hung with woods yon moun-
tain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the
waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns
tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring
through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the
swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with
shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller re-
pose?
Who taught that heaven-directed
spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping
babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor
o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly
bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but
void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at
the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed
orphans blest,
The young who labor, and the old
who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross re-
lieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine
makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his
door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is
no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled
the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pur-
sue
What all so wish but want the
power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous
hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless
charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children
clear,
This man possessed—five hundred
pounds a year.

Blush grandeur, blush ! proud courts,
withdraw your blaze ;
Ye little stars ! hide your diminished
rays.
And what ? no monument, inscription,
stone,
His race, his form, his name almost
unknown ?
Who builds a church to God, and
not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his
name.

POPE.

ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

SHE, of whose soul, if we may say,
'twas gold,
Her body was the Electrum, and did
hold
Many degrees of that ; we understood
Her by her sight ; her pure and elo-
quent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so dis-
tinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body
thought.
She, she thus richly, largely housed,
is gone,
And chides us slow-paced snails who
crawl upon
Our prison's prison, Earth, nor
think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our
little shell.

What hope have we to know our-
selves, when we
Know not the least things which
for our use be ?
What Cæsar did, yea, and what
Cicero said,
Why grass is green, or why our
blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have
reached unto ;
In this low form, poor soul, what
wilt thou do ?
O when wilt thou shake off this
pedantry
Of being caught by sense and fan-
tasy ?
Thou look'st through spectacles ;
small things seem great
Below ; but up into the watch-tower
get,

And see all things despoiled of
fallacies ;
Thou shalt not peep through lat-
tices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears,
nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern ;
In heaven then straight know'st all
concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shall
straight forget.
There thou but in no other school
mayst be
Perchance as learned and as full as
she ;
She, who all libraries had thoroughly
read
At home in her own thoughts, and
practised
So much good as would make as
many more.

Up, up, my drowsy soul ! where thy
new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord
hear ;
Where thou shalt see the blessed
Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men
have said ;
Where she's exalted more for being
good,
Than for her interest of Motherhood :
Up to those Patriarchs, who did
longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they've en-
joyed him yet :
Up to those Prophets, who now
gladly see
Their prophecies grown to be history :
Up to the Apostles, who did bravely
run
All the sun's course, with more
light than the sun :
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly
bleed
Oil to the Apostles' lamps, dew to
their seed :
Up to those Virgins, who thought
that almost
They made joint-tenants with the
Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple
give :
Up, up, for in that squadron there
doth live
She who hath carried thither new
degrees,

(As to their number,) to their dignities.

She whom we celebrate is gone before:

She who had here so much essential joy,

As no chance could distract, much less destroy;

Who with God's presence was acquainted so,

(Hearing and speaking to him,) as to know

His face in any natural stone or tree Better than when in images they be:

Who kept by diligent devotion God's image in such reparation

Within her heart, that what decay was grown

Was her first Parent's fault, and not her own:

Who, being solicited to any act, Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract:

Who, by a faithful confidence was here

Betrothed to God, and now is married there:

Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;

Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray:

Who being here filled with grace, yet strove to be

Both where more grace and more capacity

At once is given. She to Heaven is gone,

Who made this world in some proportion

A Heaven, and here became unto us all

Joy, (as our joys admit,) essential.

DONNE.

TO MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen

O stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

Oh! raise us up, return to us again; And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please, Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave Rob Roy!

Then clear the weeds from off his
grave,
And let us chant a passing stave
In honor of that hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless
heart,
And wondrous length and strength
of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principle of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of
books?
Burn all the statutes and their
shelves;
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and
field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last: they
live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old
rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the
power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learned;
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the
strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires:
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and
fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must
sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is
plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among the rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's
snow:
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been,
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong;
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say, an age too soon?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of
chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their do-
mains,
Would all have seemed but paltry
things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world,
the times
How fairly to his mind.

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the
earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good
enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death;
Kingdoms shall shift about like
clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought
of joy!
France would have had her present
boast,
And we our brave Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, champion
brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least
of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild
thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thy-
self,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's
stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's
hand!
And all the oppressed who wanted
strength
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he
strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And far and near, through vale and
hill,
Are faces that attest the same,
And kindle, like a fire new stirred,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

WORDSWORTH.

TO CAMPBELL.

TRUE bard and simple, — as the race
Of heaven-born poets always are,
When stooping from their starry
place
They're children near, though gods
afar.

MOORE.

STANZAS TO * * *

THOUGH the day of my destiny's
over,
And the star of my fate hath de-
clined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could
find.

Though human, thou didst not de-
ceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not
forsake;
Though loved, thou forebores to
grieve me;
Though slandered, thou never
couldst shake.

Though trusted, thou didst not dis-
claim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to de-
fame me,
Nor mute that the world might
belie.

In the desert a fountain is spring-
ing,
In the wild waste there still is a
tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.
BYRON.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my
fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house
and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue
eyes, they smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now
we part,
But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and
on high
The winds lift up their voices: I
depart,
Whither I know not; but the
hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores
could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet
once more!
And the waves bound beneath me
as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome
to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, where-
soe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should
quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering,
strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a
weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's
foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the
tempest's breath prevail.

BYRON.

LOVE OF ENGLAND.

I'VE taught me other tongues, —
and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to
the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring
surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard
to find
A country with, — ay, or without
mankind;
Yet was I born where men are
proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I
leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage
and free,
And seek me out a home by a re-
moter sea, —

Perhaps I loved it well; and
should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not
mine,
My spirit shall resume it, — if we
may

Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I
twine
My hopes of being remembered in
my line
With my land's language; if too
fond and far
These aspirations in their scope
incline, —
If my fame should be as my for-
tunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull
Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple
where the dead
Are honored by the nations — let
it be, —
And light the laurels on a loftier
head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on
me, —
“Sparta hath many a worthier
son than he.”

BYRON.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare *thee well*!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before
thee
Where thy head so oft has lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er
thee
Which thou ne'er canst know
again:
Would that breast, by thee glanced
over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend
thee, —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced
me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth;
 Still must mine, though bleeding,
 beat;
 And the undying thought which
 paineth,
 Is — that we no more may meet.
 These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.
 And when thou wouldst solace
 gather,

When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Fath-
 er!"

Though his care she must forego?
 When her little hands shall press
 thee,

When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall
 bless thee,

Think of him thy love had blessed!
 Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more mayst see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou know-
 est,

All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Whither, — yet with *thee* they go.
 Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could
 bow,

Bows to thee, — by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now;
 But 'tis done, — all words are idle, —

Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.
 Fare thee well! thus disunited,

Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and love, and blight-
 ed, —

More than this I scarce can die.

BYRON.

NO MORE.

No more — no more — Oh! never
 more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall
 like dew,

Which out of all the lovely things
 we see,

Extracts emotions beautiful and
 new,

Hived in our bosoms like the bag o'
 the bee.

Think'st thou the honey with
 those objects grew?

Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy
 power,

To double even the sweetness of a
 flower.

No more — no more — Oh! never
 more, my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my
 universe!

Once all in all, but now a thing
 apart,

Thou canst not be my blessing, or
 my curse:

The illusion's gone forever.

BYRON.

TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST,
 WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER,
 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beas-
 tie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born com-
 panion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may
 thief;

What then? poor beastie, thou maun
 live!

A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big a new
 ane,

O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'
waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy
trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an'
men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and
pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

BURNS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion me!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to
greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent-
earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens
yield
High sheltering woods and wa's
maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod, or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless
starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow
hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has
striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but
Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's
fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives,
elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's
weight
Shall be thy doom!
BURNS.

SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, 'in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words and deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
 Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
 In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering
 gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow as it falls
 Upon the darkened walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
 Opened, and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone, and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

The lady with a lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear, —
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

LONGFELLOW.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF
AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

IT was fifty years ago,
 In the pleasant month of May,
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying, "Here is a story-book
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
 "Into regions yet untrod,
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful
 song,
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
 And will not let him go,
 Though at times his heart beats
 wild
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his
 dreams
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,
 And the rush of mountain streams
 From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says,
 "Hark!

For his voice I listen and yearn:
 It is growing late and dark,
 And my boy does not return!"

LONGFELLOW.

THE WANTS OF MAN.

"MAN wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
 'Tis not with *me* exactly so;
 But 'tis so in the song.

My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —
And canvas-backs — and wine —
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France
beside
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire.
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels
lace
My bosom's front to deck, —
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want) a wife —
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind, —
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flattery will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power, —
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as
strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought
grace
To rule my native land.

Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *wants* of mortal *man*,
I cannot want them long;
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss — a song.
My last great *want*, absorbing all —
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The "mercy of my God."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1841.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM BELOW THE AUTO- GRAPH OF JOHN ADAMS.

DEAR lady, I a little fear
'Tis dangerous to be writing here.
His hand who bade our eagle fly,
Trust his young wings, and mount
the sky, —

Who bade across the Atlantic tide
New thunders sweep, new navies
ride,
Has traced in lines of trembling
age

His autograph upon this page.
Higher than that eagle soars,
Wider than that thunder roars,
His fame shall through the world be
sounding,
And o'er the waves of time be bound-
ing.

Though thousands as obscure as I,
Cling to his skirts, he still will fly
And leap to immortality.
If by his name I write my own,
He'll take me where I am not known,
The cold salute will meet my ear,
"Pray, stranger, how did you come
here?"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

TO GEORGE PEABODY.

BANKRUPT — our pockets inside
out!

Empty of words to speak his
praises!

Worcester and Webster up the spout!

Dead broke of laudatory phrases!

But why with flowery speeches tease,
With vain superlatives distress
him?

Has language better words than
these?

*The friend of all his race, God bless
him!*

A simple prayer — but words more
sweet

By human lips were never uttered,

Since Adam left the country seat

Where angel wings around him
fluttered.

The old look on with tear-dimmed
eyes,

The children cluster to caress him,

And every voice unbidden cries,

*The friend of all his race, God bless
him!*

O. W. HOLMES.

A KING.

A KING lived long ago,

In the morning of the world,

When Earth was nigher Heaven
than now:

And the King's locks curled

Disparting o'er a forehead full

As the milk-white space 'twixt
horn and horn

Of some sacrificial bull.

Only calm as a babe new-born:

For he was got to a sleepy
mood,

So safe from all decrepitude,

Age with its bane so sure gone by,

(The gods so loved him while he
dreamed,)

That, having lived thus long, there
seemed

No need the King should ever die.

Among the rocks his city was;

Before his palace, in the sun,

He sat to see his people pass,

And judge them every one

From its threshold of smooth
stone.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SEN-
NACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the
wolf on the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming in
purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was
like stars on the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when
summer is green,

That host with their banners at sun-
set were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when
autumn hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay with-
ered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his
wing on the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe
as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed
deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved,
and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nos-
tril all wide,

But through it there rolled not the
breath of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay
white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,

With the dew on his brow, and the
rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the
banners alone,

The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud
in their wail,

And the idols are broke in the temple
of Baal;

And the might of the Gentue, un-
smote by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance
of the Lord!

BYRON.

CLEOPATRA.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
 Stood pretty boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool
 And what they undid, did.
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthronèd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand;—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday; —
 All this rushed with his blood; — Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

BYRON.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I MADE a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them — and they were the same;
 They were not changed like me in frame;

I saw their thousand years of snow
On high, — their wide long lake be-
low,

And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken
bush;

I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;

A small green isle, it seemed no
more,

Scarce broader than my dungeon
floor,

But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers
growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle-wall,
And they seemed joyous each and
all;

The eagle rode the rising blast;
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly, —
And then new tears came in my
eye,

And I felt troubled, — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain.

BYRON.

FROM PARISINA.

EXECUTION.

THE convent-bells are ringing,

But mournfully and slow;

In the gray square turret swinging,

With a deep sound, to and fro.

Heavily to the heart they go!

Hark! the hymn is singing —

The song for the dead below,

Or the living, who shortly shall be
so!

For a departing being's soul

The death-hymn peals, and the hol-
low bells knoll:

He is near his mortal goal;

Kneeling at the friar's knee;

Sad to hear, — and piteous to see, —

Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards
around; —

And the headsman with his bare arm
ready,

That the blow may be both swift and
steady,

Feels if the axe be sharp and true —
Since he set its edge anew:

While the crowd in a speechless cir-
cle gather,

To see the son fall by the doom of
the father.

It is a lovely hour as yet

Before the summer sun shall set,

And his evening beams are shed

Full on Hugo's fated head,

As, his last confession pouring,

To the monk his doom deploring,

In penitential holiness,

He bends to hear his accents bless

With absolution such as may

Wipe our mortal stains away.

He died, as erring man should die,

Without display, without parade;

Meekly had he bowed and prayed,

As not disdaining priestly aid,

Nor desperate of all hope on high.

BYRON.

FROM THE SIEGE OF COR- INTH.

THE night is past, and shines the
sun

As if that morn were a jocund
one.

Lightly and brightly breaks
away

The morning from her mantle
gray,

And the noon will look on a
sultry day.

Hark to the trump, and the
drum,

And the mournful sound of the bar-
barous horn,

And the flap of the banners, that flit
as they're borne,

And the neigh of the steed, and the
multitude's hum,

And the clash, and the shout, "They
come, they come!"

The horse-tails are plucked from the
ground, and the sword

From its sheath; and they form, and
but wait for the word.

Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the
van;

Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and
none escape,

Aged or young, in the Christian
shape;

While your fellows on foot, in fiery
mass,

Bloodstain the breach through which
they pass.

The steeds are all bridled, and snort
to the rein;

Curved is each neck, and flowing
each mane;

White is the foam of their champ
on the bit:

The spears are uplifted; the matches
are lit;

The cannon are pointed and ready to
roar,

And crush the wall they have crum-
bled before:

Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is
bare,

So is the blade of his scimitar;

The Khan and his pachas are all at
their post:

The vizier himself at the head of
the host.

When the culverin's signal is fired,
then On!

Leave not in Corinth a living one —
A priest at her altars, a chief in her
halls,

A hearth in her mansions, a stone
on her walls.

God and the prophet — Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!

"There the breach lies for passage,
the ladder to scale;

And your hands on your sabres, and
how should ye fail?

He who first downs with the red cross
may crave

His heart's dearest wish; let him
ask it, and have!"

Thus uttered Coumourgi, the daunt-
less vizier;

The reply was the brandish of sabre
and spear,

And the shout of fierce thousands
in joyous ire: —

Silence — hark to the signal — fire!

BYRON.

ENTRANCE OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON.

Duchess. — My lord, you told me
you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you break the
story off,

Of our two cousins coming into Lon-
don.

York. — Where did I leave?

Duch. — At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgoverned hands,

from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King

Richard's head,

York. — Then as I said, the duke,
great Bolingbroke, —

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to

know, —
With slow but stately pace, kept on
his course,

While all tongues cried, "God save
thee, Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very
windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and
old

Through casements darted their de-
siring eyes

Upon his visage, and that all the
walls,

With painted imagery, had said at
once, —

"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bo-
lingbroke!"

Whilst he, from one side to the other
turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud
steed's neck,

Bespake them thus, — "I thank you,
countrymen:"

And thus still doing, thus he passed
along.

Duch. — Alas, poor Richard, where
rides he the while?

York. — As in a theatre, the eyes
of men,

After a well-graced actor leaves the
stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more con-
tempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried,
God save him!

No joyful tongue gave him his wel-
come home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off, —
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience, —
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

SHAKSPEARE: *King Richard II.*

THE CALIPH'S ENCAMPMENT.

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War, which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high-pillared walls of Chilmimar,
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory: —
Princely pavilions, screened by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topped with balls of gold: —
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Temen's shells
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

MOORE.

FOP.

Hotspur. — My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again; —
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: — and still he smiled and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not; — for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor
forged, — 'tis at a white-heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased,
though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play
through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the
grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leather panoply, their
broad hands only bare, —
Some rest upon their sledges here,
some work the windlass there.
The windlass strains the tackle
chains, the black mound
heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins
burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright, —
O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting
bright, — the high sun shines
not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth,
such a fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent
hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent
band, like men before the foe.
As, quivering through his fleece of
flame, the sailing monster,
slow
Sinks on the anvil; — all about the
faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out —
leap out;" bang, bang, the
sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are
hissing high and low; —

A hailing fount of fire is struck at
every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the
hail, the rattling cinders strew
The ground around; at every bound
the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking
crowd at every stroke pant
"Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters,
leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor; — a
bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on
every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all
in a perilous road, —
The low reef roaring on her lee, —
the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea;
the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder
gone, the boats stove at the
chains!
But courage still, brave mariners!
the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns,
save when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as though he
said, "Fear nothing — here
am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let
foot and hand keep time:
Your blows make music sweeter far
than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges,
sing, — and let the burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and
royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in — the sparks be-
gin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din,
our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his
bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows,
or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the
lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-
away, and the sighing sea-
man's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go
— far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row,
wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens
down at last;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as
e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if
thou hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward
beneath the deep green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then
behold such sights as thou?

The hoary monster's palaces! methinks
what joy 'twere now

To go plumb plunging down amid
the assembly of the whales,

And feel the churned sea round me
boil beneath their scourging
tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight
the fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing
back, for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtile sworder-fish of
bony blade forlorn;

And for the ghastly-grinning shark
to laugh his jaws to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's
back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden
shallowed miles;

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano,
off he rolls;

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the
far astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves;
or, haply in a cove,

Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old
to some Undine's love,

To find the long-haired maidens; or,
hard by icy lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon
cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep,
whose sports can equal
thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand
tons, that tugs thy cable
line;

And night by night, 'tis thy delight,
thy glory day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white,
the giant game to play, —

But shamer of our little sports! forgive
the name I gave, —

A fisher's joy is to destroy, — thine
office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls!
couldst thou but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy
side, — or who that dripping
band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave,
that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream,
blessing their ancient friend; —

O, couldst thou know what heroes
glide with larger steps round
thee,

Thine iron side would swell with
pride, — thou'dst leap within
the sea!

Give honor to their memories who
left the pleasant strand

To shed their blood so freely for the
love of father-land, —

Who left their chance of quiet age
and grassy churchyard grave

So freely, for a restless bed amid the
tossing wave!

O, though our anchor may not be all
I have fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose
bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE ICE PALACE.

LESS worthy of applause, though
more admired,

Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad
Russ,

Thy most magnificent and mighty
freak,

The wonder of the North. No forest
fell

When thou wouldst build; no quarry
sent its stores

To enrich thy walls; but thou didst
hew the floods,

And make thy marble of the glassy
wave.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was
there:

Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement
asked

Than water interfused to make
them one.

Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all
hues,

Illumined every side: a watery light
 Gleamed through the clear transparency,
 that seemed
 Another moon new risen, or meteor
 fallen
 From Heaven to Earth, of lambent
 flame serene.
 So stood the brittle prodigy: though
 smooth
 And slippery the materials, yet frost-
 bound
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught
 within,
 That royal residence might well befit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy
 wreaths
 Of flowers, that feared no enemy but
 warmth,
 Blushed on the panels. Mirror
 needed none
 Where all was vitreous; but in order
 due
 Convivial table and commodious seat,
 (What seemed at least commodious
 seat,) were there;
 Sofa and couch and high-built
 throne august.
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm
 touch; a scene
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
 And soon to slide into a stream again.
 COWPER.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the
 night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their
 watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the
 ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the
 wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my
 pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that
 guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet
 vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I
 dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's
 dreadful array
 Far, far I had roamed on a deso-
 late track:

'Twas autumn; and sunshine arose
 on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that
 welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed
 so oft
 In life's morning march, when
 my bosom was young:
 I heard my own mountain-goats
 bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that
 the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and
 fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping
 friends never to part:
 My little ones kissed me a thousand
 times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her
 fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art
 weary and worn:"
 And fain was their war-broken
 soldier to stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawn-
 ing of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear
 melted away.

CAMPBELL.

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl
 Of other blood reposes;
 Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,
 Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
 Is leaning fancy-bound,
 Nor listens where with noisy joy
 Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish
 calm, —
 Relaxed the frosty twine, —
 The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
 The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
 Those dimly visioned boughs,
 As these young lovers face to face
 Renew their early vows!

MILNES.

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." — DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the
sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's
cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's
crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and
heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled
drums,
Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless
steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the
organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so
sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall!
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock pines like tossing
plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely
land,
To lay him in his grave! —

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, — O wondrous
thought!
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped
around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our
life
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh lonely tomb in Moab's land!
Oh dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of
ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret
sleep
Of him he loved so well.
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

VII.

NARRATIVE POEMS

AND

BALLADS.

"Fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As buoyant on the stormy main
A parted wreck appears." — SCOTT.



NARRATIVE POEMS AND BALLADS.

HOUSE OF BUSYRANE.

KINGS, queens, lords, ladies, knights,
and damsels great
Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascal rabblement

Without respect of person or of port,
To show Dan Cupid's power and great effort:

And round about a border was entrailed

Of broken bows and arrows shivered short,

And a long bloody river through them rayled

So lively and so like that living scene it failed.

And at the upper end of that fair room

There was an altar built of precious stone

Of passing value and of great renown,
On which there stood an image all alone,

Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;

And wings it had with sundry colors dight, —

More sundry colors than the proud pavone

Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright

When her discolored bow she spreads through heaven bright.

Blindfold he was; and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow of arrows keen did hold,

With which he shot at random when him list;

Some headed with sad lead, some
- with pure gold;

(Ah! man, beware how thou those darts behold!)

A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tail did his left foot infold,

And with a shaft was shot through either eye

That no man forth might draw, nor
no man remedy.

And underneath his feet was written thus:

"Unto the Victor of the gods this be;"
And all the people in that ample house

Did to that image bow their humble knee,

And oft committed foul idolatry.

That wondrous sight fair Britomart amazed,

Nor seeing could her wonder satisfy,
But ever more and more upon it gazed
The while the passing brightness
her frail senses dazed.

Though as she backward cast her busy eye,

To search each secret of that goodly stead,

Over the door thus written she did spy,

"Be bold:" she oft and oft it over-read,

Yet could not find what sense it figured;

But whatso were therein, or writ, or meant,

She was thereby no whit discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into
the next room went.

Much fairer than the former was
that room,

And richlier by many parts arrayed;

For not with arras, made in painful
loom,
But with pure 'gold, it all was over-
laid,
Wrought with wild antics, which
their follies played
In the rich metal as they living were:
A thousand monstrous forms therein
were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon
him wear;
For love in thousand monstrous
forms doth oft appear.

And all about the glistening walls
were hung
With warlike spoils and with victo-
torious prayes
Of mighty conquerors and captains
strong,
Which were whilom captived in their
days
To cruel love, and wrought their
own decays.
Their swords and spears were broke,
and hauberks rent,
And their proud garlands of trium-
phant bays
Trodden to dust with fury insolent,
To show the victor's might and
merciless intent.

The warlike maid, beholding earnest-
ly
The goodly ordinance of this rich
place,
Did greatly wonder, nor did satisfy
Her greedy eyes by gazing a long
space.
But more she marvelled that no
footing's trace
Nor wight appeared, but wasteful
emptiness
And solemn silence over all that
space:
Strange thing it seemed that none
was to possess
So rich purveyance, nor them keep
with carefulness.

And as she looked about, she did
behold
How over that same door was like-
wise writ,
"*Be bold, be bold,*" and everywhere,
"*Be bold;*"
That much she mused, yet could
not construe it

By any riddling skill, nor common
wit.
At last she spied at that room's
upper end
Another iron door, on which was
writ,
"*Be not too bold;*" whereto though
she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what
it might intend.

SPENSER.

THE GATE OF CAMELOT.

So, when their feet were planted on
the plain
That broadened toward the base of
Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty
morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal
mount,
That rose between the forest and
the field.
At times the summit of the high
city flashed;
At times the spires and turrets half-
way down
Pricked through the mist: at times
the great gate shone
Only, that opened on the field below:
Anon, the whole fair city had dis-
appeared.

Then those who went with Gareth
were amazed,
One crying, "Let us go no further,
lord.
Here is a city of Enchanters, built
By fairy Kings." The second echoed
him,
"Lord, we have heard from our wise
men at home
To Northward, that this King is not
the King,
But only changeling out of Fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by
sorcery
And Merlin's glamour." Then the
first again,
"Lord, there is no such city any-
where,
But all a vision."

Gareth answered them
With laughter, swearing he had
glamour enow

In his own blood, his pryncedom,
 youth and hopes,
 To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian
 sea;
 So pushed them all unwilling toward
 the gate.
 And there was no gate like it under
 heaven.
 For barefoot on the keystone, which
 was lined
 And rippled like an ever-fleeting
 wave,
 The Lady of the Lake stood: all her
 dress
 Wept from her sides as water flow-
 ing away;
 But like the cross her great and
 goodly arms
 Stretched under all the cornice, and
 upheld:
 And drops of water fell from either
 hand;
 And down from one a sword was
 hung, from one
 A censer, either worn with wind
 and storm;
 And o'er her breast floated the sacred
 fish;
 And in the space to left of her and
 right,
 Were Arthur's wars in weird devices
 done,
 New things and old co-twisted, as if
 Time
 Were nothing, so inveterately, that
 men
 Were giddy gazing there; and over
 all
 High on the top were those three
 Queens, the friends
 Of Arthur, who should help him at
 his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long
 a space
 Stared at the figures, that at last it
 seemed
 The dragon-boughts and elvish em-
 blemings
 Began to move, seethe, twine and
 curl: they called
 To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is
 alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt
 his eyes
 So long, that even to him they
 seemed to move.

Out of the city a blast of music pealed.
 Back from the gate started the three,
 to whom
 From out thereunder came an an-
 cient man,
 Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye,
 my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of
 the soil,
 Who leaving share in furrow, come
 to see
 The glories of our King: but these,
 my men
 (Your city moved so weirdly in the
 mist),
 Doubt if the King be King at all, or
 come
 From fairyland; and whether this
 be built
 By magic, and by fairy Kings and
 Queens;
 Or whether there be any city at all,
 Or all a vision: and this music now
 Hath scared them both; but tell thou
 these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer
 playing on him
 And saying, "Son, I have seen the
 good ship sail
 Keel upward and mast downward in
 the heavens,
 And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:
 And here is truth; but an it please
 thee not,
 Take thou the truth as thou hast
 told it me.
 For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy
 King
 And Fairy Queens have built the
 city, son;
 They came from out a sacred moun-
 tain-cleft
 Toward the sunrise, each with harp
 in hand,
 And built it to the music of their
 harps.
 And as thou sayest it is enchanted,
 son,
 For there is nothing in it as it seems,
 Saving the King; though some there
 be that hold
 The King a shadow, and the city real:
 Yet take thou heed of him, for so
 thou pass
 Beneath this archway, then wilt
 thou become

A thrall to his enchantments, for
 the King
 Will bind thee by such vows, as is a
 shame
 A man should not be bound by, yet
 the which
 No man can keep; but, so thou dread
 to swear,
 Pass not beneath this gateway, but
 abide
 Without, among the cattle of the field,
 For, an ye heard a music, like enow
 They are building still, seeing the
 city is built
 To music, therefore never built at all,
 And therefore built forever."

Gareth spake
 Angered, "Old Master, reverence
 thine own beard
 That looks as white as utter truth,
 and seems
 Well-nigh as long as thou art statured
 tall!
 Why mockest thou the stranger that
 hath been
 To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied,
 "Know ye not then the Riddling of
 the Bards?
 'Confusion, and illusion, and rela-
 tion,
 Elusion, and occasion, and evasion' ?
 I mock thee not but as thou mockest
 me,
 And all that see thee, for thou art
 not who
 Thou seemest, but I know thee who
 thou art.
 And now thou goest up to mock the
 King,
 Who cannot brook the shadow of
 any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending
 here
 Turned to the right, and past along
 the plain;
 Whom Gareth looking after, said,
 "My men,
 Our one white lie sits like a little
 ghost
 Here on the threshold of our enter-
 prise.
 Let love be blamed for it, not she,
 nor I:
 Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer
 He spake and laughed, then entered
 with his twain
 Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
 And stately, rich in emblem and the
 work
 Of ancient kings who did their days
 in stone;
 Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at
 Arthur's court,
 Knowing all arts, had touched, and
 everywhere
 At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with
 lessening peak
 And pinnacle, and had made it spire
 to heaven.
 And ever and anon a knight would
 pass
 Outward, or inward to the hall: his
 arms
 Clashed; and the sound was good to
 Gareth's ear.
 And out of bower and casement
 shyly glanced
 Eyes of pure women, wholesome
 stars of love;
 And all about a healthful people
 stept
 As in the presence of a gracious
 king.

TENNYSON.

THE CROWNING OF ARTHUR.

THERE came to Cameliard,
 With Gawin and young Modred, her
 two sons,
 Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,
 Bellicent;
 Whom as he could, not as he would,
 the King
 Made feast for, saying, as they sat
 at meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on
 summer seas.
 Ye come from Arthur's court. Vic-
 tor his men
 Report him! Yea, but ye, — think
 ye this king, —
 So many those that hate him, and
 so strong,
 So few his knights, however brave
 they be, —
 Hath body enow to hold his foemen
 down?"

“O King,” she cried, “and I will
 tell thee: few,
 Few, but all brave, all of one mind
 with him;
 For I was near him when the savage
 yells
 Of Uther’s peerage died, and Arthur
 sat
 Crowned on the dais, and his war-
 riors cried,
 ‘Be thou the king, and we will work
 thy will
 Who love thee.’ Then the King in
 low deep tones,
 And simple words of great author-
 ity,
 Bound them by so strait vows to his
 own self,
 That when they rose, knighted from
 kneeling, some
 Were pale as at the passing of a
 ghost,
 Some flushed, and others dazed, as
 one who wakes
 Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

“But when he spake and cheered
 his Table Round
 With large, divine and comfortable
 words
 Beyond my tongue to tell thee, — I
 beheld
 From eye to eye through all their
 Order flash
 A momentary likeness of the King:
 And ere it left their faces, through
 the cross
 And those around it and the Cruci-
 fied,
 Down from the casement over Ar-
 thur, snote
 Flame-color, vert and azure, in three
 rays,
 One falling upon each of three fair
 queens,
 Who stood in silence near his throne,
 the friends
 Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with
 bright
 Sweet faces, who will help him at
 his need.

“And there I saw mage Merlin,
 whose vast wit
 And hundred winters are but as the
 hands

Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.
 “And near him stood the Lady
 of the Lake,
 Who knows a subtler magic than
 his own, —
 Clothed in white samite, mystic,
 wonderful.
 She gave the King his huge cross-
 hilted sword,
 Whereby to drive the heathen out:
 a mist
 Of incense curled about her, and
 her face
 Well-nigh was hidden in the minster
 gloom;
 But there was heard among the
 holy hymns
 A voice as of the waters, for she
 dwells
 Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever
 storms
 May shake the world, and when the
 surface rolls,
 Hath power to walk the waters like
 our Lord.

“There likewise I beheld Excali-
 bur
 Before him at his crowning borne,
 the sword
 That rose from out the bosom of the
 lake,
 And Arthur rowed across and took
 it, — rich
 With jewels, elfin Urim, on the
 hilt,
 Bewildering heart and eye, — the
 blade so bright
 That men are blinded by it; — on
 one side,
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all
 this world,
 ‘Take me;’ but turn the blade and
 ye shall see,
 And written in the speech ye speak
 yourself,
 ‘Cast me away!’ And sad was
 Arthur’s face
 Taking it, but old Merlin counselled
 him,
 ‘Take thou and strike! the time to
 cast away
 Is yet far-off.’ So this great brand
 the king
 Took, and by this will beat his foe-
 men down.”

TENNYSON.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

DARK fell the night, the watch was
set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watchfires
met,
Caroused, and fiercely fed.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's
beeves,
And laughed at England's fall.
Each warrior proud, each Danish
earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their bracelets white with plundered
pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the
towerly strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam, —
With hands of steel and mouths of
flame
'They raged the kingdom through;
And where the Norseman sickle
came,
No crop but hunger grew.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair;
They dragged from many a father's
corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and
gold,
Were gathered round the feast;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh! never that riot ceased.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
Before the strong sea-kings;
"Ye Lords and Earls of Odin's
brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay;
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
Will ye the song repay."

In trod the bard with keen cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry
shook

Of many a Danish lord.
But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

Loud Guthrum spake, — "Nay, gaze
not thus,
Thou Harper weak and poor!
By Thor! who bandy looks with us
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark's
host,
High praise each dauntless Earl;
The brave who stun this English
coast
With war's unceasing whirl."

The Harper slowly bent his head,
And touched aloud the string;
Then raised his face, and boldly
said,
"Hear thou my lay, O king!
High praise from every mouth of
man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne'er go back alive.

"Fill high your cups, and swell the
shout,
At famous Regnar's name!
Who sank his host in bloody rout,
When he to Humber came.
His men were chased, his sons were
slain,
And he was left alone.
They bound him in an iron chain
Upon a dungeon stone.

"With iron links they bound him
fast;
With snakes they filled the hole,
That made his flesh their long re-
past,
And bit into his soul.

"Great chiefs, why sink in gloom
your eyes?
Why champ your teeth in pain?
Still lives the song though Regnar
dies!
Fill high your cups again.
Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen
lords!
Who fought and swayed so long,
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
And owe your names to song.

"This land has graves by thousands
more

Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o'er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows? Not chief,
nor bard;

And yet to me 'tis given,
To see your foreheads deeply scarred,
And guess the doom of Heaven.

"I may not read or when or how,
But, Earls and Kings, be sure
I see a blade o'er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the
strain!

When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe
again,
And thrill the feastful hall."

Grim sat the chiefs; one heaved a
groan,

And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.

And Guthrum cried, "Nay, bard, no
more

We hear thy boding lay;
Make drunk the song with spoil and
gore!

Light up the joyous fray!"

"Quick throbs my brain," — so burst
the song, —

"To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long;
Earth cries, My thirst is sore.
More blithely twang the strings of
bows

Than strings of harps in glee;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
Or rosy lips to me.

"Oh! fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshalled
powers,

The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair;
Raise loud the song, and drain the
bowl!

I would that I were there!"

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng;

It seemed two crashing hosts were
nigh,

Whose shock aroused the song.
A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played;
And said, "I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Al-
fred's own;

Thy song befits the brave:
The King who cannot guard his
throne

Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, "I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

"To him, your Lord, Oh shout ye
all!

His meed be deathless praise!
The King who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days."

"The praise thou speakest," Guth-
rum said,

"With sweetness fills mine ear;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he
shared,

And saw me rule his land!"

Then stern the minstrel rose, and
spake,

And gazed upon the King, —

"Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.

Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again:
The cup shall stay in Guthrum's
power

Till I demand it then."

The Harper turned and left the
shed,

Nor bent to Guthrum's crown;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.

The Danes ne'er saw that Harper
more,

For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

JOHN STERLING

GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

KING Ferdinand alone did stand one
day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the
ramparts of Seville;
The sight was grand when Ferdinand
by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the
Christian banners flying.

Down chanced the king his eye to
fling, where far the camp be-
low
Two gentlemen along the glen were
riding soft and slow;
As void of fear each cavalier seemed
to be riding there,
As some strong hound may pace
around the roebuck's thicket
lair.

It was Don Garci Perez; and he
would breathe the air,
And he had ta'en a knight with him
that as lief had been else-
where:

For soon this knight to Garci said,
"Ride, ride, or we are lost!
I see the glance of helm and lance, —
it is the Moorish host!"

The Lord of Vargas turned him
round, his trusty squire was
near;
The helmet on his brow he bound,
his gauntlet grasped the spear;
With that upon his saddle-tree he
planted him right steady, —
"Now come," quoth he, "whoe'er
they be, I trow they'll find us
ready."

By this the knight that rode with
him had turned his horse's
head,
And up the glen in fearful trim unto
the camp had fled.
"Ha! gone?" quoth Garci Perez:
he smiled, and said no more,
But slowly on with his esquire rode
as he rode before.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then
it happened so,
He took his stand by Ferdinand, and
with him gazed below;

"My liege," quoth he, "seven Moors
I see a-coming from the wood,
Now bring they all the blows they
may. I trow they'll find as
good;
For it is Don Garci Perez, — if his
cognizance they know,
I guess it will be little pain to give
them blow for blow."

The Moors from forth the greenwood
came riding one by one,
A gallant troop with armor resplen-
dent in the sun;
Full haughty was their bearing, as
o'er the sward they came;
But the calm Lord of Vargas, his
march was still the same.

They stood drawn up in order, while
past them all rode he;
But when upon his shield they saw
the sable blazonry,
And the wings of the Black Eagle,
that o'er his crest were spread,
They knew Don Garci Perez, and
never word they said.

He took the casque from off his brow,
and gave it to the squire;
"My friend," quoth he, "no need I
see why I my brows should
tire."
But as he doffed the helmet he saw
his scarf was gone,
"I've dropped it, sure," quoth Gar-
ci, "when I put my helmet
on."

He looked around and saw the scarf,
for still the Moors were near,
And they had picked it from the
sward, and looped it on a spear.
"These Moors," quoth Garci Perez,
"uncourteous Moors they be, —
Now, by my soul, the scarf they
stole, yet durst not question
me!

Now reach once more my helmet."
The esquire said him nay,
"For a silken string why should ye
fling perchance your life
away?"
"I had it from my lady," quoth
Garci, "long ago,
And never Moor that scarf, be sure,
in proud Seville shall show."

But when the Moslem saw him, they
stood in firm array:
He rode among their armed throng,
he rode right furiously;
“Stand, stand, ye thieves and rob-
bers, lay down my lady’s
pledge!”

He cried; and ever as he cried they
felt his falchion’s edge.

That day the Lord of Vargas came
to the camp alone;
The scarf, his lady’s largess, around
his breast was thrown;
Bare was his head, his sword was red,
and from his pommel strung
Seven turbans green, sore hacked I
ween, before Don Garci hung.
LOCKHART: Spanish Ballads.

BATTLE OF HARLAW.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife
and carle,

And listen great and sma’,
And I will sing of Glenallan’s
Earl

That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach’s cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a’,
And hieland and lawland may mourn-
fu’ be

For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white
steeds,

They hae bridled a hundred
black,

With a chafron of steel on each
horse’s head,

And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,

When Donald came branking down
the brae

Wi’ twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving
wide,

Their glaives were glancing
clear,

The pibrochs rung frae side to
side,

Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups
stood,

That Highland host to see:

“Now here a knight that’s stout and
good

May prove a jeopardie:

“What wouldst thou do, my squire
so gay,

Thât rides beside my reyne, —

Were ye Glenallan’s Earl the day,

And I were Roland Cheyne?

“To turn the rein were sin and
shame,

To fight were wondrous peril, —

What would ye do now, Roland
Cheyne,

Were ye Glenallan’s Earl?”

“Were I Glenallan’s Earl this
tide,

And ye were Roland Cheyne,

The spur should be in my horse’s
side,

And the bridle upon his mane.

“If they hae twenty thousand
blades,

And we twice ten times ten,

Yet they hae but their tartan
plaids,

And we are mail-clad men.

“My horse shall ride through ranks
sae rude,

As through the moorland fern, —

Then ne’er let the gentle Norman
blude

Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”

SCOTT.

KINMONT WILLIE.

OH, have ye na heard o’ the fause
Sakelde?

Oh, have ye na heard o’ the keen
Lord Scroope?

How they hae ta’en bauld Kinmont
Willie,

On Haribee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,

But twenty men as stout as he,

Fause Sakelde had never the Kin-
mont ta’en,

Wi’ eightscore in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his
back;

They guarded him, fivesome on each
side,
And they brought him ower the
Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-
rack,
And also through the Carlisle
sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's com-
mands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue
is free,
And whae will dare this deed
avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buc-
cleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank
reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee
free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quoth
Willie.
"By the faith o' my body, Lord
Scroope," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I
gaed." —

Now word is gane to the bauld
Keeper,
In Branksome Ha', wher that he
lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the
Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on
hie, —
"Now Christ's curse on my head,"
he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope,
I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow-
tree?

Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord sets light by
me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont
Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buc-
cleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him,
Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buc-
cleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a
spear?

"O were there war between the
lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were builded of marble
stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,*
And sloken it with English
blood!
There's never a man in Cumber-
land,
Should ken where Carlisle castell
stood.

"But since nae war's between the
lands,
And there is peace, and peace
should be;
I'll neither harin English lad or
lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall
be!"

He has called him forty Marchmen
bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buc-
cleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on
spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feath-
ers blue.

There were five and five before them
a',
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles
bright:

* Flame.

And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
Like warden's men, arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

And as we crossed the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!" —

"We go to hunt an English stag,
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!" —

Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the nevir a word of lore had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?"
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;

The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;

The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead —
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!"

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew —
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulter, and wi' forehammers,
 We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
 Untill we came to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinnmont he did
 lie.

And when we cam to the lower
 prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinnmont he did
 lie, —

“O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinnmont
 Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to
 die?”

“O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd
 frae me!

Gie my service back to my wife and
 bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that spier for
 me.”

Then red Rowan has hente him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale —
 “Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take
 farewell.

“Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord
 Scroope!
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!”
 he cried —

“I'll pay you for my lodging mail,
 When first we meet on the Border
 side.”

Then shoulder high, with shout and
 cry,

We bore him down the ladder lang;
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinnmont's airns played
 clang!

“O mony a time,” quo' Kinnmont
 Willie,

“I've ridden horse baith wild and
 wood;

But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

“And mony a time,” quo' Kinnmont
 Willie,

“I've pricked a horse out oore
 the furs;

But since the day I backed a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous
 spurs!”

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-
 bank,
 When a' the Carlisle bells were
 rung,
 And a thousand men on horse and
 foot,
 Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope
 along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden Wa-
 ter,
 Even where it flowed frae bank to
 brim,
 And he has plunged in wi' a' his
 band,
 And safely swam them through
 the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
 And at Lord Scroope his glove
 flung he —
 “If ye like na my visit in merry
 England,
 In fair Scotland come visit me!”

All sore astonished stood Lord
 Scroope,
 He stood as still as rock of stane;
 He scarcely dared to trust his eyes,
 When through the water they had
 gane.

“He is either himsell a devil frae
 hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun
 be;
 I wadna have ridden that wan water
 For a' the gowd in Christentie.”
 SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of
 time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of
 brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
 in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns’ twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:
“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur
Bay, —

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town’s-people on her
deck!

“Lay by! lay by!” they called to
him.

Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog
and rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marble-
head

Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might
not be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed
away? —

Old Floyd Ireson for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives
gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn’s bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and
cane,

And cracked with curses the hoarse
refrain:

“Here’s Flud Oirson fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t

By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t

By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

“Hear me, neighbors!” at last he
cried, —

“What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the
skin

To the nameless horror that lives
within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me, — I only
dread

The hand of God and the face of the
dead!”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at
 sea
 Said, "God has touched him! — why
 should we?"
 Said an old wife mourning her only
 son,
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him
 run!"
 So with soft relentings and rude ex-
 cuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
 loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame
 and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried
 in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

WHITTIER.

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLE.

THE king called his best archers
 To the buttes with him to go,
 "I will see these fellows shoot," he
 said,
 "In the north have wrought this
 wo."

The king's bowmen busk them blyve,
 And the queen's archers alsoe,
 So did these three wight yeomen
 With them they thought to go.

There twice or thrice they shoot
 about
 For to assay their hand,
 There was no shot these yeomen shot
 That any prick might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudeslé,
 "By him that for me died,
 I hold him never no good archer
 That shooteth at buttes so wide."

"Whereat?" then said our king,
 "I pray thee tell me:"
 "At such a butte, sir," he said,
 "As men use in my countree."

William went into a field,
 And his two brethren with him,
 There they set up hazle rods,
 Twenty score paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Clou-
 deslé,

"That yonder wande cleaveth in
 two."

"Here is none such," said the king,
 "Nor none that can so do."

"I shall assay, sir," said Cloudeslé,
 "Or that I farther go."

Cloudeslé with a bearing arrow
 Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then
 said the king,

"Forsooth that ever I see;" —

"And yet for your love," said Wil-
 liam,

"I will do more mastery.

"I have a son is seven years old,
 He is to me full dear;
 I will him tie to a stake
 All shall see that be here.

"And lay an apple upon his head,
 And go six score paces him fro,
 And I myself with a broad arrow
 Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now haste thee then," said the
 king,

"By him that died on a tree;
 But if thou do not as thou hast said,
 Hanged shalt thou be.

"And thou touch his head or gown,
 In sight that men may see,
 By all the saints that be in Heaven,
 I shall hang you all three!"

"That I have promised," said Wil-
 liam,

"I will it never forsake;"
 And there even before the king,
 In the earth he drove a stake,

And bound thereto his eldest son,
 And bade him stand still thereat,
 And turned the child's head from
 him,
 Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bow he bent;
 Six score paces were out-met,
 And thither Cloudeslé went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrow,
His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that was there,
That they would still stand,
“For he that shooteth for such a
wager,
Behoveth a steadfast hand.”

Much people prayed for Clondeslé,
That his life saved might be,
And when he made him ready to
shoot
There was many a weeping eye.

Thus Clondeslé cleft the apple in two
That many a man might see;
“Over-gods forbode,” then said the
king,
“That thou should shoot at me!

“I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north country
I make thee chief rider.”

ANON.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlând,
Which was the unthrifty heire of
Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent:
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewart,
And John o' the Scales was callèd
he:

But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes “Welcome, welcome, Lord of
Linne,

Let nought disturb thy merry cheer:
If thou wilt sell thy landes so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee
here.”

“My gold is gone, my money is
spent;

My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the
Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall
be.”

Then John he did him to record
draw,

And John he cast him a gods-
pennie;

But for every pound that John
agreed,

The lande, I wis, was well worth
three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
“The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne.”

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and
fen,

All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.

“My son, when I am gone,” said he,
“Then thou wilt spend thy land so
broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

“But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never
spend;

For when all the world doth frown
on thee,

Thou there shalt find a faithful
friend.”

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
“And come with me, my friends,”
said he,

"Let's drink, and rant, and merry
make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote be
thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry
made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk
away;
They left the unthrifty heir of
Linne.

He had never a penny left in his
purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

"Now well-a-day" said the heir of
Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare."

But one I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of
Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sin;
To work, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on
me
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothly were the walls;
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir
of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brere and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning
noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters
These words were written so plain
to see:

"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent
thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne:
His heart I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and
sin.

Never a word spake the heir of
Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he
drew,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
He knew if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Straight good comfort found he
there:

It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-
fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monéy;
And over them in broad lettérs
These words were written so plain
to see.

“Once more, my sonne, I set thee
clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.”

“And let it be” said the heire of
Linne,
“And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the
end.”

Away then went with a merry
cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceased ne blanne,
Till John o’ the Scales house he did
winne.

And when he came to John o’ the
Scales,
Up at the speere then lookèd he:
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-
head,
Because now lord of Linne was he;
“I pray thee” he said, “good John
o’ the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not be:
For Christ’s curse on my head” he
said,
“If ever I trust thee one pennie.”

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o’ the Scales’ wife then
spake he:
“Madame, some almes on me be-
stowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of
me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we wold begin with thee.”

Then bespake a good fellówe,
Which sat at Jolin o’ the Scales his
bord;
Said, “Turn again, thou heir of
Linne;
Some time ‘hou wast a well good lord.

“Some time a good fellow thou hast
been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I’ll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

“And ever I pray thee, John o’ the
Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.”

Up then spake him John o’ the Scales,
All wood he answered him againe:
“Now Christ’s curse on my head”
he said,
“But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heir of
Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again bet-
ter cheape
By a hundred markes than I had it
of thee.”

“I draw you to record, lords,” he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
“Now by my fay” said the heire of
Linne,
“And here, good John, is thy
monéy.”

And he pulled forth three bagges of
gold,
And laid them down upon the bord;
All woe begone was John o’ the
Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold.
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
“The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I me againe the lord of
Linne.”

Says, “Have thou here, thou good
fellówe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"He make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now welladay!" sayth Joan o'
the Scales;

"Now welladay, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his
wife."

"Now fare thee well" said the heire
of Linne,

"Farewell now, John o' the Scales,"
said he:

"Christ's curse light on me, if ever
again

I bring my lands in jeopardy."

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA.

THE Moorish king rides up and
down

Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his
horse,

And through the street directs his
course;

Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should
sound,

With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
"Wherefore call on us, O king?
What may mean this gathering?"

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."

Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
"Good king, thou art justly served,
Good king, this thou hast deserved."

Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement,
Thee and thine, thy crown and
realm,

One last wreck shall overwhelm.

Woe is me, Alhama!"

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's
eyes,

The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him
dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!

Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee
seized,

For Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the
law,

And others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor
said,
They severed from the trunk his
head;
And to Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried as the king decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the
walls
The sable web of mourning falls!
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!
BYRON.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely
on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse
than death;
And the men and we all worked
on;
It was one day more of smoke and
roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's
wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scot-
tish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae
the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's
floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the
open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-
stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-
tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my
dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one
wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my
hand
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's. O! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she
cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks
to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were
there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling
fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his
head,
And they turned to their guns
once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo.
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a
dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle
afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hope-
less war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
 A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
 It was no noise from the strife afar,
 Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.

It came to our men like the voice of
 God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
 And the women sobbed in a crowd;
 And every one knelt down where he
 stood,
 And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed
 them,

Our men put Jessie first;
 And the general gave her his hand,
 and cheers
 Like a storm from the soldiers
 burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan
 streamed,
 Marching round and round our
 line;

And our joyful cheers were broken
 with tears,
 As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

ROBERT LOWELL.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

THE FIRST PART.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and
 gaye,

And Neptune with his dainty show-
 ers
 Came to present the month of
 Maye,

King Henry rode to take the air,
 Over the River Thames past he;

When eighty merchants of London
 came,
 And down they knelt upon their
 knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchants,
 Good saylors, welcome unto me:"
 They swore by the rood, they were
 saylors good,

But rich merchants they could not
 be.

"To France nor Flanders dare we
 pass,

Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare,
 And all for a robber that lyes on the
 seas,

Who robs us of our merchant
 ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned
 him round,

And swore by the Lord that was
 mickle of might,

"I thought he had not been in the
 world,

Durst have wrought England such
 unright."

The merchants sighed and said,
 "Alas!"

And thus they did their answer
 frame;

"He is a proud Scot that robs on
 the seas,

And Sir Andrew Barton is his
 name."

The king looked over his left shoul-
 der,

And an angry look then lookèd he;

"Have I never a lord in all my realm
 Will fetch yond traitor unto me?"

"Yea, that dare I," Lord Charles
 Howard says;

"Yea, that dare I with heart and
 hand;

If it please your grace to give me
 leave,

Myself will be the only man."

"Thou art but young," the king
 replied,

"Yond Scot hath numbered many
 a year:"

"Trust me, my liege, I'll make him
 quail,

Or before my prince I'll never
 appear."

"Then bowmen and gunners thou
 shalt have,

And chuse them over my realm so
 free;

Besides mariners and good sea-boys
 To guide the great ship on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard
chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the
realm,
Though he was threescore years and
ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
“Peter,” says he, “I must to the
sea
To bring home a traitor live or
dead;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners to be the
head.”

“If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred gunners to be the
head,
Then hang me up on your main-
mast tree,
If I miss my mark one shilling
bread.” *
My lord then chose a bowman rare,
Whose active hands had gainèd
fame;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman
born,
And William Horseley was his
name.

“Horseley,” said he, “I must with
speed
Go seek a traitor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowmen
brave
To be the head I have chosen
thee.”
“If you,” quoth he, “have chosen
me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the
head,
On your mainmast I’ll hangèd be,
If I miss twelvescore one penny
bread.”

With pikes, and guns, and bowmen
bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the
sea;
With a valiant heart and a pleasant
cheer,
Out at Thamés mouth sailed he.
And days he scant had sailèd three,
Upon the journey he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and
stand.

* Broad.

“Thou must tell me,” Lord Howard
said,
“Now who thou art, and what’s
thy name;
And show me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence
thou came.”
“My name is Henry Hunt,” quoth
he,
With a heavy heart and a careful
mind;
“I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon
Tyne.”

“Hast thou not heard, now, Henry
Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by
night,
Of a Scottish robber on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton,
knight?”
Then ever he sighed, and said,
“Alas!”
With a grievèd mind and well-
away,
“But over-well I know that wight;
I was his prisoner yesterday.

“As I was sailing upon the sea,
A Bordeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hachborde he clasped me,
And robbed me of all my merchant
ware.
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his own,
And I am now to London bound,
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.”

“Thou shalt not need,” Lord How-
ard says;
“Let me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee fro
It shall be doubled shillings
three.”
“Now God forfend,” the merchant
said,
“That you should seek so far
amiss!
God keep you out of that traitor’s
hands!
Full little ye wot what a man he is.

“He is brass within, and steel with-
out,
With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along.

"And he hath a pinnace dearly
dight,
St. Andrew's cross, that is his
guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen cannons on each side.

"Were ye twenty ships, and he but
one,
I swear by kirk, and bower, and
hall,
He would overcome them every one,
If once his beams they do down-
fall."

"This is cold comfort," said my
lord,
"To welcome a stranger thus to
the sea:
Yet I'll bring him and his ship to
the shore,
Or to Scotland he shall carry me."

"Then a noble gunner you must
have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sink his pinnace into the sea,
Or else he never overcome will be.
And if you chance his ship to board,
This counsell I must give withal,
Let no man to his topcastle go
To strive to let his beams down-
fall.

"And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honor lend to me,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glass I'll get, that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night,
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of
the clock,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew
Barton, knight."

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sette my lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the
clock,
He showed him Sir Andrew Bar-
ton, knight.
His hacheborde it was hached with
gold,
So dearly dight it dazzled the ee;
"Now, by my faith," Lord Howard
said,
"This is a gallant sight to see.

"Take in your ancients, standards
eke,
To close that no man may them
see;
And put me forth a white willow
wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea."
But they stirred neither top nor
mast;
Stoutly they passed Sir Andrew by;
"What English churls are yonder,"
he said,
"That can so little curtesie?"

"Now by the rood, three years and
more
I have been admiral over the sea,
And never an English or Portugal,
Without my leave can pass this
way."
Then called he forth his stout pin-
nace;
"Fetch back yon peddlers now to
me:
I swear by the mass, yon English
churls
Shall all hang at my mainmast
tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off;
Full well Lord Howard might it
ken;
For it stroke down my lord's fore-
mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
"Come hither, Simon," says my lord,
"Look that thy word be true,
thou said:
For at the mainmast shalt thou hang,
If thou miss thy mark one shilling
bread."

Simon was old, but his heart was
bold:

His ordinance he laid right low:
He put in chain full nine yards long,
With other great shot less and
moe,
And he let go his great gun's shott;
So well he settled it with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
He saw his pinnace sunk in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
Lord, how his heart with rage did
swell!

"Now, cut my ropes, it is time to be
gone;

I'll fetch you peddlers back my-
sell."
When my lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart he was full fain;
"Now spread your ancients, strike
up drums,
Sound all your trumpets out
amain."

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew
says,
"Weale, howsoever this gear will
say:

It is my lord admiral of England,
Is come to seek me on the sea."
Simon had a son who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed threescore of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt, with vigor hot,
Came bravely on the other side;
Soon he drove down his foremast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
"Now, out alas!" Sir Andrew cried,
"What may a man now think or
say?

Yonder merchant thief that pierceeth
me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gordon
good,
That aye was ready at my call;
I will give thee three hundred
pounds
If thou wilt let my beams down-
fall."

Lord Howard he then called in haste,
"Horsely, see thou be true in
stead;
For thou shalt at the mainmast hang,
If thou miss twelvescore one pen-
ny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the mainmast
tree,
He swarvèd it with might and
main;
But Horsely with a bearing arrow
Stroke the Gordon through the
brain;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadly wound did
bleed:
Then word went through Sir An-
drew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

"Come hither to me, James Ham-
bilton,
Thou art my only sister's son;
If thou wilt let my beams downfall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won."
With that he swarved the mainmast
tree,
He swarvèd it with nimble art;
But Horsely with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hambilton through
the heart;

And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream
amain:
Then every Scot cried, "Walaway!
Alas, a comely youth is slain!"
All wo begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did
swell;
"Go fetch me forth my armor of
proof,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

"Go fetch me forth my armor of
proof,
That gilded is with gold so clear;
God be with my brother, John of
Barton!
Against the Portugalls he it ware.
And when he had on this armor of
proof,
He was a gallant sight to see;
Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with liv-
ing wight,
My dear brother, could cope with
thee."

"Come hither, Horsely," says my
lord,
"And look your shaft that it go
right;
Shoot a good shot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a
knight."
"I'll shoot my best," quoth Horsely
then,
"Your honor shall see, with might
and main;
But if I were hanged at your main-
mast,
I have now left but arrows twain."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right goodwill he swarved it
then,
Upon his breast did Horsely hitt,
But the arrow bounded back again.

Then Horsely spied a private place,
 With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
 Under the spole of his right arm
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew
 says,
 "A little I'm hurt, but yet not
 slain;

I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
 And then I'll rise and fight again.
 Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew
 says,

"And never flinch before the foe;
 And stand fast by St. Andrew's
 cross,
 Until you hear my whistle blow."

They never heard his whistle blow,
 Which made their hearts wax sore
 adread:

Then Horsely said, "Aboard, my
 lord,
 For well I wot Sir Andrew's
 dead."

They boarded then his noble ship,
 They boarded it with might and
 main;

Eighteen score Scots alive they
 found,
 The rest were either maimed or
 slain.

Lord Howard took a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrew's
 head;

"I must have left England many a
 day,
 If thou wert alive as thou art
 dead."

He caused his body to be cast
 Over the hatchbord into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred
 crowns:

"Wherever thou land, this will
 bury thee."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard
 came,

And back he sailed o'er the main;
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames' mouth he came
 again.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And sealed it with seal and ring:

"Such a noble prize have I brought
 to your grace
 As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,
 A braver ship was never none;
 Now hath your grace two ships of
 war,

Before in England was but one."
 King Henry's grace with royal
 cheer

Welcomed the noble Howard
 home;

"And where," said he, "is this ro-
 ver stout,
 That I myself may give the
 doom?"

"The rover, he is safe, my liege,
 Full many a fathom in the sea;
 If he were alive as he is dead,
 I must have left England many a
 day.

And your grace may thank four men
 in the ship,

For the victory we have won;
 These are William Horsely, Henry
 Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his son."

"To Henry Hunt," the king then
 said,

"In lieu of what was from thee
 taen,

A noble day now thou shalt have,
 Sir Andrew's jewels and his
 chain.

And Horsely thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have
 store;

Howard shall be Earl Surry hight.
 As Howards erst have been before.

"Now Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintain thee and thy son;
 And the men shall have five hun-
 dred marks

For the good service they have
 done."

Then in came the queen with ladies
 fair,

To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;
 They weened that he were brought
 on shore,

And thought to have seen a gal-
 lant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,
 And eyes so hollow in his head,

"I would give," quoth the king, "a
 thousand marks,
 This man were alive as he is dead.

Yet for the manful part he played,
Which fought so well with heart
and hand,
His men shall have twelvapence a day,
Till they come to my brother
king's high land."

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick
read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the
year,
To sail upon the sea?"

"Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be
it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monen-
day morn
Wi' 'a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's
gowd
And a' our queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!"

"For I hae brought as much white
monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou o'
gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry
men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!"

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the
wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts
lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken
ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly
ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken
claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side
And let na the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken
 claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them roun' that
 gude ship's side,
 But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots
 lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
 But lang or a' the play was played,
 They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That floated on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrange their fingers
 white,
 The maidens tore their hair;
 A' for the sake of their true loves, —
 For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it
 flew;
 And it was "Hey for hame!
 And ho for hame!" But the skip-
 per cried,
 "Haud her oot o'er the saut sea
 faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':
 "Haud on for Dumferline!"
 Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo'
 the land —
 I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
 And he steered the ship sae free;
 Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
 And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in
 this, I vow;
 This is something underhand!
 'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper,
 "Yer grace forgets
 Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
 And the east wind sank behind;
 And the west had a bitter word to
 say,
 Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the
 north.
 Said the king: "Gar fling him
 o'er."
 Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a'
 ye're worth!
 Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
 To drink the gude French wine.
 And up she came, his daughter fair,
 And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin'
 hail,
 To the hail but and the weet;
 Her snood it brak, and, as lang's
 hersel',
 Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin'
 win' —
 "What's that ahead?" quo she.
 The skipper he threw himsel' frae
 the win',
 And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
 Put to yer hand," quoth he;
 "Gin she dinna face the win' the
 mair,
 It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength
 is strength,
 Whether woman's or man's at last.
 To the tiller the lady she laid her
 han',
 And the ship laid her cheek to the
 blast.

For that slender body was full o'
soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared
the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady
fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad
sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they
swam.
"And what for no to heaven?" she
says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the
good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what
he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship, she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the
deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was
a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the
stars cam oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-
heid,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he
said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye con-
tre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain
han',
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my
ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o'
Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at
the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's
ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's
face,—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his
ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held
her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the
pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady
fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my
hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam the knights wi' spur
and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's
grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the
face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the
deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae
white,
And away with the skipper goes
she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man
might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?
GEORGE MACDONALD.

WRECK OF "THE GRACE OF SUNDERLAND."

"HE's a rare man,
Our parson; half a head above us all."

"That's a great gift, and notable,"
said I.

"Ay, Sir; and when he was a younger
man

He went out in the life-boat very oft,
Before 'The Grace of Sunderland'
was wrecked.

He's never been his own man since
that hour;

For there were thirty men aboard of
her,

Anigh as close as you are now to me,
And ne'er a one was saved.

They're lying now,
With two small children, in a row:
the church

And yard are full of seamen's graves,
and few

Have any names.

She bumped upon the reef;
Our parson, my young son, and
several more

Were lashed together with a two-inch
rope,

And crept along to her; their mates
ashore

Ready to haul them in. The gale
was high,

The sea was all a boiling seething
froth,

And God Almighty's guns were
going off,

And the land trembled.

"When she took the ground,
She went to pieces like a lock of hay
Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it
came to that,

The captain reeled on deck with
two small things,
One in each arm — his little lad and
lass.

Their hair was long and blew before
his face,

Or else we thought he had been
saved; he fell,

But held them fast. The crew, poor
luckless souls!

The breakers licked them off; and
some were crushed,

Some swallowed in the yeast, some
flung up dead,

The dear breath beaten out of them:
not one

Jumped from the wreck upon the
reef to catch

The hands that strained to reach,
but tumbled back

With eyes wide open. But the cap-
tain lay

And clung — the only man alive.
They prayed —

'For God's sake, captain, throw the
children here!'

'Throw them!' our parson cried;
and then she struck:

And he threw one, a pretty two
years' child,

But the gale dashed him on the
slippery verge,

And down he went. They say they
heard him cry.

"Then he rose up and took the other
one,

And all our men reached out their
hungry arms,

And cried out, 'Throw her, throw
her!' and he did.

He threw her right against the par-
son's breast,

And all at once a sea broke over them,
And they that saw it from the shore

have said
It struck the wreck, and piecemeal

scattered it,
Just as a woman might the lump of
salt

That 'twixt her hands into the
kneading-pan

She breaks and crumbles on her
rising bread.

"We hauled our men in: two of
 them were dead —
 The sea had beaten them, their
 heads hung down;
 Our parson's arms were empty, for
 the wave
 Had torn away the pretty, pretty
 lamb;
 We often see him stand beside her
 grave:
 But 'twas no fault of his, no fault
 of his."

JEAN INGELow.

THE DROWNED LOVERS.

WILLIE stands in his stable door,
 And clapping at his steed;
 And looking o'er his white fingers,
 His nose began to bleed.

"Gie corn to my horse, mother;
 And meat to my young man:
 And I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ere she lie down."

"O bide this night wi' me, Willie,
 O bide this night wi' me;
 The best an' cock o' a' the reest,
 At your supper shall be."

"A' your cocks, and a' your reests,
 I value not a prin;
 For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ere she lie down."

"Stay this night wi' me, Willie,
 O stay this night wi' me;
 The best an' sheep in a' the flock
 At your supper shall be."

"A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,
 I value not a prin;
 For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
 I'll win ere she lie down."

"O an' ye gang to Meggie's bower,
 Sae sair against my will,
 The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
 My malison ye's feel."

"The guid steed that I ride upon
 Cost me thrice thretty pound;
 And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
 To hae me safe to land."

As he rade ower yon high, high hill,
 And down yon dowie den,
 The noise that was in Clyde's water
 Wou'd fear'd five hunder men.

"Ye're roaring loud, Clyde water,
 Your waves seem ower strang;
 Make me your wreck as I come back,
 But spare me as I gang."

Then he is on to Meggie's bower,
 And tirlèd at the pin;
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie," he
 said,
 "Ye'll open, lat me come in."

"O wha is this at my bower door,
 That calls me by my name?"
 "It is your first love, sweet Willie,
 This night newly come hame."

"I hae few lovers thereout, there-
 out,
 As few hae I therein;
 The best an' love that ever I had,
 Was here just late yestreen."

"The warstan stable in a' your
 stables,
 For my puir steed to stand;
 The warstan bower in a' your
 bowers,
 For me to lie therein:
 My boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,
 I'm shivering at the chin."

"My barns are fu' o' corn, Willie,
 My stables are fu' o' hay;
 My bowers are fu' o' gentlemen;—
 They'll nae remove till day."

"O fare-ye-well, my fause Meggie,
 O farewell, and adieu;
 I've gotten my mither's malison,
 This night coming to you."

As he rode ower yon high, high
 hill,
 And down yon dowie den;
 The rushing that was in Clyde's
 water
 Took Willie's cane fra him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
 To catch his cane again;
 The rushing that was in Clyde's
 water
 Took Willie's hat frae him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
 To catch his hat thro' force;
 The rusling that was in Clyde's
 water
 Took Willie frae his horse.

His brither stood upo' the bank,
 Says, "Fye, man, will ye drown?
 Ye'll turn ye to your high horse
 head,
 And learn how to sowm."

"How can I turn to my horse head,
 And learn how to sowm?
 I've gotten my mither's malison,
 It's here that I maun drown!"

The very hour this young man sank
 Into the pot sae deep,
 Up it waken'd his love, Meggie,
 Out o' her drowsy sleep.

"Come here, come here, my mither
 dear,
 And read this dreary dream;
 I dream'd my love was at our gates,
 And nane wad let him in."

"Lye still, lye still now, my Meg-
 gie,
 Lye still and tak your rest;
 Sin' your true love was at your gates,
 It's but twa quarters past."

Nimble, nimble raise she up,
 And nimble pat she on;
 And the higher that the lady cried,
 The louder blew the win'.

The first an' step that she stepp'd in,
 She stepped to the queet;
 "Ohon, alas!" said that lady,
 "This water's wondrous deep."

The next an' step that she wade in,
 She wadit to the knee;
 Says she, "I cou'd wade farther in,
 If I my love cou'd see."

The next an' step that she wade in,
 She wadit to the chin;
 The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
 She got sweet Willie in.

"You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
 And I have had anither;
 But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
 Like sister an' like brither."

WINSTANLEY.

WINSTANLEY's deed, you kindly
 folk,
 With it I fill my lay,
 And a nobler man ne'er walked the
 world,
 Let his name be what it may.

The good ship "Snowdrop" tarried
 long,
 Up at the vane looked he;
 "Belike," he said, for the wind had
 dropped,
 "She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,
 And still would each one say,
 "Good mercer, be the ships come
 up?"
 But still he answered, "Nay."

Then stepped two mariners down the
 street,
 With looks of grief and fear:
 "Now, if Winstanley be your name,
 We bring you evil cheer!"

"For the good ship 'Snowdrop'
 struck, — she struck
 On the rock, — the Eddystone,
 And down she went with threescore
 men,
 We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep, with freight and
 crew,
 Past any help she lies,
 And never a bale has come to shore
 Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth o' gold and comely
 frieze,"
 Winstanley said, and sighed,
 "For velvet coif, or costly coat,
 They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and
 kind,
 O mariners, bold and true,
 Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
 A-thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast
 Shall feel a weight within,
 For a waft of wind he shall be
 'feared,
 And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy
To pace the cheerful town,
And see the lovely ladies gay
Step on in velvet gown."

The "Snowdrop" sank at Lammas
tide,
All under the yeasty spray;
On Christmas Eve the brig "Content"
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised
the roast
The round-faced Aldermen, —

While serving lads ran to and fro,
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine, —

While loud huzzas ran up the roof
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,
And holly-boughs from rafters hung
Dropped down their berries red, —

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,
How the wave washed in his sailor
lads,
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"
He looked to right, he looked to left,
And "Rest you merry," quoth he;

For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown;
For you did not see the white wave
rear
At the rock, — the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with stern-
sails set;
Crash went the masts in twain;
She staggered back with her mortal
blow,
Then leaped at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and
strong;
The misty moon looked out!
And the water swarmed with sea-
men's heads,
And the wreck was strewed about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea
As I clung to the rock alone;
Then she heeled over, and down she
went,
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one!
For naught could bide the shock."
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,
"And see this deadly rock.

"For never again shall bark o' mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for
this
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow;
And he looked around on shore and
sound,
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Reared, and fell over, and reared
again:

"Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way:
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three, —

"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old
Mayor said,
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! your words
ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master
Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern tower
On this rock o' destiny."

The old Mayor laughed, but sighed
also:

"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it
out
From the sea than doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot.

"And the heavier seas few look on
nigh,
But straight they lay him dead;
A seventy-gun-ship, sir! — they'll
shoot
Higher than her masthead.

"Oh, beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitchpots flaming on the shore
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand? then light the
land,
It 'longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty's sea."

Yet said he, "Nay, — I must away,
On the rock to set my feet;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet.

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock, and not elsewhere;
If I may live, O let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old Mayor looked him in the face,
And answered, "Have thy way;
Thy heart is stout, as if round about
It was braced with an iron stay:

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy
men,
Put off from the storm-rid shore;
God with thee be, or I shall see
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and even the drifted snow
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he sat his manly foot
On the rock, — the Eddystone,

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might:
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sailed to shore at flow;
And at his side, by that same tide,
Came bar and beam alsó.

"Give in, give in," the old Mayor
cried,
"Or thou wilt rue the day."
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk
sighed,
But the rock will have its way.

"For all his looks that are so stout,
And his speeches brave and fair,
He may wait on the wind, wait on
the wave,
But he'll build no lighthouse
there."

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short
days,
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in;
"To take his wage," the workmen
said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do:
They showed in the fog like ghosts
full faint, —
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed alway,
For a long eight days and more;
"God help our men," quoth the
women then;
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and
dread:
"Where may our mariners be?"
But the brooding fog lay soft as down
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en;
"As I am a man," the captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my
masters all,
At sea, in the fog and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping
low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant
showed,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;
What manner of creatures may be
those
That built upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be
praised!"
And they flocked to the shore
again:
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased; and the red sun reared his
head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather, with hunger and
cold,
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain;
And though I were dead," Winstanley
said,
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest
night
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere
good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad
waves broke,
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall;
Since, for my part, I have built my
heart
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest
night
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse
tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm
broke,
And wrecks came plunging in;
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling
graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray
dawn, —
Broke on the trembling town,
And men looked south to the harbor
mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth
sleep,
Who made it shine afar,

And then in the night that drowned
its light,
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious
glooms

At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in
state:

Winstanley lieth low.

JEAN INGELOW.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd
hears,

A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:

And now at distance can discern

A stirring in a brake of fern;

And instantly a dog is seen

Glaucing from that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;

Its motions, too, are wild and shy;

With something, as the shepherd
thinks,

Unusual in its cry:

Nor is there any one in sight

All round, in hollow or on height;

Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear:

What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,

That keeps till June December's
snow;

A lofty precipice in front,

A silent tarn below!

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,

Remote from public road or dwelling,

Pathway, or cultivated land,

From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish

Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;

The crags repeat the ravens' croak

In symphony austere;

Thither the rainbow comes—the
cloud—

And mists that spread the flying
shroud;

And sunbeams: and the sounding
blast,

That, if it could, would hurry past,

But that enormous barrier binds it
fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a
while

The shepherd stood; then makes his
way

Towards the dog, o'er rocks and
stones,

As quickly as he may;

Nor far had gone before he found

A human skeleton on the ground;

The appalled discoverer with a sigh

Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks

The man had fallen, that place of
fear!

At length upon the shepherd's mind

It breaks, and all is clear:

He instantly recalled the name,

And who he was, and whence he came;

Remembered, too, the very day

On which the traveller passed this
way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake

This lamentable tale I tell!

A lasting monument of words

This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering
nigh,

Repeating the same timid cry,

This dog had been through three
months' space

A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the
day

On which the traveller thus had died

The dog had watched about the spot,

Or by his master's side:

How nourished here through such
long time

He knows, who gave that love sub-
lime,

And gave that strength of feeling,
great

Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the
mighty Helvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me

gleaned misty and wide;

All was still, save by fits, when the
eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the
echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the
 Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was
 defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the
 front was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot
 where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the
 brown mountain heather,
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay
 stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast aban-
 doned to weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted
 the tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lone-
 ly extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute
 favorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her
 master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his
 silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his gar-
 ment, how oft didst thou
 start?
 How many long days and long weeks
 didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the
 friend of thy heart?
 And, oh, was it meet, that, no re-
 quiem read o'er him, —
 No mother to weep, and no friend to
 deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone
 stretched before him, —
 Unhonored the Pilgrim from life
 should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the
 Peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round
 the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin
 is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the can-
 opied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep mid-
 night, the torches are gleam-
 ing;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the
 banners are beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred
 music is streaming,
 Lamenting a Chief of the People
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of
 nature,
 To lay down thy head like the
 meek mountain lamb,
 When, wildered, he drops from
 some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side
 of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this
 desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray
 plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to wit-
 ness thy dying,
 In the arms of Helvellyn and
 Catchedicam.

SCOTT.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

MEN have done brave deeds,
 And bards have sung them well:
 I of good George Nidiver
 Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
 A hunter bold was he:
 Keen his eye and sure his aim
 As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
 Followed him everywhere,
 Eager to share the hunter's joy,
 The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
 Fell by the hunter's skill,
 The boy was always near
 To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
 Between two mountains steep,
 Shut in both right and left,
 Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
 With hunger fierce and fell,
 Rush at them unawares
 Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
 And ran with terror wild:
 One of the pair of savage beasts
 Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun, —
 He knew *one* charge was all, —
 And through the boy's pursuing foe
 He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
 Came on with dreadful pace:
 The hunter stood unarmed,
 And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood:
 Against those frightful paws
 The rifle butt, or club of wood,
 Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
 And looked him in the face:
 The wild beast stopped amazed,
 Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
 Although his heart beat high:
 Again the creature stopped,
 And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
 Nor yet an inch gave way;
 The bear turned slowly round,
 And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
 It would be hard to spell:
 What thoughts were in George
 Nidiver
 I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
 Swift choice of generous part,
 Showed in its passing gleam
 The depths of a brave heart.

E. H.

SVEND VONVED.

[From the old Danish.]

SVEND VONVED binds his sword to
 his side;
 He fain will battle with knights of
 pride.

"When may I look for thee once
 more here?

When roast the heifer, and spice the
 beer?"

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"When stones shall take, of them-
 selves, a flight,
 And ravens' feathers are woxen
 white,

Then expect Svend Vonved home:
 In all my days, I will never come."
 Look out, look out, Svend Vonved

His mother took that in evil part:
 "I hear, young gallant, that mad
 thou art;
 Wherever thou goest, on land or sea,
 Disgrace and shame shall attend on
 thee."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

He kissed her thrice with his lips of
 fire:

"Appease, O mother, appease thine
 ire!

Ne'er wish me any mischance to
 know,

For thou canst not tell how far I may
 go."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Then I will bless thee, this very
 day;

Thou never shalt perish in any fray;
 Success shall be in thy courser tall,
 Success in thyself which is best of
 all.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Success in thy hand, success in thy
 foot,

In struggle with man, in battle with
 brute;

The Holy God and Saint Drotten dear
 Shall guide and watch thee through
 thy career."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved took up the word
 again —

"I'll range the mountain, and rove
 the plain,

Peasant and noble I'll wound and
 slay;

All, all, for my father's wrong shall
 pay."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

His helm was blinking against the
 sun,

His spurs were clinking his heels
 upon,

His horse was springing, with bridle
 ringing,

While sat the warrior wildly singing,
 Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

He rode and lilted, he rode and sang,
Then met he by chance Sir Thulé Vang;
Sir Thulé Vang, with his twelve sons bold,
All cased in iron, the bright and cold.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved took his sword from his side,
He fain would battle with knights so tried;
The proud Sir Thulé he first ran through,
And then, in succession, his sons he slew.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his side,
It lists him farther to ride, to ride;
He rode along by the grené shaw,
The Brute-carl there with surprise he saw.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

A wild swine sat on his shoulders broad,
Upon his bosom a black bear snored;
And about his fingers with hair o'erhung,
The squirrel sported and weasel clung.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now, Brute-carl, yield thy booty to me,
Or I will take it by force from thee.
Say, wilt thou quickly thy beasts forego,
Or venture with me to bandy a blow?"
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Much rather, much rather, I'll fight with thee,
Than thou my booty should get from me:
I never was bidden the like to do,
Since good King Esmer in fight I slew."
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"And didst thou slay King Esmer fine?
Why, then thou slewest dear father mine;

And soon, full soon, shalt thou pay for him,
With the flesh hackt off from thy every limb!"
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

They drew a circle upon the sward;
They both were dour, as the rocks are hard;
Forsooth, I tell you, their hearts were steeled,—
The one to the other no jot would yield.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

They fought for a day, — they fought for two, —
And so on the third they were fain to do;
But ere the fourth day reached the night,
The Brute-carl fell, and was slain outright.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his side,
Farther and farther he lists to ride;
He rode at the foot of a hill so steep,
There saw he a herd as he drove the sheep.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now listen, Herd, with the fleecy care;
Listen, and give me answers fair.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"What is rounder than a wheel?
Where do they eat the holiest meal?
Where does the sun go down to his seat?
And where do they lay the dead man's feet?
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"What fills the valleys one and all?
What is clothed best in the monarch's hall?
What cries more loud than cranes can cry?
And what in whiteness the swan out-vie?
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Who on his back his beard doth wear?
Who 'neath his chin his nose doth bear?"

What's more black than the blackest
sloe?

And what is swifter than a roe?
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Where is the bridge that is most
broad?

What is, by man, the most ab-
horred?

Where leads, where leads, the high-
est road up?

And say where the hottest of drink
they sup?"

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"The sun is rounder than a wheel.
They eat at the altar the holiest
meal.

The sun in the West goes down to
his seat:

And they lay to the East the dead
man's feet.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Snow fills the valleys, one and all.
Man is clothed best in the monarch's
hall.

Thunder cries louder than cranes
can cry.

Angels in whiteness the swan out-
vie.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"His beard on his back the lapwing
wears.

His nose 'neath his chin the elfin
bears.

More black is sin than the blackest
sloe:

And thought is swifter than any roe.
Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Ice is of bridges the bridge most
broad.

The toad is, of all things, the most
abhorred.

To paradise leads the highest road
up:

And in hell the hottest of drink they
sup."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Svend Vonved binds his sword to his
side,

It lists him farther to ride, to ride:
He found upon the desolate wold

A burly knight, of aspect bold.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

"Now tell me, Rider, noble and
good,

Where does the fish stand up in the
flood?

Where do they mingle the best, best
wine?

And where with his knights does
Vidrick dine?

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved."

"The fish in the East stands up in
the flood.

They drink in the North the wine
so good.

In Halland's hall does Vidrick dine,
With his swains around, and his
warriors fine."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

From his breast Svend Vonved a
gold ring drew,

At the foot of the knight the gold
ring he threw;

"Go! say thou wert the very
last man

Who gold from the hand of Svend
Vonved wan."

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.

Then in he went to his lonely bow-
er,

There drank he the wine, the wine
of power;

His much-loved harp he played
upon

Till the strings were broken every
one.

Look out, look out, Svend Vonved.
Translated from the old Danish by

GEORGE BORROW.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!

His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord

pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier,

the brake;

While answering hound, and horn,
and steed,

The mountain echoes startling
wake.

Thy beams of God's own hallowed
day
Had painted yonder spire with
gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had
toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the
train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver
white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young
and fair,
His smile was like the morn of
May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid
ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on
high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble
lord!

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, af-
ford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging
knell,"

Cried the fair youth, with silver
voice;

"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallowed
noise.

"To-day the ill-omened chase for-
bear,

Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,

To-morrow thou mayst mourn in
vain." —

"Away, and sweep the glades
along!"

The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin-
song,

And bells, and books, and mys-
teries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent
steed,
And, launching forward with a
bound,

"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike
rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and
hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and
pray! —

Well hast thou spoke, my dark-
browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser
light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and
hill;

And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman followed
still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled
thorn,

A stag more white than mountain
snow;

And louder rung the Wildgrave's
horn,

"Hark forward, forward! holla,
ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the
way;

He gasps, the thundering hoofs
below; —

But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on
they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings
crowned;

See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil em-
browned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was
his cry,

"Earned by the sweat these brows
have poured
In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger
pleads,

The left still cheering to the prey;

The impetuous Earl no warning
 heeds,
 But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
 Or dread the scourge's echoing
 blow!" —

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
 "Hark forward, forward! holla,
 ho!"

So said, so done: — A single bound
 Clears the poor laborer's humble
 pale;

Wild follows man, and horse, and
 hound,
 Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and
 horn,
 Destructive sweep the field along;
 While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
 Fell Famine marks the maddening
 throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
 Scours moss and moor, and holt and
 hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength de-
 cay,
 And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
 He seeks the shelter of the crowd:
 Amid the flock's domestic herd
 His harmless head he hopes to
 shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and
 hill,
 His track the steady bloodhounds
 trace;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
 The furious Earl pursues the
 chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall; —
 "O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
 These herds, a widow's little all;
 These flocks, an orphan's fleecy
 care!" —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger
 pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey;
 The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
 But furious keeps the onward
 way.

"Unmannered dog! To stop my
 sport,
 Vain were thy cant and beggar
 whine,
 Though human spirits, of thy sort,
 Were tenants of these carrion
 kine!" —

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
 "Hark forward, forward, holla,
 ho!"

And through the herd, in ruthless
 scorn,
 He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
 Down sinks their mangled herds-
 man near;
 The murderous cries the stag appal, —
 Again he starts, new-nerved by
 fear.

With blood besmeared, and white
 with foam,
 While big the tears of anguish pour,
 He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
 The humble hermit's hallowed
 bower.

But man and horse, and horn and
 hound,
 Fast rattling on his traces go;
 The sacred chapel rung around
 With, "Hark away! and, holla,
 ho!"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
 The holy hermit poured his
 prayer:

"Forbear with blood God's house to
 stain;
 Revere his altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to
 plead,

Which, wronged by cruelty, or
 pride,
 Draw vengeance on the ruthless
 head: —

Be warned at length, and turn
 aside." —

Still the Fair Horseman anxious
 pleads;

The Black, wild whooping, points
 the prey:

Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
 But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me
turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his
horn,

"Hark forward, forward! holla,
ho!"

But off, on whirlwind's pinions
borne,

The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and
hound,

And clamor of the chase, were gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle
sound,

A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl
around;

He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call: for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be
borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful
bears.

Still dark and darker frown the
shades,

Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence
broke;

And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirit's hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the
poor!

The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the
wood;

Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his
child."

"'Twas hushed: one flash, of som-
bre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests
brown;

Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling
hair,

And horror chilled each nerve and
bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing
rill;

A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its
wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails
rend;

From yawning rifts, with many a
yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, as-
cend

The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
His eye like midnight lightning
glows,

His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and
thorn,

With many a shriek of helpless
woe;

Behind him hound, and horse, and
horn,

And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild Despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the
throng,

With bloody fangs, and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful
chase,

Till time itself shall have an end:
By day, they scour earth's caverned
space,

At midnight's witching hour, as-
cend.

This is the horn, and hound, and
horse,

That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his
ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When, at his midnight mass, he hears
 The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"

SCOTT: *trans. from BÜRGER.*

Alice Brand.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are
 singing,

When the deer sweeps by, and the
 hounds are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
 Is lost for love of you;
 And we must hold by wood and
 wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so
 bright,
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so
 blue,
 That on the night of our luckless
 flight,
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the
 beech
 The hand that held the glaive,
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers
 small,
 That wont on harp to stray,
 A cloak must shear from the slaugh-
 tered deer,
 To keep the cold away." —

"O Richard! if my brother died,
 'Twas but a fatal chance;
 For darkling was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet
 gray,
 As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
 And lost thy native land,
 Still Alice has her own Richard,
 And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green
 wood,

So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
 On the beech's pride, and oak's
 brown side,
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who woned within the hill, —
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined
 church,

His voice was ghostly shrill.
 "Why sounds yon stroke on beech
 and oak,

Our moonlight circle's screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-
 wood,
 Though the birds have stilled their
 singing;

The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands,
 And, as he crossed and blessed him-
 self,

"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly
 elf,
 "That is made with bloody
 hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear, —
 "And if there's blood upon his hand,
 'Tis but the blood of deer." —

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of
 mood!

It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice
 Brand,

And made the holy sign, —
 "And if there's blood on Richard
 hand,
 A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?" —

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was
snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once — she crossed
him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady
bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are
singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfer-
line gray,
When all the bells were ringing.
SCOTT.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"THEY made her a grave too cold
and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the
Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a firefly
lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-
tree,
When the footstep of death is
near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he
speeds, —
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of
reeds,
Through many a fen where the ser-
pent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to
sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth
weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly
steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred
the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in
his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his
dream awake,
"O when shall I see the dusky
Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor
bright
Quick over its surface played, —
"Welcome," he said "my dear one's
light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many
a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birch-
en bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds
were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's
camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight
damp,
To cross the Lake by a firefly
lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!
MOORE.

CHILD DYRING.

CHILD DYRING has ridden him up
under òe,
(And O gin I were young!)
There wedded he him sae fair a may.
(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)

Thegither they lived for seven lang
year,
(And O, &c.)
And they seven bairnes hae gotten
in fere.
(I' the greenwood, &c.)

Sae Death's come there intill that
stead,
And that winsome lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up
under òe,
And syne he has married anither
may.

He's married a may, and he's fessen
her hame;
But she was a grim and a laidly
dame.

When into the castell court drave she,
The seven bairnes stood wi' the
tear in their ee.

The bairnes they stood wi' dule and
doubt;—
She up wi' her foot, and she kicked
them out.

Nor ale nor mead to the bairnes she
gave:
"But hunger and hate frae me ye's
have."

She took frae them the bowster blae,
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare
strae!"

She took frae them the groff wax-
light:
Says, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk
a' night!"

'Twas lang i' the night, and the
bairnies grat:
Their mither she under the mools
heard that;

That heard the wife under the eard
that lay:
"For sooth maun I to my bairnies
gae!"

That wife can stand up at our Lord's
knee,
And "May I gang and my bairnies
see?"

She prigged sae sair, and she prigged
sae lang,
That he at the last gae her leave to
gang.

"And thou sall come back when the
cock does craw;
For thou nae langer sall bide
awa."

Wi' her banes sae stark a bowt she
gae;
She's riven baith wa' and marble
gray.

When near to the dwalling she can
gang,
The dogs they wow'd till the lift it
rang.

When she came till the castell
yett,
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.

"Why stand ye here, dear dochter
mine?
How are sma brithers and sisters
thine?"—

"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair
and fine;
But ye are nae dear mither of
mine."—

"Och! how should I be fine or
fair?
My cheek is pale, and the ground's
my lair."—

"My mither was white, wi' cheek
sae red,
But thou art wan, and liker ane
dead?"

"Och, how should I be white and
red;
Sae lang as I've been cauld and
dead?"

When she came till the chalmer
in,
Down the bairns' cheeks the tears
did rin.

She buskit the tane, and she brushed
it there;
She kem'd and plaited the tither's
hair.

Till her eldest dochter syne said
she,
"Ye bid Child Dyring come here to
me."

When he cam till the chalmer in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him;

"I left you routh o' ale and bread;
My bairnes quail for hunger and
need.

"I left ahind me braw bowsters
blae;
My bairnes are ligging i' the bare
strae.

"I left ye sae mony a groff wax-
light;
My bairnes ligg i' the mirk a'
night.

"Gin aft I come back to visit thee,
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck
shall be."

Up spak little Kirstin in bed that
lay:
"To thy bairnies I'll do the best I
may."

Aye when they heard the dog nirr
and bell,
Sae gae they the bairnies bread and
ale.

Aye when the dog did mow, in
haste,
They cross'd and sain'd themselves
frae the ghaist.

Aye whan the little dog yowl'd, with
fear
They shook at the thought that the
dead was near.

SCOTT.

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Being a true relation of the inhuman
murder of two children of a deceased gen-
tleman in Norfolk, England, whom he left
to the care of his brother; but the wicked
uncle, in order to get the children's estate,
contrived to have them destroyed by two
ruffians whom he hired for that purpose;
with an account of the heavy judgments
of God, which befell him, for this inhuman
deed, and of the untimely end of the two
bloody ruffians. To which is added a
word of advice to executors, &c.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I do write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time, brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose fame and credit did sur-
mount
Most men of his estate.

So sick he was, and like to die,
No help he then could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they
died,
And left two babes behind;—

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made of beauteous mould.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundreds pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Two hundred pounds in gold,
For to be paid on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.

But, if these children chanced to die
Ere they to age did come,
The uncle should possess the wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear,
Be good unto my boy and girl:
No friend else have I here.

"To God and you I do commend
My children night and day:
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father, mother both,
"And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."

With that bespoke the mother dear,
"O brother kind!" quoth she,
"You are the man must bring my
babes
To wealth or misery.

"If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward:
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone,
She kissed her children small;
"God bless you both, my children
dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother
spoke
To the sick couple there;
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, never fear.

"God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you're laid in the grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children
young,
And slay them in a wood;

And told his wife and all he had,
He did those children send,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at the tide,
And smiling with a merry mind,
They on cock-horse should ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way,
To them that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell in strife:
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
Where babes do quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bid them come, and go with
him,
And see they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain;
"Stay here," quoth he: "I'll bring
you bread
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in
hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
But, when they saw the darksome
night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two little babes
Till death did end their grief:
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives;
But robin red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon the uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his
house,
His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And to conclude, himself was
brought
Unto much misery.

He pawned and mortgaged all his
lands
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length, this wicked act
By this means did come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will.

Who did confess the very truth
That is herein expressed:
The uncle died, where he, for debt,
Did in the prison rest.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO EXECUTORS.

All ye who be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God, by such like misery,
Your wicked deeds requite.

ANON.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

SWEEP ho! Sweep ho!
He trudges on through sleet and snow.
Tired and hungry both is he,
And he whistles vacantly.

Sooty black his rags and skin,
But the child is fair within.

Ice and cold are better far
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this little one,
Could'st thou see thy little son!

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,
Which the servant maid unlocks.

Now let in with laugh and jeer,
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know
How to bear both word and blow.

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!
In the chimney sleet and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,
Were't the last beneath the sun.

Faithfully it now shall be,
But, soon spent, down droppeth he.

Gazes round as in a dream,
Very strange, but true, things seem.

Led by a fantastic power
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,
Pillows there his aching head,

And, poor thing! he does not know
There he lay long years ago!

E. S. H.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"What is good for a bootless bené?"
With these dark words begins my
tale;
And their meaning is, "Whence can
comfort spring,
When prayer is of no avail?"

"What is good for a bootless bené?"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless
sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's
eye;
And from the love which was in her
soul

For her youthful Romilly.

— Young Romilly through Barden
Woods

Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip up on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful
chasm,

How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called "the
Strid,"

A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that
name,
And shall, a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth
time,
Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in glee, — for what cared
he

That the river was strong, and the
rocks were steep!

— But the greyhound in the leash
hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly
seen

Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be, to pitying hearts,
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion
of death;
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave:
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let
there be

In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

WORDSWORTH.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry
tower,

The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,"
quoth he.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston
bells!

Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of En-
derby!'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde, —

The Lord that sent it, He knows
all;

But in myne ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let
fall:

And there was nought of strange,
beside

The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old
sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne
eyes;

The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth, —

My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.

"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick
groweth

Faintly came her milking song. —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yel-
low;

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe
Lightfoot,

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe
Lightfoot,

Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,

When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,

Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and
strong;

And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,

And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the
greene;

And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges
are

Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message
free,

The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the
sky,

And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple
shows.

They sayde, "And why should this
thing be,

What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the
score,

They have not spared to wake the
towne;

But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates
flee,

Why ring 'The Brides of Ender-
by?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might
and main.

He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is
downe,

The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight
he saith;

"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds
away

With her two bairns I marked her
'long;

And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Ender-
by!"

With that he cried and beat his
breast;

For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises
loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white
cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward
pressed,

Shook all her trembling bankes
amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls
again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin
and rout,—

Then beaten foam flew round
about,—

Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to
beat,

Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping
by:

I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower,
red and high,—

A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to
mee,

That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless
rowed;

And I,—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his
breath,

"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst my daugh-
ter deare!

The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the
grass;

That ebbe swept out the flocks to
sea;

A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and
me:

But each will mourn his own, (she
saith).

And sweeter woman ne'er drew
breath

Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis' shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;

From the meads where melick grow-
eth,

When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver:

Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;

I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mel-
low,

Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe
Lightfoot;

Quit your pipes of parsley hollow.
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and fol-
low;

Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELow

BRISTOWE TRAGEDY; OR, THE
DEATH OF SIR CHARLES
BAWDIN.

I.

The feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

II.

King Edward sawe the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the grey;
And heard the raven's croaking
throat
Proclaim the fated day.

III.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for,
by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows
twain,
To-day shall surely die."

IV.

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait.
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

V.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

VI.

But when he came, his children
twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

VII.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canter-
lone,
"Bad tidings do I bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir
Charles,
"What says thy traitor king?"

VIII.

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honor sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

IX.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir
Charles,
"Of that I'm not affeared;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

X.

"But tell thy king, for mine he's
not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

XI.

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

XII.

Then Master Canning sought the
king,
And fell down on his knee:
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your
grace
To move your clemency."

XIII.

Then quoth the king, "Your tale
speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

XIV.

"My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done
wrong,
He thought it still was right:

XV.

"He has a spouse and children
twain,
All ruined are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

XVI.

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
 The king in fury said;
 "Before the evening star doth
 shine,
 Bawdin shall loose his head;

XVII.

"Justice does loudly for him call,
 And he shall have his meed;
 Speak, Master Canning! What thing
 else
 At present do you need?"

XVIII.

"My noble liege," good Canning
 said,
 "Leave justice to our God,
 And lay the iron rule aside;
 Be thine the olive rod.

XIX.

"Was God to search our hearts and
 reins,
 The best were sinners great;
 Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
 In all this mortal state.

XX.

"Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
 'Twill fast thy crown full sure;
 From race to race thy family
 All sovereigns shall endure:

XXI.

"But if with blood and slaughter
 thou
 Begin thy infant reign,
 Thy crown upon thy children's
 brows
 Will never long remain."

XXII.

"Canning, away! this traitor vile
 Has scorned my power and me;
 How canst thou then for such a man
 Intreat my clemency?"

XXIII.

"My noble liege! the truly brave
 Will val'rous actions prize,
 Respect a brave and noble mind,
 Although in enemies."

XXIV.

"Canning, away! By God in Heav-
 en,
 That did my being give,
 I will not taste a bit of bread
 Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

XXV.

"By Mary and all Saints in Heaven,
 This sun shall be his last;"
 Then Canning dropped a briny tear,
 And from the presence passed.

XXVI.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
 He to Sir Charles did go,
 And sat him down upon a stool,
 And teares began to flow.

XXVII.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir
 Charles;
 "What boots it how or when;
 Death is the sure, the certain fate
 Of all we mortal men.

XXVIII.

"Say, why, my friend, thy honest
 soul
 Runs over at thine eye;
 Is it for my most welcome doom
 That thou dost child-like cry?"

XXIX.

Quoth godly Canning, "I do weep,
 That thou so soon must die,
 And leave thy sons and helpless
 wife;
 'Tis this that wets mine eye."

XXX.

"Then dry the tears that out thine
 eye
 From godly fountains spring;
 Death I despise, and all the power
 Of Edward, traitor king.

XXXI.

"When through the tyrant's wel-
 come means
 I shall resign my life,
 The God I serve will soon provide
 For both my sons and wife.

XXXII.

"Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?"

XXXIII.

"How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson
blood
Imbrued the fattened ground:

XXXIV.

"How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?"

XXXV.

"And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed?
No! from my heart fly childish fear,
Be all the man displayed.

XXXVI.

"Ah! Godlike Henry! God forbend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will; but if 'tis not,
Why then His will be done.

XXXVII.

"My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

XXXVIII.

"In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat:

XXXIX.

"I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go;
Where we forever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe:

XL.

"He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;

And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

XLI.

"He taught me with a prudent hand,
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servant drive away
The hungry from my door:

XLII.

"And none can say but all my life
I have his wordys kept;
And summed the actions of the
day
Each night before I slept.

XLIII.

"I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

XLIV.

"In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain?"

XLV.

"No! hapless Henry! I rejoice,
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

XLVI.

"Oh, fickle people! ruined land!
Thou wilt ken peace nae moe;
While Richard's sons exalt them-
selves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

XLVII.

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?"

XLVIII.

"What though I on a sled be drawn,
And mangled by a hind?
I do defy the traitor's power,
He can not harm my mind;

XLIX.

"What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

L.

"Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

LI.

"Then welcome death! for life
 eternæ
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that's
 dear,
My sons and loving wife!

LII.

"Now death as welcome to me
 comes,
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

LIII.

Quoth Canning, "'Tis a goodly
 thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and
 grief
To God in Heaven to fly."

LIV.

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A prancing on the ground:

LV.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignèd tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

LVI.

"Sweet Florence! now I pray, for-
 bear,—
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

LVII.

"Sweet Florence! why these briny
 tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

LVIII.

"'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love,
Receive this holy kiss."

LIX.

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordys spoke,
"Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke:

LX.

"Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt
 thou go,
Without thy loving wife!
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

LXI.

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turned to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

LXII.

"I go to life, and not to death;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts Him love:

LXIII.

"Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run:
Florence! should death thee take,—
 adieu!
Ye officers, lead on."

LXIV.

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh! stay, my husband! lord! and
 life!"—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

LXV.

Till tired out with raving loud,
 She fellen on the floor;
 Sir Charles exerted all his might,
 And marched from out the door.

LXVI.

Upon a sled he mounted then,
 With looks full brave and sweet;
 Looks that enshone ne more concern
 Than any in the street.

LXVII.

Before him went the council-men,
 In scarlet robes and gold,
 And tassels spangling in the sun,
 Much glorious to behold:

LXVIII.

The friars of Saint Augustine next
 Appeared to the sight,
 All clad in homely russet weeds,
 Of godly monkish plight:

LXIX.

In different parts a godly psalm
 Most sweetly did they chant;
 Behind their backs six minstrels
 came,
 Who tuned the strung bataunt.

LXX.

Then five and twenty archers came;
 Each one the bow did bend,
 From rescue of King Henry's friends
 Sir Charles for to defend.

LXXI.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
 Drawn on a cloth-laid sled,
 By two black steeds in trappings
 white,
 With plumes upon their head:

LXXII.

Behind him five and twenty more
 Of archers strong and stout,
 With bended bow each one in hand,
 Marchèd in goodly rout:

LXXIII.

Saint James's Friars marchèd next,
 Each one his part did chant;

Behind their backs six minstrels
 came,
 Who tuned the strung bataunt:

LXXIV.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
 In cloth of scarlet decked;
 And their attending-men each one,
 Like Eastern princes trickt.

LXXV.

And after them a multitude
 Of citizens did throng:
 The windows were all full of heads,
 As he did pass along.

LXXVI.

And when he came to the high cross,
 Sir Charles did turn and say,
 "O Thou, that savest man from sin,
 Wash my soul clean this day!"

LXXVII.

At the great minster window sat
 The king in mickle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin go along
 To his most welcome fate.

LXXVIII.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,
 That Edward he might hear,
 The brave Sir Charles he did stand
 up,
 And thus his words declare:

LXXIX.

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor
 vile!
 Exposed to infamy;
 But be assured, disloyal man!
 I'm greater now than thee.

LXXX.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
 Thou wearest now a crown;
 And hast appointed me to die,
 By power not thine own.

LXXXI.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
 I have been dead till now,
 And soon shall live to wear a crown
 For aye upon my brow;

LXXXII.

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some
few years,
Shall rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand:

LXXXIII.

"Thy power unjust, thou traitor
slave!
Shall fall on thy own head" —
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

LXXXIV.

King Edward's soule rushed to his
face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

LXXXV.

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king!"

LXXXVI.

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

LXXXVII.

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glisten in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

LXXXVIII.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by val'rous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war:

LXXXIX.

And to the people he did say,
"Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

XC.

"As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet will you know;

Your sons and husbands shall be
slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

XCI.

"You leave your good and lawful
king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

XCII.

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching Him unto Himself
His parting soul to take.

XCIII.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke;

XCIV.

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

XCV.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four parts cut;
And every part and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

XCVI.

One part did rot on Kynwulft-hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour;

XCVII.

The other on St. Powle's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high-street most nobel.

XCVIII.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing!
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE MASS.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms infolded on his breast,

Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn
breath,

Through all the lengthened row:
No lordly look, nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;

Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,

And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs
frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,

In long procession came:
Taper, and host, and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair

With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall,
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers
were said,

And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close

The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song, —

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung: —

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,

What power shall be the sinner's
stay?

How shall he meet that dreadful
day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd
scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more
dread,

Swells the high trump that wakes
the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful
day,

When man to judgment wakes from
clay,

Be THOU the trembling sinner's
stay,

Though heaven and earth shall pass
away!

SCOTT.

FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

“AND whither would you lead me
then?”

Quoth the Friar of orders gray;
And the ruffians twain replied again,
“By a dying woman to pray.” —

“I see,” he said, “a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm.” —

“Then do thine office, Friar gray,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite that parts to-
night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

“Let mass be said, and trentals read,
When thou’rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone.”

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came; —
Next morning all, in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an altered man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to
pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
 He'll beard him in his pride; —
 If he meet a Friar of orders gray,
 He droops and turns aside.

SCOTT.

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

Gude Lord Græme is to Carlisle
 gane:

Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
 And arm in arm to the wine they
 did go,
 And they drank till they were
 baith merrie.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the
 cup,

"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's
 to thee!

And here's to our twae sons at hame!
 For they like us best in our ain
 countrie." —

"O were your son a lad like mine,
 And learned some books that he
 could read,

They might hae been twae brethren
 bauld,

And they might hae bragged the
 Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is
 but bad,
 And billie to my son he canna be:

"Ye sent him to school, and he
 wadna learn:

Ye bought him books, and he
 wadna read." —

"But my blessing shall he never
 earn,

Till I see how his arm can defend
 his head." —

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning
 called;

A reckoning then called he;
 And he paid a crown, and it went
 roun';

It was all for the gude wine and
 free.

And he has to the stable gane,
 Where there stude thirty steeds
 and three;

He's ta'en his ain horse amang them
 a',

And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said
 Christie Græme,

"But where sae lang frae hame
 were ye?" —

"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
 And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
 Where Sir Robert Bewick he met
 me;

He says ye're a lad, and ye are but
 bad,

And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to school, and ye wadna
 learn;

I bought ye books, and ye wadna
 read;

Wherefore my blessing ye shall
 never earn,

Till I see with Bewick thou save
 thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father;
 That ever sic a thing suld be!

Billie Bewick was my master, and
 I was his scholar,

And aye sae weel as he learned
 me." —

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer
 loon,

And of thy talking let me be!

If thou does na end me this quarrel
 soon,

There is my glove, I'll fight wi'
 thee." —

Then Christie Græme he stooped
 low

Unto the ground, you shall under-
 stand; —

"O father, put on your glove again,
 The wind has blown it from your
 hand?" —

"What's that thou says, thou limmer
 loon?

How dares thou stand to speak to
 me?

If thou do not end this quarrel
 soon,

There's my right hand, thou shalt
 fight with me." —

Then Christie Græme's to his cham-
ber gane,
To consider weel what then should
be;
Whether he should fight with his
auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

"If I suld kill my billie dear,
God's blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

"But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God's will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae
hame,
That I shall be the next man's
die." —

Then he's put on's back a gude auld
jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We'll leave off talking of Christie
Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his
scholars five.

When he had taught them well to
fence,
And handle swords without any
doubt,
He took his sword under his arm,
And he walked his father's close
about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
And a' to see what there might be,
Till he spied a man in armour bright,
Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon that came this way,
Sae hastilie that hither came?
I think it be my brother dear!
I think it be young Christie
Græme. —

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear
And thrice ye're welcome unto
me!" —

"But I'm wae to say, I've seen the
day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there
met he:

He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to school, and I wadna
learn;
He gae me books, and I wadna
read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never
earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard
my head." —

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
That ever such a thing suld be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers
agree." —

"O hald thy tongue, now, billie
Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure
thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi'
me." —

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on
my back,
As weel I see there is on thine." —
"But as little harness as is on thy
back,
As little, billie, shall be on
mine." —

Then he's thrown aff his coat o'
mail
His cap of steel away flung he;
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his
cloak,
And's psalter-book frae's hand
flung he;
He laid his hand upon the dyke,
And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twae lang
hours;
When twae lang hours were come
and gane,
The sweat drapped fast frae aff them
baith,
But a drap of blude could not be
seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an ack-
ward stroke,
Ane ackward stroke strucken
sickerlie;
He has hit him under the left breast,
And dead-wounded to the ground
fell he.

"Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear!
Arise and speak three words to
me!—
Whether thou's gotten thy deadly
wound,
Or if God and good leeching may
succour thee?"—

"O horse, O horse, now, billie
Græme,
And get thee far from hence with
speed:
And get thee out of this country,
That none may know who has
done the deed."—

"O I hae slain thee, billie Bewick,
If this be true thou tellest to me;
But I made a vow, ere I came frae
hame,
That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitched his sword in a
moodie-hill,
And he has leaped twenty lang
feet and three,
And on his ain sword's point he lap,
And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert
Bewick,
And his brave son alive saw he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the
victorie."—

"O hald your tongue, my father dear!
Of your prideful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in
peace,
And let me and my billie be.

"Gae dig a grave, baith wide and
deep,
And a grave to hald baith him
and me;
But lay Christie Græme on the
sunny side,
"For I'm sure he wan the vic-
torie."

"Alack! a wae!" auld Bewick cried.
"Alack! was I not much to blame?
I'm sure I've lost the liveliest lad
That e'er was born unto my
name."

"Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord
Græme,
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper
lack!
I durst hae ridden the Border
through,
Had Christie Græme been at my
back.

"Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horseman guarding me,
And Christie Græme been at my
back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!

"I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock:
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Græme been at my
back."

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called
King John;
And he ruled England with main
and with might,
For he did great wrong, and main-
tained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so
merry
Concerning the Abbot of Canter-
búry;
How for his house-keeping and high
renown,
They rode poste for him to fair Lon-
don towne.

An hundred men the king did heare
say,
The abbot kept in his house every
day;
And fifty golde chaynes without any
doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot
about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it
of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house
than mee;
And for thy house-keeping and high
renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against
my crown."

"My liege" quo' the abbot, "I would
it were knowne
I never spend nothing, but what is
my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me
no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten
geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault
it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest
must dye;
For except thou canst answer me
questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy
bodie."

"And first," quo' the king, "when
I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on
my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of
birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny
what I am worthe."

"Secondly, tell me, without any
doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole
world about;
And at the third question thou must
not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do
think."

"O these are hard questions for my
shallow witt.
Nor I cannot answer your grace as
yet:
But if you will give me but three
weeks space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your
grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee
will I give,
And that is the longest time thou
hast to live;

For if thou dost not answer my
questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are for-
feit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that
word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and
Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so
wise,
That could with his learning an
answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of com-
fort so cold,
And he met his shepheard a-going to
fold:

"How now, my lord abbot, you are
welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from
good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepheard, I
must give,
That I have but three days more to
live;
For if I do not answer him questions
three,
My head will be smitten from my
body."

"The first is to tell him, there in
that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on
his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of
birth,
To within one penny of what he is
worth."

"The seconde, to tell him without
any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole
world about;
And at the third question I must
not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he
does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you
never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise
man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men,
and your apparel,
And Ile ride to London to answere
your quarrel."

"Nay frowne not, if it hath bin
told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may
be;
And if you will but lend me your
gowne,
There is none shall know us at fair
London towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou
shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant
and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet,
and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the
pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the
king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to
keepe thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my
questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd
shall be."

"And first, when thou seest me here
in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on
my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of
birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am
worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was
sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have
bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of
thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny
worsen than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by
St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth
so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without
any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole
world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and
ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth
again;

And then your grace need not make
any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride
it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by
St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so
soone!
—Now from the third question thou
must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do
thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make
your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canter-
búry;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain
you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for
him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by
the Masse,
"He make thee lord abbot this day
in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in
such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne
reade."

"Four nobles a week, then I will
give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne
unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou
comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon
from good King John."

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

THE SALLY FROM COVEN- TRY.

"Passion o' me!" cried Sir Richard
Tyrone,
Spurning the sparks from the broad
paving-stone,
"Better turn nurse and rock chil-
dren to sleep,
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry
Keep.
No, by my halidom, no one shall
say,
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city
away."

Passion o' me! how he pulled at his beard!
 Fretting and chafing if any one sneered,
 Clapping his breastplate and shaking his fist,
 Giving his grizzly moustachios a twist,
 Running the protocol through with his steel,
 Grinding the letter to mud with his heel.

Then he roared out for a pottle of sack,
 Clapped the old trumpeter twice on the back,
 Leaped on his bay with a dash and a swing,
 Bade all the bells in the city to ring,
 And when the red flag from the steeple went down,
 Open they flung every gate in the town.

To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,
 A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their blood;
 Hurrying out with a flash and a flare,
 A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpeter's blare,
 And first, sitting proud as a king on his throne,
 At the head of them all dashed Sir Richard Tyrone.

Crimson, and yellow, and purple and dun,
 Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in the sun,
 Steel like a mirror on brow and on breast,
 Scarlet and white on their feather and crest,
 Banner that blew in a torrent of red,
 Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at their head.

The "trumpet" went down — with a gash on his poll,
 Struck by the parters of body and soul.
 Forty saddles were empty; the horses ran red
 With foul Puritan blood from the slashes that bled.

Curses and eries and a gnashing of teeth,
 A grapple and stab on the slippery heath,
 And Sir Richard leaped up on the fool that went down,
 Proud as a conqueror donning his crown.
 They broke them away through a flooding of fire,
 Trampling the best blood of London to mire,
 When suddenly rising a smoke and a blaze,
 Made all "the dragon's sons" stare in amaze:
 "O ho!" quoth Sir Richard, "my city grows hot,
 I've left it rent-paid to the villainous Scot."

G. W. THORNBURY.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
 I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace
 Neck and neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Re-buckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit;
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting, but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see,

At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain
as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple
we heard the half chime;
So Joris broke silence with "Yet
there is time."

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden
the sun,
And against him the cattle stood
black every one
To stare through the mist at us gal-
loping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland,
at last,
With resolute shoulders each but-
ting away
The haze, as some bluff river head-
land its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked
out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, —
ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own
master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes,
which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in gal-
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and
cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the
fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix;" — for one
heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched
neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of
the flank,
As down on her haunches she shud-
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no
cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a piti-
less laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle
bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhelm a dome-spire
sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all
in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead
as a stone,
And there was my Roland to bear
the whole weight
Of the news, which alone could save
Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of
blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned,
patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my
horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland gal-
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flock-
ing round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my
knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our
last measure of wine,
Which, (the burgesses voted by com-
mon consent,)
Was no more than his due who
brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of
the west,
Through all the wide Border his
steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he
weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless
in war,
There never was knight like the
young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he
 stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford
 there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant
 came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard
 in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave
 Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby
 Hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and
 brothers and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his
 hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said
 never a word,)
 "O come ye in peace here, or come
 ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
 Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my
 suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but
 ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost
 love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one
 cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more
 lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the
 young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the
 knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he
 threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she
 looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear
 in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her
 mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said
 young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
 face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did
 grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her
 father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling
 his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered,
 "'Twere better by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin
 with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word
 in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door,
 and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady
 he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he
 sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over
 bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that fol-
 low," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames
 of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,
 they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on
 Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er
 did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless
 in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like
 young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.

RHOTRUDA.

In the golden reign of Charlemagne
 the king,
 The three and thirtieth year, or
 thereabout,
 Young Eginardus, bred about the
 court,
 (Left mother-naked at a postern-
 door,)
 Had thence by slow degrees ascended
 up;—
 First page, then pensioner, lastly the
 king's knight
 And secretary; yet held these steps
 for naught
 Save as they led him to the Princess'
 feet,
 Eldest and leveliest of the regal
 three,
 Most gracious too, and liable to love:
 For Bertha was betrothed; and she,
 the third,

Giselia, would not look upon a man.
 So, bending his whole heart unto
 this end,
 He watched and waited, trusting to
 stir to fire
 The indolent interest in those large
 eyes,
 And feel the languid hands beat in
 his own,
 Ere the new spring. And well he
 played his part;
 Slipping no chance to bribe, or brush
 aside,
 All that would stand between him
 and the light;
 Making fast foes in sooth, but feeble
 friends.
 But what cared he, who had read of
 ladies' love,
 And how young Launcelot gained
 his Guinevere;
 A foundling too, or of uncertain
 strain?
 And when one morning, coming
 from the bath,
 He crossed the Princess on the pal-
 ace-stair,
 And kissed her there in her sweet
 disarray,
 Nor met the death he dreamed of, in
 her eyes, —
 He knew himself a hero of (old)
 romance;
 Not seconding, but surpassing, what
 had been.

And so they loved; if that tumultu-
 ous pain
 Be love, — disquietude of deep de-
 light,
 And sharpest sadness: nor though
 he knew her heart
 His very own, — gained on the in-
 stant too,
 And like a waterfall that at one leap
 Plunges from pines to palms, — shat-
 tered at once
 To wreaths of mist, and broken
 spray-bows bright,
 He loved not less, nor wearied of
 her smile;
 But through the daytime held aloof
 and strange
 His walk; mingling with knightly
 mirth and game;
 Solicitous but to avoid alone
 Aught that might make against him
 in her mind;

Yet strong in this, — that, let the
 world have end,
 He had pledged his own, and held
 Rhotruda's troth.

But Love, who had led these lovers
 thus along,
 Played them a trick one windy night
 and cold:
 For Eginardus, as his wont had
 been,
 Crossing the quadrangle, and under
 dark, —
 No faint moonshine, nor sign of any
 star, —
 Seeking the Princess' door, such
 welcome found,
 The knight forgot his prudence in
 his love;
 For lying at her feet, her hands in
 his,
 And telling tales of knightship and
 emprise,
 And ringing war; while up the
 smooth white arm
 His fingers slid insatiable of touch,
 The night grew old: still of the hero-
 deeds
 That he had seen, he spoke; and
 bitter blows
 Where all the land seemed driven
 into dust!
 Beneath fair Pavia's wall, where
 Loup beat down
 The Longobard, and Charlemagne
 laid on,
 Cleaving horse and rider; then, for
 dusty drought
 Of the fierce tale, he drew her lips
 to his,
 And silence locked the lovers fast
 and long,
 Till the great bell crashed One into
 their dream.

The castle-bell! and Eginard not
 away!
 With tremulous haste she led him
 to the door,
 When, lo! the courtyard white with
 fallen snow,
 While clear the night hung over it
 with stars.
 A dozen steps, scarce that, to his
 own door:
 A dozen steps? a gulf impassable!
 What to be done? Their secret
 must not lie

Bare to the sneering eye with the
first light;
She could not have his footsteps at
her door!

Discovery and destruction were at
hand:

And, with the thought, they kissed,
and kissed again;

When suddenly the lady, bending,
drew

Her lover towards her half-unwill-
ingly,

And on her shoulders fairly took him
there, —

Who held his breath to lighten all
his weight, —

And lightly carried him the court-
yard's length

To his own door; then, like a fright-
ened hare,

Fled back in her own tracks unto
her bower,

To pant awhile, and rest, that all
was safe.

But Charlemagne the king, who had
risen by night

To look upon memorials, or at
ease

To read and sign an ordinance of
the realm, —

The Fanolehen, or Cunigostaura
For tithing corn, so to confirm the
same,

And stamp it with the pommel of
his sword, —

Hearing their voices in the court
below,

Looked from his window, and beheld
the pair.

Angry, the king; yet laughing-half
to view

The strangeness and vagary of the
feat;

Laughing indeed! with twenty minds
to call

From his inner bed-chamber the
Forty forth,

Who watched all night beside their
monarch's bed,

With naked swords and torches in
their hands,

And test this lover's-knot with steel
and fire;

But with a thought, "To-morrow
yet will serve

To greet these mummers," softly the
window closed,
And so went back to his corn-tax
again.

But, with the morn, the king a meet-
ing called

Of all his lords, courtiers and kin-
dred too,

And squire and dame, — in the great
Audience Hall

Gathered; where sat the king, with
the high crown

Upon his brow; beneath a drapery
That fell around him like a cataract,

With flecks of colour crossed and can-
cellate;

And over this, like trees about a
stream,

Rich carven-work, heavy with wreath
and rose,

Palm and palmirah, fruit and fron-
dage, hung.

And more the high Hall held of rare
and strange;

For on the king's right hand Leæna
bowed

In cloudlike marble, and beside her
crouched

The tongueless lioness; on the other
side,

And poising this, the second Sappho
stood, —

Young Erexcéa, with her head dis-
crowned,

The anadema on the horn of her
lyre;

And by the walls there hung in
sequence long

Merlin himself, and Uterpendragon,
With all their mighty deeds; down

to the day

When all the world seemed lost in
wreck and rout, —

A wrath of crashing steeds and men;
and, in

The broken battle fighting hope-
lessly,

King Arthur, with the ten wounds
on his head!

But not to gaze on these, appeared
the peers.

Stern looked the king, and, when the
court was met, —

The lady and her lover in the
midst, —

Spoke to his lords, demanding them
of this :
“ What merits he, the servant of the
king,
Forgetful of his place, his trust, his
oath,
Who, for his own bad end, to hide
his fault,
Makes use of her, a Princess of the
realm,
As of a mule ; — a beast of burthen !
— borne
Upon her shoulders through the
winter’s night,
And wind and snow ? ” — “ Death ! ”
said the angry lords ;
And knight and squire and minion
murmured, “ Death ! ”
Not one discordant voice. But
Charlemagne,
Though to his foes a circulating
sword,
Yet, as a king, mild, gracious, exora-
ble,
Blest in his children too, with but
one born
To vex his flesh like an ingrowing
nail, —
Looked kindly on the trembling pair,
and said :
“ Yes, Eginardus, well hast thou
deserved
Death for this thing ; for, hadst thou
loved her so,
Thou shouldst have sought her
Father’s will in this, —
Protector and disposer of his child, —
And asked her hand of him, her lord
and thine.
Thy life is forfeit here ; but take it,
thou ! —
Take even two lives for this forfeit
one ;
And thy fair portress — wed her ;
honour God,
Love one another, and obey the
king.”

Thus far the legend ; but of Rho-
trude’s smile,
Or of the lords’ applause, as truly
they
Would have applauded their first
judgment too,
We nothing learn : yet still the story
lives ;
Shines like a light across those dark
old days,

Wonderful glimpse of woman’s wit
and love ;
And worthy to be chronicled with
hers
Who to her lover dear threw down
her hair,
When all the garden glanced with
angry blades !
Or like a picture framed in battle-
pikes
And bristling swords, it hangs before
our view ; —
The palace-court white with the
fallen snow,
The good king leaning out into the
night
And Rhotrude bearing Eginard on
her back.

TUCKERMAN.

GLENLOGIE.

THREE score o’ nobles rade up the
king’s ha’,
But bonnie Glenlogie’s the flower o’
them a’,
Wi’ his milk-white steed and his
bonnie black e’e,
“ Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie
for me ! ”

“ O haud your tongue, daughter,
ye’ll get better than he ; ”
“ O say nae sae, mither, for that
canna be ;
Though Doumlie is richer, and
greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I’ll certain-
ly dee.

“ Where will I get a bonnie boy, to
win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come
again soon ? ”
“ O here am I a bonnie boy, to win
hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie and come
again soon.”

When he gaed to Glenlogie, ’twas
“ wash and go dine ; ”
‘ Twas “ wash ye, my pretty boy, wash
and go dine,”
“ O ’twas ne’er my father’s fashion,
and it ne’er shall be mine
To gar a lady’s hasty errand wait till
I dine.”

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee;"

The first line that he read, a low smile gave he,
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;"
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there;
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red and rosy grew she, whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e,
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

SMITH'S SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

"O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!"

"O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?"

"I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;

Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me."

"But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair Eng-land,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bouer-door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four and twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa to southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bouer
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's gate,
And sat him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win here."—

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear you bonny bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet sing-
ing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he picked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from Lord Wil-
liam;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die." —

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's
kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!" —
"Ask not that haughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see:

"But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be." —
"Then gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when you come to St. Mary's
kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bouer
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi' care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
"Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapped it on her breast;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
She's dead without the priest."

She neither chattered with her teeth,
Nor shivered with her chin;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hewed to her a bier;
They hewed it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every stitch that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's
kirk,
There stude spearmen all in a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he
said,
"Let me look her upon:"
But as soon as Lord William touched
her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted these three lang
days,
All for your sake and mine. —

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven
bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the
skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest;
But wae to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast."—

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee."

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for
burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turn-
ing,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the
spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the
winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come,
hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-
a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances
in pride,
And he views his domains upon
Arkendale side.
The mere for his net, and the land
for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park
for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer
of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than
Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a
knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his
blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at
his word;
And the best of our nobles his bon-
net will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore
meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his house-
hold and home:

"Though the castle of Richmond
stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows
gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with
its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!"
said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother
was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade
him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail
and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his
bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a
love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was
Allen-a-Dale!

SCOTT.

GLENARA.

O, HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad
in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with
weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments
for his dear;
And her sire and her people are
called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourn-
ers and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but
mourned not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were
folded around;
They marched all in silence, — they
looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over moun-
tain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew
lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the gray
stone of her cairn;—
Why speak ye no word?" said Glen-
ara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge ye, ye clan
of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why
cloud ye your brows?"

So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"

Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;

"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;

Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,

When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn, —

'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn,

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,

I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;

On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;

Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,

And the desert revealed where his lady was found;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;

Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

CAMPBELL.

FITZ TRAVER'S SONG.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;

He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,

Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,

When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,

To show to him the ladye of his heart,

Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean girth;

Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,

That he should see her form in life and limb,

And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

Dark was the vaulted room of grammarie,

To which the wizard led the gallant knight,

Save that before a mirror, huge and high,

A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light

On mystic implements of magic might;

On cross, and character, and talisman,

And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:

For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,

As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,

Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;

And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,

Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;

Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem

To form a lordly and a lofty room,

Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,

Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,

And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant, — but how passing fair

The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!

O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,

Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;

All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,

And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,

Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find: —

That favored strain was Surrey's
 raptured line,
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady
 Geraldine.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the
 lovely form,
 And swept the goodly vision all
 away; —
 So royal envy rolled the murky storm
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious
 day.

Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant!
 Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's
 latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic
 sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plundered
 shrine,
 The murdered Surrey's blood, the
 tears of Geraldine!

SCOTT.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country
 heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired:
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your
 name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I
 came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet
 sake

A heart that dotes on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my
 head.
 Not thrice your branching limes
 have blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence
 dead.
 Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
 A great enchantress you may be;
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's
 view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of
 you.
 Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear;
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere
 de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall:
 The guilt of blood is at your door:
 You changed a wholesome heart
 to gall.
 You held your course without re-
 morse,
 To make him trust his modest
 worth,
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us
 bent,
 The gardener Adam and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman
 blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere;
 You pine among your halls and
 towers:
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless
 wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks
 as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If Time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands?
 Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray Heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

TENNYSON.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

*A poet writes to his friend. — Place,
 a room in Wycombe Hall. — Time,
 late in the evening.*

DEAR my friend and fellow-student,
 I would lean my spirit o'er you:
 Down the purple of this chamber,
 tears should scarcely run at
 will:

I am humbled who was humble!
 Friend, — I bow my head be-
 fore you!

You should lead me to my peasants!
 — but their faces are too still.

There's a lady, — an earl's daughter;
 she is proud and she is noble:
 And she treads the crimson carpet,
 and she breathes the perfumed
 air;

And a kingly blood sends glances up
 her princely eye to trouble,
 And the shadow of a monarch's
 crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands,
 she has castles by the breakers,
 She has farms and she has manors,
 she can threaten and com-
 mand,
 And the palpitating engines snort in
 steam across her acres,
 As they mark upon the blasted hea-
 ven the measure of her land.

There are none of England's daugh-
 ters who can show a prouder
 presence;

Upon princely suitors praying, she
 has looked in her disdain:

She has sprung of English nobles, I
 was born of English peasants;

What was *I* that I should love her, —
 save for competence to pain!

I was only a poor poet, made for
 singing at her casement,
 As the finches or the thrushes, while
 she thought of other things.
 Oh, she walked so high above me,
 she appeared to my abasement,
 In her lovely silken murmur, like an
 angel clad in wings!

Many vassals bow before her as her
 carriage sweeps their door-
 ways;

She has blest their little children, —
 as a priest or queen were she.

Far too tender, or too cruel far, her
 smile upon the poor was,

For I thought it was the same smile
 which she used to smile on me.

She has voters in the commons, she
 has lovers in the palace, —

And of all the fair court-ladies, few
 have jewels half as fine:

Oft the prince has named her beau-
 ty, 'twixt the red wine and
 the chalice:

Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my
 Beloved, my Geraldine!

Yet I could not choose but love her, —
 I was born to poet uses, —

To love all things set above me, all
 of good and all of fair:

Nymphs of mountain, not of valley,
 we are wont to call the Muses,

And in nympholeptic climbing, poets
 pass from mount to star.

And because I was a poet, and be-
 cause the people praised me,

With their critical deduction for the
 modern writer's fault;

I could sit at rich men's tables, —
 though the courtesies that
 raised me,

Still suggested clear between us the
 pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her pres-
 ence: — "Will your book ap-
 pear this summer?"

Then returning to each other, "Yes,
 our plans are for the moors;"

Then with whisper dropped behind
 me, — "There he is! the latest
 comer!"

Oh, she only likes his verses! what
 is over, she endures.

"Quite low born! self-educated!
somewhat gifted though by
nature, —
And we make a point by asking him,
of being very kind; —
You may speak, he does not hear
you; and besides, he writes no
satire, —
All these serpents kept by charmers,
leave their natural sting be-
hind."

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I
stood up there among them,
Till, as frost intense will burn you,
the cold scorning scorched my
brow;
When a sudden silver speaking,
gravely cadenced, overrung
them,
And a sudden silken stirring touched
my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her!
With a calm and regnant
spirit,
Slowly round she swept her eye-
lids, and said clear before
them all,
"Have you such superfluous honor,
sir, that able to confer it,
You will come down, Mr. Bertram,
as my guest to Wycombe
Hall?"

Here she paused, — she had been
paler at the first word of her
speaking;
But because a silence followed it,
blushed somewhat as for
shame;
Then, as scorning her own feeling,
resumed calmly — "I am seek-
ing
More distinction than these gentle-
men think worthy of my
claim.

"Nevertheless, you see, I seek it —
not because I am a woman,"
(Here her smile sprang like a foun-
tain, and, so overflowed her
mouth,)
"But because my woods in Sussex
have some purple shades at
gloaming
Which are worthy of a king in state,
or poet in his youth.

"I invite you, Mr. Bertram, to no
scene for worldly speeches, —
Sir, I scarce should dare, — but only
where God asked the thrushes
first, —
And if *you* will sing beside them, in
the covert of my beeches,
I will thank you for the woodlands,
. . . for the human world at
worst."

Then she smiled around right child-
ly, then she gazed around
right queenly;
And I bowed, — I could not answer!
Alternate light and gloom, —
While as one who quells the lions,
with a steady eye serenely,
She, with level fronting eyelids,
passed out stately from the
room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I
can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery
still rippling up the wind!
Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex!
where the hunter's arrow
found me,
When a fair face and a tender voice
had made me mad and blind!

In that ancient hall of Wycombe,
thronged the numerous guests
invited,
And the lovely London ladies trod
the floors with gliding feet;
And their voices low with fashion,
not with feeling, softly freight-
ed
All the air about the windows, with
elastic laughs sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung
their light out on the terrace,
Which the floating orbs of curtains
did with gradual shadow
sweep:
While the swans upon the river, fed
at morning by the heiress,
Trembled downward through their
snowy wings at music in their
sleep.

And there evermore was music, both
of instrument and singing;
Till the finches of the shrubberies
grew restless in the dark;

But the cedars stood up motionless,
each in a moonlight ringing,
And the deer, half in the glimmer,
strewed the hollows of the
park.

And though sometimes she would
bind me with her silver-cord-
ed speeches,
To commix my words and laughter
with the converse and the jest,
Oft I sat apart, and gazing on the
river through the beeches,
Heard, as pure the swans swam
down it, her pure voice o'er-
float the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman,
hoof of steed, and laugh of
rider
Spread out cheery from the court-
yard till we lost them in the
hills;
While herself and other ladies, and
her suitors left beside her,
Went a-wandering up the gardens
through the laurels and abeles.

Thus, her foot upon the new-mown
grass,—bareheaded,—with the
flowing
Of the virginal white vesture gath-
ered closely to her throat;
With the golden ringlets in her neck
just quickened by her going,
And appearing to breathe sun for
air, and doubting if to float,—

With a branch of dewy maple, which
her right hand held above her,
And which trembled a green sha-
dow in betwixt her and the
skies,
As she turned her face in going,
thus, she drew me on to love
her,
And to worship the divineness of
the smile hid in her eyes.

For her eyes alone smile constantly:
her lips have serious sweetness,
And her front is calm,—the dimple
rarely ripples on her cheek:
But her deep blue eyes smile con-
stantly,—as if they in discreet-
ness
Kept the secret of a happy dream
she did not care to speak.

Thus she drew me the first morning,
out across into the garden:
And I walked among her noble
friends, and could not keep
behind:

Spake she unto all and unto me,—
“Behold, I am the warden
Of the song-birds in these lindens,
which are cages to their mind.

“But within this swarded circle,
into which the lime-walk
brings us,—
Whence the beeches rounded green-
ly, stand away in reverent
fear;
I will let no music enter, saving
what the fountain sings us,
Which the lilies round the basin
may seem pure enough to hear.

“The live air that waves the lilies
waves this slender jet of water,
Like a holy thought sent feebly up
from soul of fasting saint!
Whereby lies a marble Silence, sleep-
ing! (Lough the sculptor
wrought her,)
So asleep she is forgetting to say
Hush!—a fancy quaint!

“Mark how heavy white her eye-
lids! not a dream between
them lingers!
And the left hand’s index droppeth
from the lips upon the cheek:
And the right hand,—with the sym-
bol rose held slack within the
fingers,—
Has fallen back within the basin,—
yet this Silence will not speak!

“That the essential meaning grow-
ing may exceed the special
symbol,
Is the thought as I conceive it: it
applies more high and low.
Our true noblemen will often through
right nobleness grow humble,
And assert an inward honor by de-
nying outward show.”

“Nay, your Silence,” said I, “truly
holds her symbol rose but
slackly,
Yet *she holds it*—or would scarcely
be a Silence to our ken!

And your nobles wear their ermine
on the outside, or walk blackly
In the presence of the social law, as
most ignoble men.

"Let the poets dream such dream-
ing! Madam, in these British
Islands,
'Tis the substance that wanes ever,
'tis the symbol that exceeds;
Soon we shall have nought but sym-
bol! and for statues like this
Silence,
Shall accept the rose's image, — in
another case, the weed's."

"Not so quickly!" she retorted, —
"I confess where'er you go, you
Find for things, names; — shows for
actions, and pure gold for
honor clear;
But when all is run to symbol in the
Social, I will throw you
The world's book which now reads
dryly, and sit down with Si-
lence here."

Half in playfulness she spoke, I
thought, and half in indigna-
tion;

Friends who listened laughed her
words off while her lovers
deemed her fair;

A fair woman — flushed with feeling,
in her noble-lighted station
Near the statue's white reposing, —
and both bathed in sunny air!

With the trees round, not so distant
but you heard their vernal
murmur,

And beheld in light and shadow the
leaves in and outward move;
And the little fountain leaping
toward the sun-heart to be
warmer,

And recoiling in a tremble from the
too much light above.

'Tis a picture for remembrance! and
thus, morning after morning,
Did I follow as she drew me by the
spirit to her feet, —

Why, her greyhound followed also!
dogs — we both were dogs for
scorning, —

To be sent back when she pleased it,
and her path lay through the
wheat.

And thus, morning after morning,
spite of vows and spite of sor-
row,

Did I follow at her drawing, while
the week-days passed along;
Just to feed the swans this noontide,
or to see the fawns to-morrow,
Or to teach the hill-side echo some
sweet Tuscan in a song.

Ay, for sometimes on the hill-side,
while we sat down in the
gowans,

With the forest green behind us,
and its shadow cast before;
And the river running under; and
across it from the rowans

A brown partridge whirring near us,
till we felt the air it bore, —

There, obedient to her praying, did
I read aloud the poems

Made by Tuscan flutes, or instru-
ments more various of our
own;

Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, —
or the subtle interflowings

Found in Petrarch's sonnets. — here's
the book — the leaf is folded
down! —

Or at times a modern volume, —
Wordsworth's solemn-
thoughted idyl,

Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's
enchanted revery, —

Or from Browning some "Pome-
granate," which, if cut deep
down the middle,

Shows a heart within blood-tinc-
tured, of a veined humanity.

Or at times I read there, hoarsely,
some new poem of my mak-
ing, —

Poets ever fail in reading their own
verses to their worth, —

For the echo in you breaks upon the
words which you are speaking,

And the chariot-wheels jar in the
gate through which you drive
them forth.

After, when we were grown tired of
books, the silence round us
flinging

A slow arm of sweet compression,
felt with beatings at the breast,

She would break out on a sudden,
in a gush of woodland singing,
Like a child's emotion in a god, — a
naiad tired of rest.

Oh, to see or hear her singing! scarce
I know which is divinest, —
For her looks sing too, — she modu-
lates her gestures on the tune;
And her mouth stirs with the song,
like song; and when the notes
are finest,
'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal
light, and seem to swell them
on.

Then we talked, — oh, how we talked!
her voice, so cadenced in the
talking,
Made another singing — of the soul!
a music without bars, —
While the leafy sounds of wood-
lands, humming round where
we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy sweet,
— as skies about the stars.

And she spake such good thoughts
natural, as if she always
thought them, —
And had sympathies so rapid, open,
free as bird on branch,
Just as ready to fly east as west,
whichever way besought them,
In the birchen wood a chirrup, or a
cock-crow in the grange.

In her utmost rightness there is truth,
— and often she speaks lightly,
Has a grace in being gay, which even
mournful souls approve,
For the root of some grave earnest
thought is under-struck so
rightly,
As to justify the foliage and the
waving flowers above.

And she talked on, — we talked, rath-
er! upon all things — sub-
stance — shadow —
Of the sheep that browsed the
grasses, — of the reapers in the
corn, —
Of the little children from the
schools, seen winding through
the meadow, —
Of the poor rich world beyond them,
still kept poorer by its scorn.

So of men, and so of letters, — books
are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud
for future times to hear:
So, of mankind in the abstract, which
grows slowly into nature,
Yet will lift the cry of "progress," as
it trod from sphere to sphere.

And her custom was to praise me
when I said, — "The Age culls
simples,
With a broad clown's back turned
broadly to the glory of the
stars —
We are gods by our own reck'ning, —
and may well shut up the
temples,
And wield on, amid the incense-
steam, the thunder of our cars.

"For we throw out acclamations of
self-thanking, self-admiring,
With, at every mile run faster, —
'O the wondrous, wondrous
age!'
Little thinking if we work our souls
as nobly as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the
goal of pilgrimage.

"Why, what is this patient entrance
into nature's deep resources,
But the child's most gradual learn-
ing to walk upright without
bane?
When we drive out from the cloud
of steam, majestic white
horses,
Are we greater than the first men
who led black ones by the
mane?

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if
we struck the stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely
with one hot electric breath,
'Twere but power within our tether. —
no new spirit-power compris-
ing,
And in life we were not greater men,
nor bolder men in death."

She was patient with my talking;
and I loved her, loved her
certes,
As I loved all Heavenly objects,
with uplifted eyes and hands!

As I loved pure inspirations, — loved
the graces, loved the virtues,
In a Love content with writing his
own name on desert sands.

Or at least I thought so purely! —
thought no idiot Hope was
raising

Any crown to crown Love's silence, —
silent Love that sat alone, —

Out, alas! the stag is like me, — he,
that tries to go on grazing

With the great deep gun-wound in
his neck, then reels with sud-
den moan.

It was thus I reeled! I told you that
her hand had many suitors —
But she smiles them down imperi-
ally, as Venus did the waves; —
And with such a gracious coldness,
that they cannot press their
futures

On the present of her courtesy,
which yieldingly enslaves.

And this morning, as I sat alone
within the inner chamber,

With the great saloon beyond it lost
in pleasant thought serene, —

For I had been reading Camoens —
that poem you remember,

Which his lady's eyes are praised in,
as the sweetest ever seen;

And the book lay open, and my
thought flew from it, taking
from it

A vibration and impulsion to an end
beyond its own,

As the branch of a green osier, when
a child would overcome it,

Springs up freely from his claspings
and goes swinging in the sun.

As I mused I heard a murmur, — it
grew deep as it grew longer —

Speakers using earnest language, —
“Lady Geraldine, you *would!*”

And I heard a voice that pleaded
ever on, in accents stronger,

As a sense of reason gave it power
to make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice, — it was an
earl's, of soul that matched
his station —

Soul completed into lordship, — might
and right read on his brow:

Very finely courteous, — far too proud
to doubt his domination
Of the common people, — he atones
for grandeur by a bow.

High, straight forehead, nose of
eagle, cold blue eyes, of less
expression

Than resistance, coldly casting off
the looks of other men,

As steel, arrows, — unelastic lips,
which seem to taste posses-
sion,

And be cautious lest the common
air should injure or restrain.

For the rest, accomplished, upright, —
ay, and standing by his order

With a bearing not ungraceful; fond
of art, and letters too;

Just a good man made a proud man,
as the sandy rocks that border

A wild coast, by circumstances, in a
regnant ebb and flow.

Thus I knew that voice, — I heard
it — and I could not help the
hearkening:

In the room I stood up blindly, and
my burning heart within

Seemed to seethe and fuse my senses,
till they ran on all sides dark-
ening,

And scorched, weighed like melted
metal round my feet that stood
therein.

And that voice, I heard it pleading,
for love's sake, — for wealth,
position,

For the sake of liberal uses, and
great actions to be done, —

And she interrupted gently, “Nay,
my lord, the old tradition

Of your Normans, by some worthier
hand than mine is, should be
won.”

“Ah, that white hand,” he said
quickly, — and in his he either
drew it

Or attempted — for with gravity and
instance she replied, —

“Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is
vain, and we had best eschew
it,

And pass on like friends, to other
points less easy to decide.”

What he said again, I know not. It
is likely that his trouble
Worked his pride up to the surface,
for she answered in slow
scorn, —

“And your lordship judges rightly.
Whom I marry, shall be noble,
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush
to think how he was born.”

There, I maddened! her words stung
me! Life swept through me
into fever,

And my soul sprang up astonished;
sprang full-statured in an hour:
Know you what it is when anguish,
with apocalyptic NEVER,
To a Pythian height dilates you, —
and despair sublimates to power?

From my brain the soul-wings bud-
ded! — waved a flame about
my body,

Whence conventions coiled to ashes:
I felt self-drawn out, as man,
From amalgamate false natures; and
I saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels,
and I knew what spirits can.

I was mad, — inspired, — say either!
anguish worketh inspiration, —
Was a man or beast — perhaps so; for
the tiger roars when speared;
And I walked on, step by step, along
the level of my passion —
Oh my soul! and passed the doorway
to her face, and never feared.

He had left her, — peradventure,
when my footstep proved my
coming, —

But for her, — she half arose, then sat
— grew scarlet and grew pale:
Oh she trembled! — ’tis so always
with a worldly man or woman
In the presence of true spirits, — what
else *can* they do but quail?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in
among its forest brothers
Far too strong for it! then drooping,
bowed her face upon her
hands, —

And I spake out wildly, fiercely, bru-
tal truths of her and others!

I, she planted in the desert, swathed
her, windlike, with my sands.

I plucked up her social fictions,
bloody-rooted though leaf-ver-
dant,

Trod them down with words of
shaming, — all the purple and
the gold,

All the “landed stakes” and lord-
ships, — all that spirits pure
and ardent

Are cast out of love and honor be-
cause chancing not to hold.

“For myself I do not argue,” said I,
“though I love you, madam;
But for better souls that nearer to
the height of yours have trod.
And this age shows to my thinking,
still more infidels to Adam,
Than directly, by profession, simple
infidels to God.

“Yet, O God,” I said, “O grave,” I
said, “O mother’s heart and
bosom,

With whom first and last are equal,
saint and corpse and little
child!

We are fools to your deductions, in
these figments of heart-clos-
ing!

We are traitors to your causes, in
these sympathies defiled!

“Learn more reverence, madam, not
for rank or wealth, — *that*
needs no learning;

That comes quickly — quick as sin
does, ay, and culminates to
sin;

But for Adam’s seed, MAN! Trust
me, ’tis a clay above your
scorning,

With God’s image stamped upon it,
and God’s kindling breath
within.

“What right have you, madam, gaz-
ing in your palace-mirror
daily,

Getting so by heart your beauty,
which all others must adore,

While you draw the golden ringlets
down your fingers, to vow
gayly

You will wed no man that’s only
good to God, — and nothing
more?

"Why, what right have you, made
fair by that same God,—the
sweetest woman
Of all women He has fashioned,—
with your lovely spirit-face,
Which would seem too near to van-
ish if its smile were not so
human,
And your voice of holy sweetness,
turning common words to
grace,

"What right *can* you have, God's
other works to scorn, despise,
revile them
In the gross, as mere men, broadly,
—not as *noble* men, for-
sooth,—
As mere Pariahs of the outer world,
forbidden to assoil them
In the hope of living, dying, near
that sweetness of your mouth?

"Have you any answer, madam? If
my spirit were less earthly,
If its instrument were gifted with a
better silver string,
I would kneel down where I stand,
and say,—Behold me! I am
worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am
worthy as a king.

"As it is,—your ermined pride, I
swear, shall feel this stain
upon her,—
That I, poor, weak, tost with pas-
sion, scorned by me and you
again,
Love you, Madam,—dare to love
you,—to my grief and your
dishonor,—
To my endless desolation, and your
impotent disdain!"

More mad words like these,—more
madness! friend, I need not
write them fuller;
And I hear my hot soul dropping
on the lines in showers of
tears—
Oh, a woman! friend, a woman!
Why, a beast had scarce been
duller
Than roar bestial loud complaints
against the shining of the
spheres.

But at last there came a pause. I
stood all vibrating with thun-
der
Which my soul had used. The
silence drew her face up like
a call.
Could you guess what word she
uttered? She looked up, as if
in wonder,
With tears beaded on her lashes, and
said "Bertram!" it was all.

If she had cursed me,—and she
might have,—or if even, with
queenly bearing
Which at needs is used by women,
she had risen up and said,
"Sir, you are my guest, and therefore
I have given you a full hear-
ing,—
Now, beseech you, choose a name
exactng somewhat less in-
stead,"—

I had borne it!—but that "Bertram"
—why it lies there on the
paper,
A mere word, without her accent,—
and you cannot judge the
weight
Of the calm which crushed my pas-
sion! I seemed drowning in
a vapor,—
And her gentleness destroyed me
whom her scorn made deso-
late.

So, struck backward and exhausted
by that inward flow of passion
Which had rushed on, sparing noth-
ing, into forms of abstract
truth,
With a logic agonizing through un-
seemly demonstration,
And with youth's own anguish turn-
ing grimly gray the hairs of
youth,—

By the sense accursed and instant,
that if even I spake wisely,
I spake basely,—using truth,—if
what I spake indeed was
true,—
To avenge wrong on a woman,—*her*,
who sat there weighing nicely
A full manhood's worth, found
guilty of such deeds as I could
do!—

With such wrong and woe exhausted
— what I suffered and occa-
sioned, —

As a wild horse through a city runs
with lightning in his eyes,
And then dashing at a church's cold
and passive wall, impassioned,
Strikes the death into his burning
brain, and blindly drops and
dies, —

So I fell, struck down before her!
Do you blame me friend, for
weakness?

'Twas my strength of passion slew
me! — fell before her like a
stone;

Fast the dreadful world rolled from
me, on its roaring wheels of
blackness!

When the light came I was lying in
this chamber — and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lack-
eyes to bear out the sickly
burden,

And to cast it from her scornful
sight, — but not *beyond* the
gate —

She was too kind to be cruel, and too
haughty not to pardon

Such a man as I, — 'twere something
to be level to her hate.

But for *me*, — you now are conscious
why, my friend, I write this
letter,

How my life is read all backward,
and the charm of life undone!

I shall leave her house at dawn; — I
would to-night, if I were bet-
ter; —

And I charge my soul to hold my
body strengthened for the sun.

When the sun has dyed the oriel, I
depart with no last gazes,

No weak moanings — one word only
left in writing for her hands,

Out of reach of all derision, and some
unavailing praises,

To make front against this anguish
in the far and foreign lands.

Blame me not, I would not squander
life in grief; — I am abstemious:

I but nurse my spirit's falcon, that
its wings may soar again:

There's no room for tears of weak-
ness in the blind eyes of a
Phenius:

Into work the poet kneads them, —
and he does not die *till then*.

CONCLUSION.

Bertram finished the last pages,
while along the silence ever
Still in hot and heavy splashes, fell
the tears on every leaf:

Having ended, he leans backward in
his chair, with lips that quiver
From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep
unwritten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis
a dream! — a dream of mer-
cies!

'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains,
how she standeth still and
pale!

'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent
to soften his self-curses —

Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er
the tossing of his wail.

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing
through me! are ye eyes that
did undo me?"

Shining eyes, like antique jewels set
in Parian statue-stone!

Underneath that calm white fore-
head, are ye ever burning
torrid

O'er the desolate sand-desert of my
heart and life undone?"

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in
the air, the purple curtain

Swellet in and swelleth out around
her motionless pale brows;

While the gliding of the river sends
a rippling noise forever

Through the open casement whitened
by the moonlight's slant re-
pose.

Said he — "Vision of a lady! stand
there silent, stand there steady!

Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I
cannot hope or doubt —

There, the brows of mild repression,
— there, the lips of silent pas-
sion,

Curved like an archer's bow to send
the bitter arrows out."

Ever, evermore the while in a slow
 silence she kept smiling,
 And approached him slowly, slowly,
 in a gliding measured pace;
 With her two white hands extended,
 as if praying one offended,
 And a look of supplication, gazing
 earnest in his face.

Said he, — “Wake me by no gesture,
 — sound of breath, or stir of
 vesture;
 Let the blessed apparition melt not
 yet to its divine!
 No approaching, — hush! no breath-
 ing! or my heart must swoon
 to death in
 That too utter life thou bringest —
 O thou dream of Geraldine!”

Ever, evermore the while in a slow
 silence she kept smiling —
 But the tears ran over lightly from
 her eyes, and tenderly;
 “Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me?
 Is no woman far above me
 Found more worthy of thy poet-heart
 than such a one as *I*?”

Said he — “I would dream so ever,
 like the flowing of that river,
 Flowing ever in a shadow greenly
 onward to the sea;
 So, thou vision of all sweetness —
 princely to a full complete-
 ness, —
 Would my heart and life flow on-
 ward — deathward — through
 this dream of *THEE*!”

Ever, evermore the while in slow
 silence she kept smiling,
 While the silver tears ran faster down
 the blushing of her cheeks;
 Then with both her hands enfolding
 both of his, she softly told him,
 “Bertram, if I say I love thee, . . .
 ’tis the vision only speaks.”

Softened, quickened to adore her, on
 his knee he fell before her, —
 And she whispered low in triumph,
 — “It shall be as I have sworn!
 Very rich he is in virtues, — very
 noble — noble, certes;
 And I shall not blush in knowing
 that men call him lowly born!”

E. B. BROWNING.

ÆNONE, OR THE CHOICE OF PARIS.

“DEAR mother Ida, harken ere I
 die.
 He smiled, and opening out his
 milk-white palm
 Disclosed a fruit of true Hesperian
 gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I
 looked
 And listened, the full-flowing river
 of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

“My own Ænone,
 Beautiful-browed Ænone, my own
 soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming
 rind ingraven
 “For the most fair,” would seem to
 award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread
 haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of
 married brows.”

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I
 die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to
 mine,
 And added, ‘This was cast upon the
 board,
 When all the full-faced presence of
 the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus;
 whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom
 ’twere due:
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-
 eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common
 voice,
 Elected umpire, Heré comes to-day,
 Pallas and Aphrodité, claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within
 the cave
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest
 pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld,
 unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of
 Gods.’

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I
 die.
 It was the deep midnight: one silvery
 cloud

Had lost his way between the piney
sides
Of this long glen. Then to the
bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-
swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake
like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy
and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild
festoön
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled
boughs
With bunch and berry and flower
through and through.

“O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o’er him flowed a golden cloud,
and leaned
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant
dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her,
to whom
Coming through Heaven, like a light
that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind
the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris
made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, ‘from
many a vale
And river-sundered champaign
clothed with corn,
Or labored mines undrainable of ore.
Honor,’ she said, ‘and homage, tax
and toll,
From many an inland town and
haven large,
Mast-thronged beneath her shadow-
ing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest
towers.’

“O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake
of power,
‘Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-
bred
And throned of wisdom—from all
neighbor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such
boon from me,
From me, Heaven’s Queen, Paris,
to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-
born,
Should come most welcome, seeing
men, in power,
Only, are likest gods, who have at-
tained
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying
bliss
In knowledge of their own suprem-
acy.’

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly
fruit
Out at arm’s-length, so much the
thought of power
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where
she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared
limbs
O’erthwarted with the brazen-
headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning
cold,
The while, above, her full and ear-
nest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry
cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made
reply.

“‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge,
self-control,
These three alone lead life to sover-
eign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to
live by law,
Acting the law we live by without
fear;
And, because right is right, to follow
right
Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-
quence.’

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I
die.
Again she said: ‘I woo thee not
with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what
I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge
 of fair,
 Unbiased by self-profit, oh! rest
 thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave
 to thee,
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy
 blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a
 God's,
 To push thee forward through a life
 of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
 grow
 Sinewed with action, and the full-
 grown will,
 Circled through all experiences, pure
 law,
 Commensure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,
 And Paris pondered, and I cried, 'O
 Paris,
 Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me
 not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe
 is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountained
 Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Italian Aphrodité beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in
 Paphian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward
 drew
 From her warm brows and bosom
 her deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid
 throat
 And shoulder: from the violets her
 light foot
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her
 rounded form
 Between the shadows of the vine-
 bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as
 she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I
 die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild
 eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing
 nigh
 Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise
 thee

The fairest and most loving wife in
 Greece,'
 She spoke and laughed: I shut my
 sight for fear:
 But when I looked, Paris had raised
 his arm,
 And I beheld great Heré's angry
 eyes,
 As she withdrew into the golden
 cloud,
 And I was left alone within the
 bower,
 And from that time to this I am
 alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die."

TENNYSON.

THE ISLAND.

How pleasant were the songs of
 Toobonai,
 When summer's sun went down the
 coral bay!
 Come let us to the islet's softest
 shade,
 And hear the warbling birds! the
 damsels said:
 The wood-dove from the forest
 depth shall coo,
 Like voices of the gods from Bolo-
 too;
 We'll cull the flowers that grow
 above the dead,
 For these most bloom where rest
 the warrior's head;
 And we will sit in twilight's face,
 and see
 The sweet moon dancing through
 the tooa-tree,
 The lofty accents of whose sighing
 bough
 Shall sadly please us as we lean be-
 low;
 Or climb the steep, and view the
 surf in vain
 Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the
 main,
 Which spurn in columns back the
 baffled spray.
 How beautiful are these, how happy
 they,
 Who, from the toil and tumult of
 their lives,
 Steal to look down where nought
 but ocean strives!

Even he too loves at times the blue
lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane be-
neath the moon.

Yes — from the sepulchre we'll gather
flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their
promised bowers,

Then plunge and revel in the rolling
surf,

Then lay our limbs along the tender
turf,

And wet and shining from the spor-
tive toil,

Anoint our bodies with the fragrant
oil,

And plait our garlands gathered
from the grave,

And wear the wreaths that sprung
from out the brave.

But lo! night comes, the Mooa
wooes us back,

The sound of mats is heard along
our track;

Anon the torchlight-dance shall fling
its sheen

In flashings mazes o'er the Marly's
green;

And we too will be there; we too re-
call

The memory bright with many a
festival,

Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when
foes

For the first time were wafted in
canoes.

Strike up the dance, the cava bowl
fill high,

Drain every drop! — to-morrow we
may die.

In summer garments be our limbs
arrayed;

Around our waist the Tappa's white
displayed;

Thick wreaths shall form our cor-
onal, like spring's,

And round our necks shall glance
the Hooni strings;

So shall their brighter hues contrast
the glow

Of the dusk bosoms that beat high
below.

Thus rose a song, — the harmony of
times

Before the winds blew Europe o'er
these climes.

True, they had vices, — such are
nature's growth, —

But only the barbarians' — we have
both;

The sordor of civilization, mixed
With all the savage which man's fall
hath fixed.

Who hath not seen dissimulation's
reign,

The prayers of Abel linked to deeds
of Cain?

Who such would see, may from his
lattice view

The old world more degraded than
the new, —

Now *new* no more, save where
Columbia rears

Twin giants, born by freedom to
her spheres,

Where Chimborazo, over air, earth,
wave,

Glares with his Titan eye, and sees
no slave.

BYRON.

THE SEA-CAVE.

YOUNG Neuha plunged into the deep,
and he

Followed: her track beneath her
native sea

Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she
went,

Leaving a streak of light behind her
heel,

Which struck and flashed like an
amphibious steel.

Closely, and scarcely less expert to
trace

The depths where divers hold the
pearl in chase,

Torquil, the nursling of the North-
ern seas,

Pursued her liquid steps with art
and ease.

Deep — deeper for an instant Neuha
led

The way — then upward soared —
and, as she spread

Her arms, and flung the foam from
off her locks,

Laughed, and the sound was an-
swered by the rocks.

They had gained a central realm of
earth again,

But looked for tree, and field, and
sky, in vain.

Around she pointed to a spacious
 cave,
 Whose only portal was the keyless
 wave,
 (A hollow archway by the sun un-
 seen,
 Save through the billows' glassy
 veil of green,
 In some transparent ocean holiday,
 When all the finny people are at
 play),
 Wiped with her hair the brine from
 Torquil's eyes,
 And clapped her hands with joy at
 his surprise.
 Forth from her bosom the young
 savage drew
 A pine torch, strongly girded with
 gnatoo;
 A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to
 keep
 Its latent sparkle from the sapping
 deep.
 This mantle kept it dry; then from
 a nook
 Of the same plantain leaf, a flint
 she took,
 A few shrunk withered twigs, and
 from the blade
 Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and
 thus arrayed
 The grot with torchlight. Wide it
 was and high,
 And showed a self-born Gothic can-
 opy;
 The arch upreared by Nature's archi-
 tect,
 The architrave some earthquake
 might erect;
 The buttress from some mountain's
 bosom hurled,
 When the poles crashed and water
 was the world;
 There, with a little tinge of phan-
 tasy,
 Fantastic faces moped and mowed
 on high,
 And then a mitre or a shrine would
 fix
 The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
 Then Nature played with the sta-
 lactites,
 And built herself a chapel of the seas.
 And Neuha took her Torquil by the
 hand,
 And waved along the vault her kin-
 dled brand,

And led him into each recess, and
 showed
 The secret places of their new abode.
 Nor these alone, for all had been
 prepared
 Before, to soothe the lover's lot she
 shared;
 The mat for rest; for dress the fresh
 gnatoo,
 The sandal-oil to fence against the
 dew;
 For food the cocoa-nut, the yam,
 the bread
 Born of the fruit; for board the
 plantain spread
 With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell
 which bore
 A banquet in the flesh if covered o'er;
 The gourd with water recent from
 the rill,
 The ripe banana from the mellow
 hill;
 A pine torch pile to keep undying
 light;
 And she herself as beautiful as night,
 To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the
 scene,
 And make their subterranean world
 serene.
 She had foreseen, since first the
 stranger's sail
 Drew to their isle, that force or
 flight might fail,
 And formed a refuge of the rocky
 den
 For Torquil's safety from his coun-
 trymen.
 Each dawn had wafted there her
 light canoe,
 Laden with all the golden fruits that
 grew;
 Each eve had seen her gliding
 through the hour
 With all could cheer or deck their
 sparry bower;
 And now she spread her little store
 with smiles,
 The happiest daughter of the loving
 isles.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by
 dawn of day
 Swam smoothly forth to catch the
 rising ray,
 And watch if aught approached the
 amphibious lair
 Where lay her lover, saw a sail in
 air:

It flapped, it filled, then to the grow-
 ing gale
 Bent its broad arch: her breath be-
 gan to fail
 With fluttering fear, her heart beat
 thick and high,
 While yet a doubt sprung where its
 course might lie:
 But no! it came not; fast and far
 away,
 The shadow lessened as it cleared
 the bay.
 She gazed, and flung the sea-foam
 from her eyes,
 To watch as for a rainbow in the
 skies.
 On the horizon verged the distant
 deck,
 Diminished, dwindled to a very
 speck—
 Then vanished. All was ocean, all
 was joy!

BYRON.

SONG OF THE TONGA-ISLAND- ERS.

COME to Licoö! the sun is riding
 Down hills of gold to his coral
 bowers;
 Come where the wood-pigeon's moan
 is chiding
 The song of the wind, while we
 gather flowers.

Let us plait the garland, and weave
 the chi,
 While the wild waves dance on our
 iron strand;
 To-morrow these waves may wash
 our graves,
 And the moon look down on a ruined
 land.

Let us light the torches, and dip our
 hair
 In the fragrant oil of the sandal-tree;
 Strike the bonjoo, and the oola share,
 Ere the death-gods hear our jubilee.

Who are they that in floating towers
 Come with their skins of curdled
 snows?
 They shall see our maidens dress our
 bowers,
 While the hooni shines on their sun-
 ny brows.

Who shall mourn when red with
 slaughter,
 Finow sits on the funeral stone?
 Who shall weep for his dying daugh-
 ter?
 Who shall answer the red chief's
 moan?

He shall cry unheard by the funeral
 stone,
 He shall sink unseen by the split
 canoe,
 Though the plantain-bird be his
 alone,
 And the thundering gods of Fanfon-
 noo.

Let us not think 'tis but an hour
 Ere the wreath shall drop from the
 warrior's waist;
 Let us not think 'tis but an hour
 We have on our perfumed mats to
 waste.

Shall we not banquet, though Ton-
 ga's king
 To-morrow may hurl the battle-
 spear?
 Let us whirl our torches, and tread
 the ring,—
 He only shall find our foot-prints
 here.

We will dive,—and the turtle's track
 shall guide
 Our way to the cave where Hoonga
 dwells,
 Where under the tide he hides his
 bride,
 And lives by the light of its starry
 shells.

Come to Licoö! in yellow skies
 The sun shines bright, and the wild
 waves play;
 To-morrow for us may never rise;—
 Come to Licoö, to-day, to-day.

ANONYMOUS.

AMY WENTWORTH.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys
 They dance so light along;
 The bloom upon her parted lips
 Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!
 Her thoughts are not of thee:
 She better loves the salted wind,
 The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
 That at its anchor swings;
 The murmur of the stranded shell
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her
 praise,
 But dreams the while of one
 Who watches from his sea-blown
 deck
 The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
 And every fog-wreath dim,
 And bids the sea-birds flying north
 Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of
 men
 He perilled life to save,
 And grateful prayers like holy oil
 To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!
 Fair toast of all the town!—
 The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
 The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth
 wear
 For him the blush of shame
 Who dares to set his manly gifts
 Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
 And blood is not like wine;
 Nor honored less than he who heirs
 Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
 If love be Fortune's spur;
 And never maiden stoops to him
 Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
 With stately stairways worn
 By feet of old Colonial knights
 And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
 The English ivy twines,
 Trained back to show in English oak
 The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
 Ancestral faces frown,—
 And this has worn the soldier's
 sword,
 And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
 She walks the gallery-floor
 As if she trod her sailor's deck
 By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-brier blooms on Kittery-
 side,
 And green are Elliot's bowers;
 Her garden is the pebbled beach,
 The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
 To see the white gulls fly;
 His greeting from the Northern sea
 Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
 As in its romance old,
 Shall homeward ride with silken
 sails
 And masts of beaten gold!

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
 And high and low mate ill;
 But love has never known a law
 Beyond its own sweet will!

WHITTIER.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
 Lovers long-betrothed were they:
 They two will wed the morrow morn:
 God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
 Said, "Who was this that went
 from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady
 Clare,
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
 "That all comes round so just and fair:

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
 I buried her like my own sweet child,
 And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
 O mother," she said, "if this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun
 So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
 And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
 "I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
 Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
 And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."
 She said, "Not so: but I will know
 If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
 Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
 My mother dear, if this be so,
 And lay your hand upon my head,
 And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare:
 She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word and in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail;
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

TENNYSON.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

YOUNG Jamie lo'ed me weel, and
 he sought me for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething
 else beside;
 To make that crown a pound, my
 Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were
 baith for me.
 He had na been awa a week but only
 twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and
 the cow was stown awa.
 My father brak his arm, and my
 Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a-court-
 ing to me.

My father cou'dna work, and my
 mither cou'dna spin;
 I toiled baith day and night, but
 their bread I cou'dna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith,
 and wi' tears in his ee
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh, will
 you marry me?
 My heart it said nay; I looked for
 Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the
 ship it proved a wrack,
 The ship it proved a wrack, — why
 didna Jenny dee?
 And why do I live to say, Oh, waes
 me!

Auld Robin argued sair, though my
 mither didna speak,
 She looked in my face till my heart
 was like to break;
 So they gied him my hand, though
 my heart was at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman
 to me.
 I hadna been a wife a week but only
 four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae day
 at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd-
 na think it he,
 Until he said, Jenny, I'm come to
 marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle
 did we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and tore our-
 selves away:

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like
 to dee;
 And why do I live to say, Oh, waes
 me!
 I gang like a ghaist, I carena to
 spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that
 wad be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife for to
 be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto
 me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE
BONNY.

O, WALY, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree;
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak, —
 Sae my true love did light by me!

O, waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning
 dew.

O, wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed;
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by
 me;
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou
 blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the
 tree?

O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing thaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to
 me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.

O, O, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel were dead and gane
And the green grass growin' ower me!

ANONYMOUS.

FAIR ANNIE.

"It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I'm gaun o'er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear;
Wi' you I ne'er got nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?" —

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o'er the dale." —

"But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair." —

"But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again?" —

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand;
And she's up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And look o'er yon sea-strand,
And see your father's new-come bride,
Before she come to land." —

"Come down, come down, my mother dear,
Come frae the castle wa'!
I fear, if langer ye stand there,
Ye'll let yoursell down fa'." —

And she gaed down, and farther down,
Her love's ship for to see;
And the topmast and the mainmast
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,
The bride's ship to behold;
And the topmast and the mainmast
They shone just like the gold.

She's ta'en her seven sons in her hand;
I wot she did'na fail!
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
As they came o'er the dale.

"You're welcome to your house,
Lord Thomas;
You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome, with your fair ladye,
That you lead by the hand.

"You're welcome to your ha's ladye,
You're welcome to your bowers;
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a' that's here is yours." —

"I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee,
Annie;
Sae dearly as I thank thee;
You're the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

"There came a knight out o'er the sea,
And stealed my sister away;
The shame scoup in his company
And land where'er he gae!" —

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha';
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa'.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To haud her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown;
And ay she turned her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
Hung on a silver pin;
And aye he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turned him round about,
And smiled among his men,
Says — "Like ye best the old ladye,
Or her that's new come hame?" —

When bells were rung, and mass was
sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
To hear what they might say;
"And ever alas!" fair Annie cried,
"That I should see this day!"

"Gin my seven sons were seven
young rats,
Running on the castle wa',
And I were a grey cat mysell,
I soon would worry them a'.

"Gin my seven sons were seven
young hares,
Running o'er yon lilly lee,
And I were a grew hound mysell,
Soon worried they a' should be." —

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And drearie was her sang;
And ever, as she sobbed and grat,
"Wae to the man that did the
wrang!" —

"My gown is on," said the new-come
bride,

"My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

"What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair
Annie,
That ye make sic a moan?"

Has your wine barrelles cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone?

"O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother?" —

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother." —

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your
father,
I wot sae was he mine;
And it shall not be for lack o'gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It ne'er was wranged for me,
But an ae kiss of his merry mouth,
As we cam owre the sea."

"Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,
Awa, awa frae me:
I wudna hear my Annie greet,
For a' the gold I got wi' thee."

"O I have seven ships o' mine ain,
A' loaded to the brim;
And I will gie them a' to thee,
Wi' four to thine eldest son,
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven
That I gae maiden hame!"

SCOTT'S VERSION.

GRISELDA.

THE CLERKES TALE.

Ther is right at the West side of
Itaille

Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lusty plain, abundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou
maist behold,

That founded were in time of fa-
thers old,

And many another delitable sighte.
And Saluces this noble contree
highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that
land,

As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeysant, ay redy to his hand,

Were all his lieges, bothe lesse and
more:
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath
done yore,
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of
fortune,
Both of his lordes, and of his com-
mune.

Therwith he was, to speken of
linage,
The gentilest yborne of Lombardie,
A faire person, and strong, and yong
of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie:
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,
Save in som thingés that he was to
blame,
And Walter was this yongé lordés
name.

I blame him thus, that he consid-
ered nought
In time coming what might him be-
tide,
But on his lust present was all his
thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every
side:
Wel neigh all other curés let he slide,
And eke he n'old (and that was
worst of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might
befall.

Only that point his peple baresosore,
That flockmel on a day to him they
went.
And one of them, that wisest was of
lore,
(Or ellés that the lord wold best as-
sent
That he shuld tell him what the
peple ment,
Or ellés coud he wel shew suich
matere)
He to the markis said as ye shall here.

"O noble markis, your humanitee
Assureth us and yeveth us hardinesse,
As oft as time is of necessitee,
That we to you may tell our hevi-
nesse:
Accepteth, lord, then of your gen-
tillesse,
That we with pitous herte unto you
plaine,
And let your erés not my vois dis-
daine.

Al have I not to don in this mat-
ere
More than another man hath in this
place,
Yet for as moch as ye, my lord so
dere
Han alway shewèd me favour and
grace,
I dare the better aske of you a space
Of audience, to shewen our request,
And ye, my lord, to don right as you
lest.

Forcertes, lord, so wel us liketh you
And all your werke, and ever have
don, that we
Ne couden not ourself devisen how
We mighten live in more felicitee:
Save one thing, lord, if it your willé
be,
That for to be a wedded man you lest,
Then were your peple in soverain
hertés rest.

Boweth your nekke under the
blisful yok
Of soveraintee, and not of servise,
Which that men clepen spousalile or
wedlok:
And thinketh, lórd, among your
thoughtés wise,
How that our dayes passe in sondry
wise;
For though we slepe, or wake, or
rome, or ride,
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man
abide.

And though your grené youthe
floure as yet,
In crepeth age alway as still as stone,
And deth menaceth every age, and
smit
In eche estat, for ther escapeth none:
And al so certain, as we knowe eche
one
That we shul die, as uncertain we
all
Ben of that day whan deth shal on
us fall.

Accepteth then of us the trewe
entent,
That never yet refuséden your hest,
And we wol, lord, if that ye wol as-
sent,
Chese you a wife in short time at the
mest,

Borne of the gentillest and of the
best
Of all this lond, so that it oughté
seme
Honour to God and you, as we can
deme.

Deliver us out of all this besy
drede,
And take a wif, for highé Goddés
sake:
For if it so befell, as God forbede,
That thurgh your deth your linage
shulde slake,
And that a strange successour shuld
take
Your heritage, o! wo were us on
live:
Wherefore we pray you hastily to
wive."

Hir meké praiére and hir pitous
chere
Made the markis for to han pitee.
"Ye wol," quod he, "min owen
peple dere,
To that I never ere thought con-
strainen me.
I me rejoycèd of my libertee,
That selden time is found in mar-
riage:
Ther I was free, I moste ben in ser-
vage.

"But natheles I see your trewe
entent,
And trust upon your wit, and have
don ay:
Wherefore of my free will I wol as-
sent
To wedden me, as sone as ever I
may.
But ther as ye han profred me to-
day
To chesen me a wife, I you relese
That chois, and pray you of that
profer cese.

"For God it wot, that children of-
ten ben
Unlike hir worthy eldres them be-
fore,
Bountee cometh al of God, not of
the stren,
Of which they ben ygendred and
ybore:
I trust in Goddés bountee, and ther-
fore

My mariage, and min estat, and
rest
I him betake, he may do as him
lest.

"Let me alone in chosing of my
wife,
That charge upon my bak I wol en-
dure:
But I you pray, and charge upon
your life,
That what wif that I take, ye me
assure
To worship her while that her life
may dure,
In word and work both here and
elles where,
As she an emperourés daughter
were.

"And furthermore this shuln ye
swere, that ye
Again my chois shal never grutch ne
strive.
For sith I shal forgo my libertee
At your request, as ever mote I
thrive,
Where as min herte is set, ther wol
I wive:
And but ye wol assent in such man-
ere,
I pray you speke no more of this
matere."

With hertly will they sworn and
assenten
To all this thing, ther saide not one
wight nay.
Beseching him of grace, or that
they wenten,
That he wold granten them a cer-
tain day
Of his spousaile, as soon as ever he
may,
For yet alway the peple somewhat
dred,
Lest that this markis wolde no wif
wed.

He granted hem a day, such as
him lest,
On which he wold be wedded sikerly,
And said he did all this at hir re-
quest.
And they with humble herte ful
buxumly
Kneling upon their knees ful rever-
ently

Him thankèd all, and thus they had
an end
Of their entente, and home agen they
wend.

And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the festé to purvay.
And to his priveé knightes and
squieres
Such charge he gave, as him list on
them lay:
And they to his commandément obey,
And eche of them doth all his dili-
gence
To do unto the feste all reverence.

PARS SECUNDA.

Nought far fro thilke paleis hon-
ourable,
Wher as this markis shope his mar-
riage,
Ther stode a thorpe, of sighte delita-
ble,
In which that pouré folk of that
village
Hadden their bestês and their her-
bergage,
And of hir labour toke hir suste-
tenance,
After that the erthe gave them
abundance.

Among this pouré folk ther dwelt
a man,
Which that was holden poorest of
them all:
But highé God somtimé senden can
His grace unto a litel oxes stall:
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.
A doughter had he, faire enough to
sight,
And Grisildis this yongé maiden
hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beau-
tee,
Then was she one the fairest under
sonne:
Ful pourléy yfostred up was she:
No likerous lust was in hire herte
yronne;
Wel offer of the well than of the
tonne
She dranke, and for she woldé vertue
plese,
She knew wel labour, but none idel
ese.

But though this mayden tendre
were of age,
Yet in the brest of her virginitee
Ther was enclosed sad and ripe
corage:
And in great reverence and charitee
Her oldé pouré father fostred she:
A few sheep spinning on the feld she
kept,
She wolde not ben idel til she slept.

And whan she homeward came,
she wolde bring
Wortes and other herbés times oft,
The which she shred and sethe for
her living,
And made her bed ful hard, and
nothing soft:
And ay she kept her fadres life on
loft
With every obeisance and diligence,
That child may don to fadres rever-
ence.

Upon Grisilde, this pouré creature,
Ful often sithe this markis sette his
eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure:
And whan it fell that he might hire
espie,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyen cast on her, but in sad
wise
Upon her chere he wold him oft
avise,

Commending in his herte her
womanhede,
And eke her vertue, passing any
wight
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as
dede.
For though the peple have no great
insight
In virtue, he considered ful right
Her bountee, and disposèd that he
wold
Wedde her only, if ever he wedden
shold.

The day of wedding came, but no
wight can
Tellen what woman that it shuldé
be,
For which mervailé wondred many
a man,
And saiden, whan they were in pri-
vete,

Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?
 Wol he not wedde? alas, alas the
 while!
 Why wol he thus himself and us
 begile?

But nathcles this markis hath do
 make
 Of gemmes, sette in gold and in
 asure,
 Broches and ringes, for Grisildes
 sake,
 And of her clothing toke he the
 mesure
 Of a maiden like unto her stature,
 And eke of other ornamentes all,
 That unto swiche a wedding shuldé
 fall.

The time of underne of the same
 day
 Approcheth, that this wedding
 shuldé be,
 And all the paleis put was in ar-
 ray,
 Both halle and chambres, eche in
 his degree,
 Houses of office stuffed with plen-
 tee
 Ther mayst thou see of dainteous
 vitaillé,
 That may be found, as far as lasteth
 Itaille.

This real markis richély arraide,
 Lordes and ladies in his compaignie,
 The which unto the festé weren
 praide,
 And of his retenue the bachelerie,
 With many a sound of sondry mel-
 odie,
 Unto the village, of the which I told,
 In this array the righté way they
 hold.

Grisilde of this (God wot) ful inno-
 cent,
 That for her shapen was all this
 array,
 To fetchen water at a welle is went,
 And cometh home as sone as ever
 she may.
 For wel she had herd say, that thilké
 day
 The markis shuldé wedde, and, if
 she might,
 She woldé fayn han seen some of
 that sight.

She thought, "I wol with other
 maidens stond,
 That ben my felawes, in our dore,
 and see
 The markisesse, and therto wol I fond
 To don at home, as soon as it may be,
 The labour which that longeth unto
 me,
 And than I may at leiser her behold,
 If she this way unto the castel hold."

And as she wolde over the thres-
 wold gon,
 The markis came and gan her for to
 call,
 And she set down her water-pot anon
 Beside the threswold in an oxes stall,
 And down upon her knees she gan to
 fall,
 And with sad countenancé kneleth
 still,
 Til she had herd what was the lordés
 will.

This thoughtful markis spake unto
 this maid
 Ful soberly, and said in this manere:
 "Wher is your fader, Grisildis?" he
 said.
 And she with reverence in humble
 chere
 Answered, "Lord, he is al redy here."
 And in she goth withouten lenger
 lette,
 And to the markis she hire fader
 fette.

He by the hand than toke this
 poure man,
 And saide thus, whan he him had
 aside:
 "Janicola, I neither may nor can
 Longer the plesance of mine herté
 hide,
 If that thou vouchesauf, what so
 betide,
 Thy doughter wol I take or that I
 wend
 As for my wif, unto her livés end.

"Thou lovest me, that wot I wel
 certain,
 And art my faithful liegéman ybore,
 And all that liketh me, I dare wel
 sain
 It liketh thee, and specially therfore
 Tell me that point, that I have said
 before,

If that thou wolt unto this purpos
drawe,
To taken me as for thy son in lawe."

This soden cas this man astoned
so,
That red he wex, abaist, and al
quaking
He stood, unnethès said he wordès
mo,
But only thus; "Lord," quod he,
"my willing
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking
I wol no thing, min owen lord so
dere,
Right as you list, governeth this
matere."

"Than wol I," quod this markis
softely,
"That in thy chambre, I, and thou,
and she,
Have a collation, and wost thou why?
For I wol ask her, if it her wille be
To be my wif, and rule her after
me:
And all this shal be done in thy
presence,
I wol not speke out of thine au-
dience."

And in the chambre, while they
were about
The tretée, which as ye shul after
here,
The peple came into the hous with-
out,
And wondred them, in how honest
manere
Ententifly she kept hire fader dere:
But utterly Grisildis wonder might,
For never erst ne saw she swiche a
sight.

No wonder is though that she be
astoned,
To see so gret a gest come in that
place,
She never was to non such gestes
woned,
For which she loked with ful pale
face.
But shortly forth this matere for to
chace,
These are the wordès that the
markis said
To this benigné, veray, faithful
maid.

"Grisilde," he said, "ye shuln wel
understood,
It liketh to your fader and to me,
That I you wedde, and eke it may so
stond
As I suppose, ye wol that it so be:
But thise demaundès aske I first
(quod he)
That sin it shal be don in hasty wise,
Wol ye assent, or elles you avise?"

"I say this, be ye redy with good
herte
To all my lust, and that I freely may
As me best thiuketh do you laugh or
smerte,
And never ye to grutchen, night ne
day,
And eke whan I say yea, ye say not
nay,
Neither by word, ne frouning coun-
tenance?
Swere this, and here I swere our alli-
ance."

Wondring upon this thing, quak-
ing for drede,
She saide, "Lord, indigne and un-
worthy
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me
bede,
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
And here I swere, that never will-
ingly
In werk, ne thought, I n'ill you dis-
obeie
For to be ded, though me were loth
to deie."

"This is ynough, Grisilde min,"
quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful sobre
chere,
Out at the dore, and after then came
she,
And to the peple he said in this
manere:
"This is my wif," quod he, "that
stondeth here.
Honoureth her, and loveth her, I
pray,
Who so me loveth, ther n'is no more
to say."

And for that nothing of her olde
gere
She shulde bring into his hous, he
bad

That women shuld despoilen her
 right there,
 Of which thise ladies weren nothing
 glad
 To handle her clothes wherin she
 was clad:
 But natheles this maiden bright of
 hew
 Fro foot to hed they clothed han all
 new.

Her heres han they kempt, that
 lay untressed
 Ful rudely, and with her fingres smal
 A coroune on her hed they han
 ydressed,
 And sette her ful of nouches gret
 and smal:
 Of her array what shuld I make a
 tale?
 Unneth the peple her knew for her
 fairnesse,
 Whan she transmewèd was in swiche
 richesse.

This markis hath her spoused with
 a ring
 Brought for the same cause, and than
 her sette
 Upon an hors snow-white, and wel
 ambling,
 And to his paleis, or he lenger lette,
 (With joyful peple, that her lad and
 mette)
 Conveyèd her, and thus the day they
 spende
 In revel, til the sonnè gan descende.

And shortly forth this tale for to
 chace,
 I say, that to this newé markisesse
 God hath swiche favour sent her of
 his grace,
 That it ne semeth not by likeliness
 That she was borne and fed in rude-
 nesse,
 As in a cote, or in an oxes stall,
 But nourished in an emperoures hall.

To every wight she waxen is so dere,
 And worshipful, that folk ther she
 was bore
 And fro her birthé knew her yere by
 yere,
 Unnethes trowed they, but dorst han
 swore,
 That to Janicle, of which I spake
 before,

She doughter n'as, for as by con-
 jecture
 Hem thoughte she was another crea-
 ture.

For though that ever vertuous
 was she,
 She was encresèd in swiche excel-
 lence
 Of thewés good, yset in high boun-
 tee,
 And so discrete, and faire of elo-
 quence,
 So benigne, and so digne of rev-
 erence,
 And coude so the peples herte em-
 brace,
 That eche her loveth that loketh on
 her face.

Nor only of Saluces in the toun
 Publishèd was the bountee of her
 name,
 But eke beside in many a regioun,
 If one saith wel, another saith the
 same:
 So spreadeth of her hie bountee the
 fame,
 That men and women, yong as wel
 as old,
 Gon to Saluces upon her to behold.

Thus Walter lowly, nay but réally,
 Wedded with fortunat honestete,
 In Goddés peace liveth ful esily
 At home, and grace ynough outward
 had he:

And for he saw that under low de-
 gree
 Was honest vertue hid, the peple
 him held
 A prudent man, and that is seen ful
 seld.

Not only this Grisildis thurgh
 her wit
 Coude all the fete of wifly homli-
 nesse,
 But eke whan that the cas required
 it,
 The comuné profit coude she re-
 dressè:
 Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne
 heviness
 In all the lond, that she ne coude
 appese,
 And wisely bring hem all in hertés
 ese.

Though that her husband absent
were or non,
If gentlemen, or other of that contree
Were wroth, she wolde bringen them
at one,
So wise and ripe wordes hadde she,
And judgement of so gret equitee,
That she from heven sent was, as
men wend,
Peple to save, and every wrong to
amend.

Not longe time after that this
Grisilde
Was wedded, she a doughter hath
ybores,
All had hire lever han borne a knave
childe:
Glad was the markis and his folk
therfore,
For though a maiden childe come
all before,
She may unto a knave childe atteine
By likelyhed, sin she n'is not bar-
reine.

PARS TERTIA.

Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,
Whan that this childe had souked
but a throwe,
This markis in his herté longed so
To tempt his wif, her sadnesse for
to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte
throwe
This marveillous desir his wif to
assay,
Needles, God wot, he thought hire
to affray.

He had assaied her enough before,
And found her ever good, what
nedeth it
Her for to tempt, and alway more
and more?
Though some men praise it for a
subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that evil it sit
To assay a wife when that it is no
nede,
And putten her in anguish and in
drede.

For which this markis wrought in
this manere;
He came a-night alone ther as she lay
With sterné face, and with ful trouble
chere,

And sayde thus: "Grisilde" (quod
he) "that day
That I you toke out of your poure
array,
And put you in estat of high noblesse,
Ye han it not forgotten, as I gesse."

"I say, Grisilde, this present dig-
nitee,
In which that I have put you, as I
trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you toke in poure estat ful
low,
For only wele ye mote yourselven
know.
Take hede of every word that I you
say,
Ther is no wight that hereth it but
we tway.

"Ye wote yourself wel how that
ye came here
Into this hous, it is not long ago,
And though to me ye be right lefe
and dere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothing so:
They say, to hem it is gret shame
and wo
For to be suggetes, and ben in ser-
vage
To thee, that borne art of a smal
linage.

"And namely since thy doughter
was ybores,
These wordes han they spoken
douteles,
But I desire, as I have don before,
To live my lif with them in rest and
peace:
I may not in this case be reccheles;
I mote do with thy doughter for the
best,
Not as I wold, but as my gentils lest.

"And yet, God wote, this is ful
loth to me:
But natheles withouten youre wetting
I wol nought do, but thus wol I
(quod he)
That ye to me assenten in this thing.
Shew now youre patience in youre
working
That ye me hight and swore in youre
village
The day that makèd was our mari-
age."

Whan she had herd all this, she
 not ameved
 Neyther in word, in chere, ne
 countenance,
 (For as it semed, she was not agreved)
 She sayde: "Lord, all lith in your
 plesance,
 My child and I, with hertely obei-
 sance
 Ben youre all, and ye may save or
 spill,
 Your owen thing: werketh after
 your will.

Ther may no thing, so God my
 soule save,
 Like unto you, that may displesen
 me:
 Ne I desire nothing for to have,
 Ne drede for to lese, sauf only ye:
 This will is in myn herte, and ay
 shal be,
 No length of time, or deth may this
 deface,
 Ne change my corage to an other
 place."

Glad was this markis for her
 answering,
 But yet he feined as he were not so,
 Al drery was his chere and his
 loking,
 Whan that he shuld out of the cham-
 bre go.
 Sone after this, a furlong way or two,
 He prively hath told all his entent
 Unto a man, and to his wif him sent.

A maner sergeant was this privé
 man,
 The which he faithful often founden
 had
 In thinges gret, and eke swiche folk
 wel can
 Don execution on thinges bad:
 The lord knew wel, that he him loved
 and drad.
 And whan this sergeant wist his
 lordes will,
 Into the chambre he stalked him ful
 still.

"Madame," he sayd, "ye mote
 forgive it me,
 Though I do thing, to which I am
 constrained:
 Ye ben so wise, that right wel
 knownen ye,

That lordés hestés may not ben
 yfeined,
 They may wel be bewailed and com-
 plained,
 But men mote nedes to their lust
 obey,
 And so wol I, ther n'is no more to
 say.

"This child I am commanded for
 to take."
 And spake no more, but out the
 child he hent
 Despiteously, and gan a chere to
 make,
 As though he wold have slain it, or
 he went.
 Grisildis must al suffer and al con-
 sent:
 And as a lambe, she sitteth meke
 and still,
 And let this cruel sergeant do his
 will.

Suspecious was the diffame of this
 man,
 Suspect his face, suspect his word
 also,
 Suspect the time in which he this
 began:
 Alas! her daughter, that she loved
 so,
 She wende he wold han slaién it
 right tho,
 But natheles she neither wept ne
 siked,
 Conforming her to that the markis
 liked.

But at the last to spoken she began,
 And mekely she to the sergeant praid
 (So as he was a worthy gentil man)
 That she might kiss her child, or
 that it deid:
 And in her barme this litel child she
 leid,
 With ful sad face, and gan the child
 to blisse,
 And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.

And thus she sayd in her benigne
 vois:
 "Farewel, my child, I shal thee
 never see,
 But sin I have thee marked with
 the crois,
 Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou
 be,

That for us died upon a crois of tree:
Thy soule, litel child, I him betake,
For this night shalt thou dien for
my sake."

I trow that to a norice in this case
It had ben hard this routhe for to
see:

Wel might a moder than han cried
alas,
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,
That she endured all adversitee,
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,
"Have here agen your litel yonge
mayde.

"Goth now" (quod she) "and
doth my lordés hest:
And one thing wold I pray you of
your grace,
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,
Burieth this litel body in some place,
That bestes ne no birdies it to-race."
But he no word to that purpos wold
say,
But toke the child and went upon
his way.

This sergeant came unto his lord
again,
And of Grisildés wordés and her chere
He told him point for point, in short
and plain,
And him presented with his daughter
dere.
Somwhat this lord hath routhe in
his manere,
But natheles his purpos held he still,
As lordes don, whan they wol han
hir will.

And bad this sergeant that he
prively
Shulde this child ful softe wind and
wrappe,
With alle circumstances tendrely,
And carry it in a coffer, or in a lappe;
But upon peine his hed off for to
swappe
That no man shulde know of his
entent,
Ne whence he came, ne whither that
he went;

But at Boloigne, unto his sister
dere,
That thilke time of Pavie was
countesse,

He shuld it take, and shew hire this
matere,
Beseching hire to don her besinesse
This child to fostren in all gentillesse,
And whos child that it was he bade
her hide
From every wight, for ought that
may betide.

This sergeant goth, and hath ful-
filde this thing.
But to this marquis now retorné we;
For now goth he ful fast imagining,
If by his wivés chere he mighté see,
Or by her wordés apperceive, that she
Were changed, but he never coud
hire finde,
But ever in one ylike sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, as besy in
service
And eke in love, as she was wont to
be,
Was she to him, in every manner wise;
Ne of her daughter not a word spake
she:
Non accident for non adversitee
Was seen in her, ne never her
daughter's name
Ne nevened she, for ernest ne for
game.

PARS QUARTA.

In this estat ther passèd ben foure
yere
Er she with childe was, but, as God
wold,
A knave childe she bare by this
Waltere
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold:
And whan that folk it to his fader
told,
Not only he, but all his contree mery
Was for this childe, and God they
thonke and hery.

Whan it was two yere old, and
from the brest
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markis caughte yet another lest
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he
may.
O! nedeles was she tempte in assay.
But wedded men ne connen no
mesure,
Whan that they finde a patient crea-
ture.

"Wif," quod this markis, "ye
 han herd or this
 My peple sikely beren our mariage,
 And namely sin my son yboren is,
 Now is it worse than ever in all our
 age:
 The murmur sleth myn herte and
 my corage,
 For to mine eres cometh the vois so
 smerte,
 That it wel nie destroyed hath my
 herte.

"Now say they thus, whan Walter
 is agon,
 Than shal the blood of Janicle suc-
 cede,
 And ben our lord, for other han we
 none:
 Swiche wordes sayn my peple, it is
 no drede,
 Wel ought I of swiche murmur
 taken hede,
 For certainly I drede al swiche sen-
 tence,
 Though they not plainen in myn
 audience.

"I wolde live in pees, if that I
 might:
 Wherefore I am disposed utterly,
 As I his suster served er by night,
 Right so thinke I to serve him
 prively.
 This warne I you, that ye not sod-
 enly
 Out of yourself for no wo shuld
 outraite,
 Beth patient, and thereof I you praie."

"I have," quod she, "sayd thus
 and ever shal,
 I wol no thing, ne n'ill no thing
 certain,
 But as you list: not greveth me at al,
 Though that my doughter and my
 sone be slain
 At your commandement: that is to
 sain,
 I have not had no part of children
 twein,
 But first sikenesse, and after wo and
 peine.

"Ye ben my lord, doth with your
 owen thing
 Right as you list, asketh no rede of
 me:

For as I left at home al my clothing
 Whan I came first to you, right so
 (quod she)
 Left I my will and al my libertee,
 And toke your clothing: wherfore I
 you prey,
 Doth your plesance, I wol youre
 lust obey.

"And certes, if I hadde prescience
 Your will to know, er ye your lust
 me told,
 I wold it do withouten negligence:
 But now I wote your lust, and what
 ye wold,
 All your plesance ferme and stable
 I hold,
 For wist I that my deth might do
 you ese,
 Right gladly wold I dien, you to
 plesse.

"Deth may not maken no compari-
 soun
 Unto your love." And whan this
 markis say
 The constance of his wif, he cast
 adoun
 His eyen two, and wondreth how
 she may
 In patience suffer al this array:
 And forth he goth with drery con-
 tenance,
 But to his herte it was ful gret ples-
 ance.

This ugly sergeant in the same
 wise
 That he her doughter caughte, right
 so he
 (Or werse, if men can any werse de-
 vise)
 Hath hent her son, that ful was of
 beautee:
 And ever in on so patient was she,
 That she no chere made of hevi-
 nesse,
 But kist her sone and after gan it
 blesse.

Save this she praied him, if that
 he might,
 Her litel sone he wold in erthe
 grave,
 His tendre limmés, delicat to sight,
 Fro foules and fro bestes for to save.
 But she non answer of him might
 have,

He went his way, as him no thing
ne rought,
But to Boloigne he tendrely it
brought.

This markis wondreth ever lenger
the more
Upon her patience, and if that he
Ne hadde sothly knowen therbefore,
That parfitly her children loved she,
He wold han wend that of som sub-
tiltee
And of malice, or for cruel corage,
That she had suffred this with sad
visage.

But wel he knew, that next him-
self, certain
She loved her children best in every
wise.
But now of women wold I asken
fayn,
If thise assaies mighten not suffise;
What coud a sturdy husbond more
devise
To preve her wifhood, and her sted-
fastnesse,
And he continuing ever in sturdi-
nesse?

But ther be folk of such condi-
tion,
That, whan they han a certain pur-
pos take,
They can not stint of their inten-
tion,
But, right as they were bounden to
a stake,
They wol not of their firste purpose
slake:
Right so this markis fully hath pur-
posed
To tempt his wif, as he was first dis-
posed.

He waiteth, if by word or conte-
nance
That she to him was changed of
corage:
But never coud he finden variance,
She was ay one in herte and in vis-
age,
And ay the further that she was in
age,
The more trewe (if that were possi-
ble)
She was to him in love, and more
penible.

For which it semed thus, that of
them two
Ther was but one will; for as Wal-
ter lest,
The same lust was hire plesance also;
And God be thanked, all fell for the
best.
She shewed wel, for no worldly un-
rest
A wif, as of herself, no thing ne
sholde
Wille in effect, but as her husbond
wolde.

The sclandre of Walter wonder
wide spradde,
That of a cruel herte he wikkedly,
For he a poure woman wedded hadde,
Hath murdered both his children
prively:
Such murmur was among them
comunly.
No wonder is: for to the peples' ere
Ther came no word, but that they
murdered were.

For which ther as his people ther-
before
Had loved him wel, the sclandre of
his diffame
Made them that they him hateden
therfore:
To ben a murther is an hateful
name.
But natheles, for ernest ne for game,
He of his cruel purpos n'olde stente,
To tempt his wif was sette all his
entente.

Whan that his doughter twelf yere
was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in subtil
wise
Enformed of his will, sent his mes-
sage,
Commanding him, swiche billes to
devise,
As to his cruel purpos may suffise,
How that the pope, as for his peples
rest,
Bade him to wed another, if him lest.

I say he bade, they shulden con-
trefete
The popes bulles, making mention
That he hath leve his firste wif to
lete,
As by the popes dispensation,

To stinten rancour and dissension
Betwix his peple and him: thus
spake the bull,
The which they han published at
the full.

The rude peple, as no wonder is,
Wenden ful wel, that it had ben
right so:
But whan thise tidings came to Grisildis,
I deme that her herte was ful of wo;
But she ylike sad for evermo
Disposed was, this humble creature,
The adversitee of fortune al to endure;

Abiding ever his lust and his plesance,
To whom that she was yeven, herte
and al,
As to hire veray worldly suffisance.
But shortly if this storie tell I shal,
This markis writen hath in special
A lettre, in which he sheweth his entente,
And secretly he to Boloigne it sente,

To the erl of Pavie, which that
hadde tho
Wedded his suster, prayed he specially
To bringen home agein his children
two
In honourable estat al openly:
But one thing he him prayèd utterly,
That he to no wight, though men
wold enquire,
Shulde not tell whos children that
they were,

But say, the maiden shuld ywedded
be
Unto the markis of Saluces anon.
And as this erl was prayed, so did he,
For at day sette he on his way is gon
Toward Saluces, and lordes many on
In rich arraie, this maiden for to gide,
Her yonge brother riding hire beside.

Arraied was toward her mariage
This fresshe maiden, ful of gemmes
clere,
Her brother, which that seven yere
was of age,
Arraied eke ful fresh in his manere:
And thus in gret noblesse and with
glade chere

Toward Saluces shaping their journey
Fro day to day they riden in their
way.

PARS QUINTA.

Among al this, after his wicked
usage,
This markis yet his wif to tempten
more
To the uttereste proof of hire corage,
Fully to have experience and lore,
If that she were as stedefast as before,
He on a day in open audience
Ful boistously hath said her this
sentence:

“ Certes, Grisilde, I had ynough
plesance
To han you to my wif, for your
goodnesse,
And for your trouthe, and for your
obeysance,
Not for your linage, ne for your richesse,
But now know I in veray sothfastnesse,
That in gret lordship, if I me wel
advise,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wise.

“ I may not do, as every ploughman
may:
My peple me constreineth for to
take
Another wif, and crien day by day;
And eke the pope rancour for to
slake
Consenteth it, that dare I undertake:
And trewely, thus moche I wol you
say,
My newe wif is coming by the way.

“ Be strong of herte, and voide
anon hire place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten
me
Take it agen, I grant it of my grace,
Returneth to your fadres hous,
(quod he)
No man may alway have prosperitee.
With even herte I rede you to endure
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.”

And she agen answerd in patience:

"My lord," quod she, "I wote, and wist alway,
How that betwixen your magnificence
And my poverté no wight ne can me
make
Maken comparison, it is no nay;
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To be your wif, ne yet your chamberere.

"And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,
(The highe God take I for my witness,
And all so wisly he my soule glad)
I never held me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servant to your worthinesse,
And ever shal, while that my lif may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.

"That ye so longe of your benignitee
Han holden me in honour and nobley,
Wheras I was not worthy for to be,
That thanke I God and you, to whom
I prey
Foryelde it you, ther is no more to sey:
Unto my fader gladly wol I wende,
And with him dwell unto my livés ende;

"Ther I was fostred of a childe ful smal,
Till I be dead my life there will I lead,
A widew clene in body, herte and al.
For sith I gave to you my maidenhede,
And am your trewe wif, it is no drede,
God shilde such a lordés wif to take
Another man to husbond or to make.

"And of your newe wif, God of his grace
So graunte you wele and prosperite:
For I wol gladly yelden her my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be.
For sith it liketh you, my lord,
(quod she)

That whilom weren all myn hertés rest,
That I shal gon, I wot go whan you lest.

"But ther as ye me profer swiche dowaire
As I first brought, it is wel in my mind,
It were my wretched clothés, nothing faire,
The which to me were hard now for to find.
O goode God! how gentil and how kind
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,
The day that maked was oure marriage!

"But soth is said, algate I find it trewe,
For in effect it preved is on me,
Love is not old, as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for non adversitee
To dien in this cas, it shal not be
That ever in word or werke I shal repent,
That I you yave min herte in whole entent.

"My lord, ye wot, that in my father's place
Ye did me stripe out of my poure wede.
And richely ye clad me of your grace;
To you brought I nought elles out of drede,
But faith and nakednesse, and maidenhede;
And here agen your clothing I restore,
And eke your wedding ring for evermore.

"The remenant of your jeweles redy be
Within your chambre, I dare it safly sain;
Naked out of my father's hous (quod she)
I came, and naked I mote turne again.
All your plesance wolde I folwe fain:
But yet I hope it be not your entent,
That I smockless out of your paleis went.

“Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,
That thilke wombe, in which your children lay,
Shulde before the peple, in my walking,
Be seen al bare: wherfore I you pray
Let me not like a worme go by the way:
Remembre you, min owen lord so dere,
I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

“Wherfore in guerdon of my maid-enhede,
Which that I brought and not agen I bere,
As vouchesauf to yeve me to my mede
But swiche a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrie the wombe of her
That was your wif: and here I take my leve
Of you, min owen lord, lest I you greve.”

“The smok,” quod he, “that thou hast on thy bake,
Let it be still, and bere it forth with thee.”
But wel unnethes thilke word he spake,
But went his way for routhe and for pitee.
Before the folk hireselven stripeth she,
And in her smok, with foot and hed al bare,
Toward her fadres hous forth is she fare.

The folk her folwen weping in hir wey,
And fortune ay they cursen as they gon:
But she fro weping kept her eyen drey,
Ne in this time word ne spake she non.
Her fader, that this tiding herd anon,
Curseth the day and time, that nature
Shope him to ben a lives creature.

For out of doute this olde poure man
Was ever in suspect of her mariage:
For ever he demed, sin it first began,
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corage,
Him wolde thinke it were a disparage
To his estat, so lowe for to alight,
And voiden her as sone as ever he might.

Agein his doughter hastily goth he,
(For he by noise of folk knew her coming)
And with her olde cote, as it might be,
He covereth her ful sorwefully weping:
But on her body might he it not bring,
For rude was the cloth, and more of age
By daies fele than at her mariage.

Thus with her fader for a certain space
Dwelleth this flour of wifly patience,
That nother by her wordes ne her face,
Beforn the folk, ne eke in her absence,
Ne shewed she that her was don offence,
Ne of her high estat no remembrance
Ne hadde she, as by hire contenance.

No wonder is, for in her gret estat
Her gost was ever in pleine humilitee;
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,
No pompe, no semblant of realtee;
But ful of patient beniguitee,
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,
And to her husbond ever meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,
As clerkes, whan hem list, can wel endite,
Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,
Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite

As woman can, ne can be half so
trewe
As women ben, but it be falle of
newe.

PARS SEXTA.

Fro Boloigne is this erl of Pavie
come,
Of which the fame up sprang to
more and lesse:
And to the peples eres all and some
Was couth eke, that a newe mar-
kisse
He with him brought, in swiche
pomp and richesse,
That never was ther seen with
mannes eye
So noble array in al West Lumbardie.

The markis, which that shope and
knew all this,
Er that this erl was come, sent his
message
For thilke poure sely Grisildis;
And she with humble herte and glad
visage,
Not with no swollen thought in her
corage,
Came at his hest, and on her knees
her sette,
And reverently and wisely she him
grette.

“Grisilde,” (quod he) “my will is
utterly,
This maiden, that shal wedded be to
me,
Received be to-morwe as really
As it possible is in myn hous to be:
And eke that every wight in his
degree
Have his estat in sitting and service,
And high plesance, as I can best
devise.

“I have no woman suffisant certain
The chambres for to array in ordi-
nance
After my lust, and therefore wolde
I fain,
That thin were all swiche manere
governance:
Thou knowest eke of old all my
plesance;
Though thin array be bad, and evil
besey,
Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.

Not only, lord, that I am glad
(quod she)
To don your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and plesse in my
degree,
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:
Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,
Ne shal the gost within myn herte
stente
To love you best with all my trewe
entente.”

And with that word she gan the
hous to dight,
And tables for to sette, and beddes
make,
And peined hire to don all that she
might,
Praying the chambereres for Goddés’
sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and
shake,
And she the moste serviceable of all
Hath every chambre arraied, and his
hall.

Abouten undern gan this erl alight,
That with him brought thise noble
children twey;
For which the peple ran to see the
sight
Of hir arrayed, so richely besey:
And than at erst amonges them they
sey,
That Walter was no fool, though
that him lest
To change his wif; for it was for the
best.

For she is fairer, as they demen
all,
Than is Grisilde, and more tendre
of age,
And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde
fall,
And more plesant for hire high
linage:
Hire brother eke so faire was of
visage,
That hem to seen the peple hath
caught plesance,
Commending now the markis gover-
nance.

O stormy peple; unsad and ever
untrewe,
And undiscrete, and changing as a
fane,

Delighting ever in rombel that is
 newe,
 For like the mone waxen ye and
 wane:
 Ay ful of clapping, dere ynough a
 jane,
 Your dome is fals, your constance
 evil preveth,
 A ful gret fool is he that on you
 leveth.

Thus saiden sade folk in that citee,
 Whan that the peple gased up and
 doun:
 For they were glad, right for the
 noveltee,
 To have a newe lady of hir toun.
 No more of this make I now men-
 tioun,
 But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,
 And telle hire constance, and hire
 besinesse.

Ful besy was Grisilde in every
 thing,
 That to the feste was appertinent;
 Right naught was she abaist of hire
 clothing,
 Though it were rude, and somdel eke
 to-rent,
 But with glad chere to the yate is
 went
 With other folk, to grete the mar-
 kisesse,
 And after that doth forth hire
 besinesse.

With so glad chere his gestes she
 receiveth,
 And conningly everich in his degree,
 That no defaute no man apper-
 ceiveth,
 But ay they wondren what she
 mighte be,
 That in so poure array was for to
 see,
 And coude swiche honour and rever-
 ence,
 And worthily they preisen hire pru-
 dence.

In all this mene while she ne stent
 This maide and eke hire brother to
 commend
 With all hire herte in ful benigne
 entent,
 So wel, that no man coud hire preise
 amend:

But at the last whan that thise lordes
 wend
 To sitten doun to mete, he gan to call
 Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall.

“Grisilde, (quod he, as it were in
 his play)
 How liketh thee my wif, and hire
 beautee?”
 “Right wel, my lord, (quod she,) for
 in good fay,
 A fairer saw I never non than she:
 I pray to God yeve you prosperitee;
 And so I hope, that he wol to you
 send
 Plesance ynough unto your lives
 end.”

“O thing beseche I you and warne
 also,
 That ye ne prikke with no turment-
 ing
 This tendre maiden as ye han do mo:
 For she is fostred in her norishing
 More tendrely, and to my supposing
 She mighte not adversitee endure,
 As coude a poure fostred creature.”

And when this Walter saw her
 patience,
 Her glade chere, and no malice at
 all,
 And he so often hadde her don
 offence,
 And she ay sade and constant as a
 wall,
 Continuing ever her innocence over
 all,
 This sturdy markis gan his herte
 dresse
 To rewe upon her wifly stedefast-
 nesse.

“This is ynough, Grisilde min,
 (quod he,)
 Be now no more agast, ne evil apaid,
 I have thy faith and thy benignitee,
 As wel as ever woman was, assaid
 I gret estat, and pourelich arraied:
 Now know I, dere wif, thy stedefast-
 nesse,
 And her in armes toke, and gan to
 kesse.

And she for wonder toke of it no
 kepe,
 She herde not what thing he to her
 said:

She ferde as she had stert out of a slepe.

Til she out of her masednesse abraid.
 "Grisilde, (quod he,) by God that
 for us deid,
 Thou art my wif, non other I ne have,
 Ne never had, as God my soule save.

"This is thy doughter, which thou
 hast supposed
 To be my wif; that other faithfully
 Shal be min heir, as I have ay dis-
 posed;
 Thou bare hem of thy body trewely:
 At Boloigne have I kept hem prively:
 Take hem agen, for now maist thou
 not say,
 That thou hast lorn non of thy chil-
 dren tway.

"And folk, that otherwise han
 said of me,
 I warne hem wel, that I have don
 this dede
 For no malice, ne for no crueltee,
 But for to assay in thee thy woman-
 hede:
 And not to slee my children (God for-
 bed)
 But for to kepe hem prively and still,
 Til I thy purpos knew, and all thy
 will."

Whan she this herd aswoune doun
 she falleth
 For pitous joye, and after her swoun-
 ing
 She both her yonge children to her
 calleth,
 And in her armes pitously weping
 Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissing
 Ful like a moder with her salte teres
 She bathed both her visage and her
 heres.

O, which a pitous thing it was to see
 Her swouning, and her humble vois
 to here!

"Grand mercy, lord, God thank it
 you (quod she)
 That ye han saved me my children
 dere:
 Now rekke I never to be ded right
 here,
 Sin I stond in your love, and in your
 grace,
 No force of deth, ne whan my spirit
 pace.

"O tendre, o dere, o yonge children
 mine,
 Your woful mother wened stedfastly,
 That cruel houndes, or some foul
 vermine
 Had eten you; but God of his mercy,
 And your benigne fader tendrely
 Hath don you kepe:" and in that
 same stound
 Al sodenly she swapt adoun to
 ground.

And in her swough so sadly hold-
 eth she
 Her children two, whan she gan hem
 embrace,
 That with gret sleight and gret diffi-
 cultee
 The children from her arm they gan
 arrace;
 O! many a tere on many a pitous
 face
 Doun ran of hem that stoden her
 beside,
 Unnethe abouten her might they
 abide.

Walter her gladeth, and her sorwe
 slaketh,
 She riseth up abashed from her
 trance,
 And every wight her joye and feste
 maketh,
 Til she hath caught agen her conte-
 nance.
 Walter hire doth so faithfully ples-
 ance,
 Thet it was deintee for to seen the
 chere
 Betwix hem two, sin they ben met
 in fere.

Thise ladies, whan that they her
 time sey,
 Han taken her, and into chambre gon,
 And stripen her out of her rude arrey,
 And in a cloth of gold that brighte
 shone,
 With a coroune of many a riche stone
 Upon her hed, they into hall her
 broughte:
 And ther she was honoured as her
 ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blis-
 ful end;
 For every man, and woman, doth
 his might

This day in mirth and revel to dis-
pend,
Til on the welkin shone the sterres
bright:
For more solempne in every mannes
sight
This festé was, and greter of cost-
age,
Than was the revel of her mariage.

Ful many a yere in high prosperi-
tee
Liven thise two in concord and in
rest,
And richely his doughter married he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and
rest
His wivés fader in his court he
kepeth,
Til that the soule out of his body
crepeth.

His sone succedeth in his heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fadres
day:
And fortunat was eke in mariage,
Al put he not his wif in gret assay:
This world is not so strong, it is no
nay,
As it hath ben in olde times yore,
And herkneth, what this auctour
saith therfore.

This story is said, not for that
wives shuld
Folwe Grisilde, as in humilitee,
For it were importable, tho they
wold;
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee,
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark
writeth
This storie, which with high stile he
enditeth.

For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, wel more we
ought
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.
For gret skill is he prove that he
wrought
But he ne tempteth no man that he
bought
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistell
rede;
He preveth folk al day, it is no
drede:

And suffreth us, as for our exer-
cise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise;
Not for to know our will, for certes
he
Or we were borne, knew all our
freeletee;
And for our best is all his govern-
ance;
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.

But one word, lordings, herkeneth,
ere I go:
It were ful hard to finden now
adaye
In all a toun Grisildes three or two:
For if that they were put to swiche
assayes,
The gold of hem hath now so bad
alaye
With bras, that though the coine be
faire at eye,
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.

For which here, for the wives love
of Bathe,
Whos lif and al hire secte God main-
tene
In high maistrie, and elles were it
scathe,
I wol with lusty herte fresshe and
grene,
Say you a song to gladen you, I
wene:
And let us stint of earnestful matere.
Herkneth my song, that saith in this
manere.

Grisilde is ded, and eke her pa-
tience,
And both at ones buried in Itaille:
For which I erie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to
assaille
His wives patience, in trust to find
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.

O noble wives, ful of high pru-
dence,
Let non humilitee your tonges naile:
Ne let no clerk have cause or dili-
gence
To write of you a storie of swiche
mervaille,
As of Grisildis patient and kinde,
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in her
entraile.

Folweth ecco, that holdeth no
silence,
But ever answereth at the countre-
taille:
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,
But sharply taketh on you the gov-
ernaille:
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your
minde,
For comun profit, sith it may availle.

Ye archewives, stondeth ay at
defence,
Sin ye be strong, as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreth not, that men do you
offence.
And sclendre wives, feble as in
bataille,
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde;
Ay clappeth as a mill, I you coun-
saille

Ne drede hem not, doth hem no
reverence,
For though thin husbond armèd be
in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest, and eke his
aventaille:
In jalousie I rede eke thou him
binde,
And thou shalt make him couche as
doth a quaille.

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in
presence
Shew thou thy visage, and thin ap-
paraille:
If thou be foule, be free of thy dis-
pence,
To get the frendes ay do thy travaille:
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on
linde,
And let him care, and wepe, and
wringe, and waille.

CHAUCER.

RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY.

To the belfry, one by one, went the
ringers from the sun,
Toll slowly.
And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is
music for the Dead,
When the rebeckes are all done."

Six abeles i' the churchyard grow on
the northside in a row,
Toll slowly.
And the shadows of their tops rock
across the little slopes
Of the grassy graves below.

On the south side and the west, a
small river runs in haste,
Toll slowly.
And between the river flowing and
the fair green trees a-growing
Do the dead lie at their rest.

On the east I sate that day, up
against a willow gray:
Toll slowly.
Through the rain of willow-branches,
I could see the low hill-ranges,
And the river on its way.

There I sate beneath the tree, and
the bell tolled solemnly,
Toll slowly.
While the trees' and river's voices
flowed between the solemn
noises, —
Yet death seemed more loud to
me.

There I read this ancient rhyme,
while the bell did all the time
Toll slowly.
And the solemn knell fell in with
the tale of life and sin,
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

THE RHYME.

Broad the forest stood (I read) on
the hills of Linteged —
Toll slowly.
And three hundred years had stood
mute adown each hoary wood,
Like a full heart having prayed.

And the little birds sang east, and
the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly.
And but little thought was theirs, of
the silent antique years,
In the building of their nest.

Down the sun dropped large and red,
on the towers of Linteged, —
Toll slowly.
Lance and spear upon the height,
bristling strange in fiery light,
While the castle stood in shade.

There, the castle stood up black,
 with the red sun at its back, —
Toll slowly.
 Like a sullen smouldering pyre, with
 a top that flickers fire,
 When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did
 besiege the castle wall,
Toll slowly.
 And the castle, seethed in blood,
 fourteen days and nights had
 stood,
 And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three
 months since, a bride did
 come, — *Toll slowly.*
 One who proudly trod the floors,
 and softly whispered in the
 doors,
 “May good angels bless our
 home.”

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a
 front of constancies, —
Toll slowly.
 Oh, a bride of cordial mouth, —
 where the untired smile of
 youth
 Did light outward its own sighs.

’Twas a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and
 her uncle’s ward, the Earl
Toll slowly.
 Who betrothed her, twelve years old,
 for the sake of dowry gold,
 To his son Lord Leigh, the
 churl.

But what time she had made good
 all her years of womanhood,
Toll slowly.
 Unto both those Lords of Leigh,
 spake she out right sovranly,
 “My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes
 red this same right hand’s
 veins,” she said, —
Toll slowly.

“’Tis my will as lady free, not to
 wed a Lord of Leigh,
 But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

The old Earl he smiled smooth, then
 he sighed for wilful youth. —
Toll slowly.

“Good my niece, that hand withal
 looketh somewhat soft and
 small,
 For so large a will, in sooth.”

She, too, smiled by that same sign,
 — but her smile was cold and
 fine, — *Toll slowly.*
 “Little hand clasps muckle gold; or
 it were not worth the hold
 Of thy son, good uncle mine!”

Then the young lord jerked his
 breath, and sware thickly in
 his teeth, *Toll slowly.*
 “He would wed his own betrothed,
 an she loved him, and she
 loathed,
 Let the life come or the death.”

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as
 her father’s child might rise,
Toll slowly.

“Thy hound’s blood, my Lord of
 Leigh, stains thy knightly
 heel,” quoth she,
 “And he moans not where he
 lies,

‘But a woman’s will dies hard, in
 the hall or on the sward! —
Toll slowly.

By that grave, my lords, which
 made me orphaned girl and
 dowered lady,
 I deny you wife and ward.”

Unto each she bowed her head, and
 swept past with lofty tread.
Toll slowly.

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in
 the chapel had the priest
 Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along
 the night-storm rode amain :
Toll slowly.

Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck
 their hoofs out on the turf,
 In the pauses of the rain.

Fast and fain the kinsmen’s train
 along the storm pursued
 amain — *Toll slowly.*

Steed on steed-track, dashing off —
 thickening, doubling hoof on
 hoof,
 In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight
on his red-roan steed of might,

Toll slowly.

And the bride lay on his arm, still
as if she feared no harm,
Smiling out into the night.

"Dost thou fear?" he said at last; —
"Nay!" she answered him in
haste, —

Toll slowly.

"Not such death as we could find —
only life with one behind —
Ride on fast as fear — ride fast!"

Up the mountain wheeled the steed
— girth to ground, and fet-
locks spread, —

Toll slowly.

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,
— down he staggered — down
the banks,
To the towers of Linteged.

High and low the serfs looked out,
red the flambeaus tossed
about, —

Toll slowly.

In the courtyard rose the cry —
"Live the Duchess and Sir
Guy!"

But she never heard them shout.

On the steed she dropped her cheek,
kissed his mane and kissed his
neck, —

Toll slowly.

"I had happier died by thee, than
lived on a Lady Leigh,"
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months' joyaunce lay
'twixt that moment and to-
day,

Toll slowly.

When five hundred archers tall stand
beside the castle wall
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with
the red sun at its back, —

Toll slowly.

And a fortnight's siege is done —
and, except the Duchess, none
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh,
with his eyes so gray of blee,

Toll slowly.

And thin lips that scarcely sheath
the cold white gnashing of his
teeth
Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud — "So goes the day,
bridegroom fair of Duchess
May! —

Toll slowly.

Look thy last upon that sun. If
thou seest to-morrow's one,
'Twill be through a foot of clay.

"Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no
sound, save that moaning of
the hound? —

Toll slowly.

Thou and I have parted troth, — yet
I keep my vengeance-oath,
And the other may come round.

"Ha! thy will is brave to dare, and
thy new love past compare, —

Toll slowly.

Yet thine old love's falchion brave
is as strong a thing to have,
As the will of lady fair.

"Peck on blindly, netted dove! — if
a wife's name thee behove,

Toll slowly.

Thou shalt wear the same to-mor-
row, ere the grave has hid the
sorrow

Of thy last ill-mated love.

"O'er his fixed and silent mouth,
thou and I will call back troth,

Toll slowly.

He shall altar be and priest, — and
he will not cry at least
'I forbid you, — I am loath!'

"I will wring my fingers pale in the
gauntlet of my mail,

Toll slowly.

'Little hand and muckle gold' close
shall lie within my hold,
As the sword did, to prevail."

Oh the little birds sang east, and the
little birds sang west,

Toll slowly.

Oh, and laughed the Duchess May,
and her soul did put away
All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing
low to think of it, —

Toll slowly.

"Tower is strong and will is free —
thou canst boast, my Lord of
Leigh,
But thou boasteth little wit."

In her tire-glass gazèd she, and she
blushed right womanly.

Toll slowly.

She blushed half from her disdain —
half, her beauty was so plain,
—“Oath for oath, my Lord of
Leigh!”

Straight she called her maidens in —
“Since ye gave me blame here-
in,
That a bridal such as mine should
lack gauds to make it fine,
Come and shrive me from that
sin.

“It is three months gone to-day,
since I gave mine hand away.

Toll slowly.

Bring the gold and bring the gem, we
will keep bride-state in them,
While we keep the foe at bay.

“On your arms I loose my hair; —
comb it smooth and crown it
fair,

Toll slowly.

I would look in purple pall from this
lattice down the wall,
And throw scorn to one that’s
there!”

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the
little birds sang west,

Toll slowly.

On the tower the castle’s lord leant
in silence on his sword,
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight, did he
lean down passionate.

Toll slowly.

They have almost sapped the wall, —
they will enter there withal,
With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon,
shivered — snapped upon the
stone, —

Toll slowly.

“Sword,” he thought, with inward
laugh, “ill thou servest for a
staff

When thy nobler use is done!

“Sword, thy nobler use is done! —
tower is lost, and shame be-
gun;

Toll slowly.

If we met them in the breach, hilt to
hilt, or speech to speech,
We should die there, each for one.

“If we met them at the wall, we
should singly, vainly fall, —

Toll slowly.

But if I die here alone, — then I die,
who am but one,
And die nobly for them all.

“Five true friends lie for my sake,
in the moat and in the brake, —

Toll slowly.

Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a
black wound in the breast,
And not one of these will wake.

“So no more of this shall be! —
heart-blood weighs too heavi-
ly —

Toll slowly.

And I could not sleep in grave, with
the faithful and the brave
Heaped around and over me.

“Since young Clare a mother hath,
and young Ralph a plighted
faith,

Toll slowly.

Since my pale young sister’s cheeks
blush like rose when Ronald
speaks,

Albeit never a word she saith —

“These shall never die for me — life-
blood falls too heavily:

Toll slowly.

And if I die here apart, — o’er my
dead and silent heart
They shall pass out safe and free.

“When the foe hath heard it said —
‘Death holds Guy of Linte-
ged,’ —

Toll slowly.

That new corse new peace shall
bring; and a blessed, blessed
thing,

Shall the stone be at its head.

“Then my friends shall pass out free,
and shall bear my memory, —

Toll slowly.

Then my foes shall sleek their pride,
soothing fair my widowed
bride

Whose sole sin was love of me.

“With their words all smooth and
sweet, they will front her and
entreat

Toll slowly.

And their purple pall will spread
underneath her fainting head
While her tears drop over it.

"She will weep her woman's tears,
 she will pray her woman's
 prayers, — *Toll slowly.*
 But her heart is young in pain, and
 her hopes will spring again
 By the suntime of her years.

"Ah, sweet May! — ah, sweetest
 grief! — once I vowed thee my
 belief, *Toll slowly.*
 That thy name expressed thy sweet-
 ness, — May of poets, in com-
 pleteness!
 Now my May-day seemeth brief."

All these silent thoughts did swim
 o'er his eyes grown strange
 and dim, — *Toll slowly.*
 Till his true men in the place, wished
 they stood there face to face
 With the foe instead of him.

"One last oath, my friends that wear
 faithful hearts to do and
 dare! — *Toll slowly.*
 Tower must fall, and bride be lost!
 — swear me service worth the
 cost,"
 — Bold they stood around to
 swear.

"Each man clasp my hand and swear,
 by the deed we failed in there,
Toll slowly.
 Not for vengeance, not for right, will
 ye strike one blow to-night!"
 — Pale they stood around — to
 swear.

"One last boon, young Ralph and
 Clare! faithful hearts to do
 and dare! *Toll slowly.*
 Bring that steed up from his stall,
 which she kissed before you
 all,
 Guide him up the turret-stair.

"Ye shall harness him aright, and
 lead upward to this height!
Toll slowly.
 Once in love and twice in war, hath
 he borne me strong and far,
 He shall bear me far to-night."

Then his men looked to and fro,
 when they heard him speaking
 so. *Toll slowly.*

— "'Las! the noble heart," they
 thought, — "he in sooth is
 grief-distraught.
 Would we stood here with the
 foe!"

But a fire flashed from his eye, 'twixt
 their thought and their re-
 ply, — *Toll slowly.*
 "Have ye so much time to waste!
 We who ride here, must ride
 fast,
 As we wish our foes to fly."

They have fetched the steed with
 care, in the harness he did
 wear, *Toll slowly.*
 Past the court and through the
 doors, across the rushes of the
 floors;
 But they goad him up the stair.

Then from out her bower chambère,
 did the Duchess May repair.
Toll slowly.
 "Tell me now what is your need,"
 said the lady, "of this steed,
 That ye goad him up the stair?"

Calm she stood; unbodkined through,
 fell her dark hair to her
 shoe, — *Toll slowly.*
 And the smile upon her face, ere she
 left the tiring-glass,
 Had not time enough to go.

"Get thee back, sweet Duchess May!
 hope is gone like yesterday, —
Toll slowly.
 One half-hour completes the breach;
 and thy lord grows wild of
 speech,
 Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

"In the east tower, high'st of all, —
 loud he cries for steed from
 stall. *Toll slowly.*
 He would ride as far," quoth he, "as
 for love and victory,
 Though he rides the castle wall.

"And we fetch the steed from stall,
 up where never a hoof did
 fall. — *Toll slowly.*
 Wifely prayer meets deathly need!
 may the sweet Heavens hear
 thee plead,
 If he rides the castle-wall."

Low she dropped her head, and lower,
till her hair coiled on the
floor, — *Toll slowly.*
And tear after tear you heard fall
distinct as any word
Which you might be listening for.

“Get thee in, thou soft ladie! — here
is never a place for thee! —
Toll slowly.
Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown,
that thy beauty in its moan
May find grace with Leigh of
Leigh.”

She stood up in bitter case, with a
pale yet stately face,
Toll slowly.
Like a statue thunderstruck, which,
though quivering, seems to
look
Right against the thunder-place.

And her foot trod in, with pride,
her own tears i' the stone be-
side, — *Toll slowly.*
“Go to, faithful friends, go to! —
Judge no more what ladies
do, —
No, nor how their lords may
ride!”

Then the good steed's rein she took,
and his neck did kiss and
stroke: *Toll slowly.*
Soft he neighed to answer her; and
then followed up the stair,
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up
the narrow stair around, —
Toll slowly.
Oh, and closely speeding, step by
step beside her treading,
Did he follow, meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all, —
there, where never a hoof did
fall, — *Toll slowly.*
Out they swept, a vision steady, —
noble steed and lovely lady,
Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee,
and she looked up silently, —
Toll slowly.
And he kissed her twice and thrice,
for that look within her eyes
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, “Get thee from this strife,
— and the sweet saints bless
thy life! — *Toll slowly.*
In this hour, I stand in need of my
noble red-roan steed —
But no more of my noble wife.”

Quoth she, “Meekly have I done all
thy biddings under sun:
Toll slowly.
But by all my womanhood, — which
is proved so true and good,
I will never do this one.

“Now by womanhood's degree, and
by wifehood's verity,
Toll slowly.
In this hour if thou hast need of thy
noble red-roan steed,
Thou hast also need of me.

“By this golden ring ye see on this
lifted hand pardie,
Toll slowly.
If this hour, on castle-wall, can be
room for steed from stall,
Shall be also room for me.

“So the sweet saints with me be”
(did she utter solemnly,) *Toll slowly.*
“If a man, this eventide, on this
castle-wall will ride,
He shall ride the same with me.”

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and he
laughed out bitter well, —
Toll slowly.
“Wouldst thou ride among the
leaves, as we used on other
eves,
To hear chime a vesper-bell?”

She clang closer to his knee — “Ay,
beneath the cypress-tree! —
Toll slowly.
Mock me not; for otherwhere than
along the greenwood fair,
Have I ridden fast with thee!

“Fast I rode with new-made vows,
from my angry kinsman's
house! *Toll slowly.*
What! and would you men should
reck that I dared more for
love's sake
As a bride than as a spouse?

"What, and would you it should fall,
as a proverb, before all,
Toll slowly.

That a bride may keep your side
while through castlegate you
ride,
Yet eschew the castle-wall?"

Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and
roars up against her suing, —
Toll slowly.

With the inarticulate din, and the
dreadful falling in —
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain;
but the small hands closed
again. *Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed — back,
back! but she trailed along his
track
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foemen pour through
the crash of window
and door, — *Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh,
and the shrieks of "kill!" and
"flee!"
Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,
— but they closed and clung
again, — *Toll slowly.*

Wild she clung, as one, withstood,
clasps a Christ upon the rood,
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute,
— with her shuddering lips
half-shut. *Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as half in swoond,
— hair and knee swept on the
ground,
She clung wild to stirrup and
foot.

Back he reined his steed back-thrown
on the slippery coping-stone.
Toll slowly.

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the
battlement behind,
Whence a hundred feet went
down.

And his heel did press and goad on
the quivering flank bestrode,
Toll slowly.

"Friends and brothers, save my
wife! — Pardon, sweet, in
change for life, —
But I ride alone to God."

Straight as if the Holy name had up-
breathed her like a flame,
Toll slowly.

She upsprang, she rose upright, — in
his selle she sat in sight;
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast,
where she smiled as one at
rest, — *Toll slowly.*

"Ring," she cried, "O vesper-bell,
in the beech-wood's old cha-
pelle!
But the passing-bell rings best."

They have caught out at the rein,
which Sir Guy threw loose —
in vain, *Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with
his front hoofs poised in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between —
and his nostrils curdle in, —
Toll slowly.

And he shivers head and hoof — and
the flakes of foam fall off;
And his face grows fierce and
thin!

And a look of human woe from his
staring eyes did go,
Toll slowly.

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a
foretold agony
Of the headlong death below, —

And "Ring, ring, — thou passing-
bell," still she cried, i' the
old chapelle! — *Toll slowly.*

Then back-toppling, crushing back,
a dead weight flung out to
wrack,
Horse and riders overfell!

Oh, the little birds sang east, and
the little birds sang west, —
Toll slowly.

And I read this ancient Rhyme in
the churchyard, while the
chime.
Slowly tolled for one at rest.

The abeles moved in the sun, and
the river smooth did run,

Toll slowly.

And the ancient Rhyme rang strange,
with its passion and its change,
Here, where all done lay undone.

And beneath a willow tree, I a little
grave did see,

Toll slowly.

Where was graved, — HERE UNDE-
FILED, LIETH MAUD, A
THREE-YEAR CHILD,
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FORTY-
THREE.

Then, O Spirits — did I say — ye
who rode so fast that day, —

Toll slowly.

Did star-wheels and angel-wings,
with their holy winnowings,
Keep beside you all the way?

Though in passion ye would dash,
with a blind and heavy crash.

Toll slowly.

Up against the thick-bossed shield
of God's judgment in the
field, —

Though your heart and brain
were rash, —

Now, your will is all unwilling — now
your pulses are all stilled, —

Toll slowly.

Now, ye lie as meek and mild (where-
so laid) as Maud the child,
Whose small grave was lately
filled.

Beating heart and burning brow, ye
are very patient now,

Toll slowly.

And the children might be bold to
pluck the kingcups from your
mould

Ere a month had let them grow.

And you let the goldfinch sing in the
alder near in spring,

Toll slowly

Let her build her nest and sit all the
three weeks out on it,
Murmuring not at any thing.

In your patience ye are strong; cold
and heat ye take not wrong:

Toll slowly.

When the trumpet of the angel blows
eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and
the little birds sang west,

Toll slowly.

And I said in underbreath, — all our
life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is
best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and
the little birds sang west,

Toll slowly.

And I smiled to think God's great-
ness flowed around our incom-
pleteness, —

Round our restlessness, his rest.
E. B. BROWNING.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the
thought,
And curst the hand that fired the
shot,

When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spake
nae mair!

I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea;

As I went down to the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted doun my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma'.
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart forevermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, 'Haste and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 If I were with thee, I were blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy
 rest
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

SCOTT.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie
 bride!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome
 marrow!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie
 bride,
 And think nae mair of the Braes of
 Yarrow."

"Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie
 bride,
 Where gat ye that winsome mar-
 row?"

"I gat her where I daurna weel be
 seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of
 Yarrow."

"Weep not, weep not, my bonnie,
 bonnie bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome
 marrow!
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of
 Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie,
 bonnie bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome
 marrow?
 And why daur ye nae mair weel be
 seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of
 Yarrow?"

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun
 she, maun she weep —
 Lang maun she weep wi' dule and
 sorrow;
 And lang maun I nae mair weel be
 seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of
 Yarrow."

"For she has tint her lover, lover
 dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sor-
 row;
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes
 of Yarrow."

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow,
 Yarrow, red?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice
 of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weeds
 Hung on the bonnie birks of Yar-
 row?"

"What's yonder floats on the rueful,
 rueful flood?
 What's yonder floats? O, dule and
 sorrow!
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the dulefu' Braes of Yar-
 row."

"Wash, O wash his wounds, his
 wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears o' dule and
 sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning
 weeds,
 And lay him on the banks of Yar-
 row."

"Then build, then build, ye sisters,
 sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sor-
 row;
 And weep around, in waeful wise,
 His hapless fate on the Braes of
 Yarrow!"

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, use-
 less shield,
 The arm that wrought the deed of
 sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierced his
 breast,
 His comely breast, on the Braes of
 Yarrow!"

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to
 love,
 And warn from fight? But, to my
 sorrow,
 Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou
 met'st,
 Thou met'st, and fell on the
 Braes of Yarrow."

"Sweet smell the birk; green grows,
 green grows the grass;
 Yellow on Yarrow's braes the
 gowan;
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock;
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet,
 as sweet flows Tweed;
 As green its grass; its gowan as
 yellow;
 As sweet smells on its braes the
 birk;
 The apple frae its rock as mellow!

"Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed
 thy love!
 In flowery bands thou didst him
 fetter;
 Though he was fair, and well-beloved
 again,
 Than I he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie,
 bonnie bride!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome
 marrow!
 Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks
 of Tweed
 And think nae mair on the Braes
 of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie
 bride?
 How can I busk a winsome mar-
 row?
 How love him on the banks of
 Tweed,
 That slew my love on the Braes of
 Yarrow?

"O Yarrow fields, may never, never
 rain,
 Nor dew, thy tender blossoms
 cover!
 For there was basely slain my love,
 My love, as he had not been a
 lover!

"The boy put on his robes, his robes
 of green,
 His purple vest, — 'twas my ain
 sewing;
 Ah, wretched me! I little, little
 kenned
 He was, in these, to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white,
 milk-white steed,
 Unmindful of my dule and sorrow;
 But ere the too fa' of the night,
 He lay a corpse on the banks of
 Yarrow!

"Much I rejoiced that waefu', wae-
 fu' day;
 I sang, my voice the woods return-
 ing;
 But lang ere night the spear was
 flown,
 That slew my love, and left me
 mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous
 father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My lover's blood is on thy spear, —
 How canst thou, barbarous man,
 then woo me?

"My happy sisters may be, may be
 proud;
 With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
 May bid me seek, on Yarrow Braes,
 My lover nailèd in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive, with threatening
 words, to move me;
 My lover's blood is on thy spear, —
 How can thou ever bid me love
 thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed
 of love!
 With bridal-sheets my body cover!
 Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door!
 Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband,
 husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bathed
 in slaughter!
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding
 after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him
 down;
 Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with
 willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet
best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore
thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms —
No youth lay ever there before
thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely
youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there
after!"

"Return, return, O mournful,
mournful bride!
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of
Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant
crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with
white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly:
The fishers have heard the Water-
Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that
wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady
gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravens-
heuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-
day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's
heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides
well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to
gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's
light,
And redder than the bright moon-
beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of
oak,
And seen from caverned Haw-
thornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined
lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress
fair, —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons
bold
Lie buried within that proud
chappelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried
there
With candle, with book, and with
knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.
SCOTT.

TELLING THE BEES.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall
still,
And the stepping-stones in the
shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate
red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and
the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above
the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in
the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers,
weed-o'-errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the
same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a
year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell
in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside
farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed
my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my
brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had
passed, —
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked
at last
On the little red gate and the
well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise
rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-
pane,
The bloom of her roses under the
eves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by
the door, —
Nothing changed but the hive of
bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl
small,
Draping each hive with a shred
of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer
sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees
of one
Gone on the journey we all must
go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary
weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age
away."

But her dog whined low; on the
doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl
still
Sung to the bees stealing out and
in.

And the song she was singing ever
since
In my ear sounds on: —
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not
hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"
WHITTIER.

BRUCE AND THE ABBOT.

THE Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood:
Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud Lorn first answered the ap-
peal; —
"Thou comest, O holy man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder
done
Even on the sacred altar-stone! —
Well mayst thou wonder we should
know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him
low,

Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet will I grant to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

The Abbot seemed with eye severe
The hardy chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turned the
Monk, —

But twice his courage came and
sunk,

Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance;

His breathing came more thick and
fast,

And from his pale blue eyes were
cast

Strange rays of wild and wandering
light;

Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flushed is his brow; through every
vein

In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose
dread

To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy
gore; —

But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-con-
trolled,

I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed.
It prompts my voice, it swells my
veins,

It burns, it maddens, it constrains! —
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be
blessed!"

He spoke, and o'er the astonished
throng

Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty
tone: —

"Thrice vanquished on the battle
plain, —

Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or
ta'en, —

A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disowned, deserted, and distressed, —
I bless thee, and thou shalt be
blessed!

Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.

Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy
sword, —

De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful
Lord,

Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honors wait thy
name!

In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a
song!

The Power, whose dictates swell my
breast,

Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt
be blessed!"

SCOTT.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine, —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice:
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldaea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw, — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth, —
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view:
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state;
His canopy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

BYRON.

SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.

PART I.

ST. MARK'S hushed abbey heard,
Through prayers, a roar and din;
A brawling voice did shout,
"Knave shaveling, let me in!"

The caged porter peeped,
All fluttering, through the grate,
Like birds that hear a mew.
A knight was at the gate.

His left hand reined his steed,
Still smoking from the ford;
His crimson right, that dangled,
clutched
Half of his broken sword.

His broken plume flapped low;
His charger's mane with mud
Was clogged; he wavered in his seat,
His mail dropped drops of blood.

"Who cometh in such haste?"
"Sir Pavon, late, I hight,
Of all the land around
The stanchest, mightiest knight.

"My foes — they dared not face —
Beset me at my back
In ambush. Fast and hard
They follow on my track.

"Now wilt thou let me in,
Or shall I burst the door?"
The grating bolts ground back; the
knight
Lay swooning in his gore.

As children, half afraid,
Draw near a crushed wasp,
Look, touch, and twitch away
Their hands, then lightly grasp, —

Him to their spital soon
The summoned brethren bore,
And searched his wounds. He woke,
And roundly cursed and swore.

The younger friar stopped his ears;
The elder chid. He flung
His gummy plasters at his mouth,
And bade him hold his tongue.

But, faint and weak, when, left
Upon his couch alone,
He viewed the valley, framed with-
in
His window's carven stone,

He learned anew to weep,
All as he lay along,
To see the smoke-wreaths from his
towers
Climb up the clouds among.

The abbot came to bring
A balsam to his guest,
On soft feet tutored long
To break no sufferer's rest,

And heard his sobbing heart
Drink deep in draughts of woe;
Then "Benedicite, my son,"
He breathed, in murmurs low.

Right sharply turned the knight
Upon the unwelcome spy;
But changed his shaggy face, as
when,
Down through a stormy sky,

The quiet autumn sun
Looks on a landscape grim.
He crossed himself before the priest,
And speechless gazed on him.

His brow was large and grand,
And meet for governing;
The beauty of his holiness
Did crown him like a king.

His mien was high, yet mild;
His deep and reverent eye
Seemed o'er a peaceful past to
gaze, —
A blest futurity.

His stainless earthly shell
Was worn so pure and thin,
That through the callow angel
showed,
Half-hatched that stirred within.

The cloisters when he paced
At eve, the brethren said,
E'en then a shimmering halo dawned
Around his saintly head.

If forth he went, the street
Became a hallowed aisle.
Men knelt; and children ran to seek
The blessing of his smile;

And mothers on each side came out,
And stood at every door,
And held their babies up, and put
The weanlings forth before.

As pure white lambs unto
Men sickening unto death
Their sweet infectious health give
out,
And heal them with their breath,

His white and thriving soul,
In heavenly pastures fed,
Still somewhat of its innocence
On all around him shed.

Sir Pavon's scarce-stanch'd wounds
He bound with fearless skill,
Who lay and watched him, meek
and mute,
And let him work his will,

While in his fevered brain
Thus mused his fancy quaint:
"My grandam told me once of saints,
And this is, sure, a saint!

"(I was a new-breeched boy,
And sat upon her knee,
Less mindful of the story than
Of cates she gave to me.)

"But then I thought a flood
Came down to drown them all,
And that they only now in stone
Stood on the minster wall,

"Or painted in the glass
Upon the window high,
Where, swelled with spring-tides,
breaks the sea
Beneath, and leaves them dry,

"Quite out of danger's way,
And breathed and walked no more
Upon the muddy earth, to do
The deeds they did of yore,

"When still the sick were healed
Where e'en their shadows fell;
But here is one that's living yet,
And he shall make me well."

The patient priest benign
His watch beside him kept,
Until he dropped his burning lids,
And like an infant slept.

PART II.

Some weary weeks were spent
In tossing and in pain,
Before the knight's huge frame was
braced
With strength and steel again.

(He had his armor brought
The day he left his bed,
And fitted on by novice hands,
"To prop him up," he said.)

Soon jangling then he stamped,
Amazed with all he saw,
Through cell and through refectory,
With little grace or awe.

Unbidden at the board
He sat, a mouthful took,
And shot it spattering through his
beard,
Sprang up, and cursed the cook.

If some bowed friar passèd by,
He chucked him 'neath the chin.
And cried, "What cheer?" or
"Dost thou find
That hair-cloth pricks the skin?"

Or if he came on one
 In meditation meet,
 Or penance, mute, he kindly vowed
 To cheer his lone retreat.

"Poor palsied sire," he cried,
 "How fares thy stiffened tongue?
 Let mine suffice for both," — and
 trolled
 A lusty drinking-song.

One softly in his cell
 Did scourge his meagre hide,
 When Pavon on his rounds came in,
 And stood, well pleased, beside:

"What, man! Lay on! lay on!
 Nay, hast thou tired thine arm?
 Give me thy hempen bunch of
 cords,
 And I will make thee warm."

With doubtful thanks agreed
 The monk. Him Pavon whipped
 Right deftly, through the cloister,
 till
 For aid he cried and skipped.

In brief, within the house
 Of holy Quiet, all
 Where'er Sir Pavon went or came
 Was outcry, noise, and brawl;

Until the abbot said,
 "Anon this coil must cease.
 To-morrow is the Truce of God;
 Then let him go in peace.

"But call him hither first,
 To render thanks to-night
 For life restored; for now we go
 To do our vesper rite."

With tamèd mien abashed,
 The wild, unruly guest
 His hest obeyed, and mutely moved
 Beside the solemn priest.

Unto a noiseless pace
 He strove to curb his stride,
 And blushed to hear his jack-boots'
 clang
 Amid the sandals' slide.

The censer waved around
 Its misty, sweet perfume,
 As over him the minster great
 Came with its awful gloom.

Through shadowy aisle, 'neath
 vaulted roof,
 His faltering steps were led;
 Beside him was the living saint,
 Beneath, the sainted dead.

Bespread with nun-wrought tapestry,
 The holy altar stood;
 Above it, carved by martyr hands,
 Arose the Holy Rood;

Burned round it, tipped with tongues
 of flame,
 Vowed candles white and tall;
 And frosted cup and patine, clear,
 In silver, painted all.

The prisoned giant Music in
 The rumbling organ rolled,
 And roared sweet thunders up to
 heaven,
 Through all its pipes of gold.

He started. 'Mid the prostrate throng
 Upright, he heard the hymn
 With fallen chin and lifted eye
 That searched the arches dim;

For in the lurking echoes there
 Responding, tone and word,
 A choir of answering seraphim
 Above he deemed he heard.

They saw him thus when all was done,
 Still rapt and pale as death;
 So passed he through the banging
 gate,
 Then drew a long-drawn breath,

As to the priest he turned:
 "I cannot 'go in peace,'
 Nor find elsewhere a man like thee,
 Nor hear such strains as these!"

"This is no place for knights."
 "Then I a monk will be." *
 "Kneel down upon thy knee, fair son,
 And tell thy sins to me."

* "Henry de Joyeuse, Comte du Bouchage, Frère puiné du Duc de Joyeuse, tué à Contras. 'Un jour qu'il passoit à Paris à quatre heures du matin, près du Couvent des Capucins, après avoir passé la nuit en débauche, il s'imagina que les Anges chantoient Matines dans le Couvent. Frappé de cette idée, il se fit Capucin, sous le nom de Frère-Ange.' . . . Cette anecdote est tirée des Notes sur l'Henriade." — *Mémoires de Sully*, Livre Dixième, Note 67.

"My knee is stiff with steel,
And will not bend it well.
'My sins!' A peerless knight like me,
What should he have to tell?

"I never turned in fight
Till treason wrought my harm,
Nor then, before my shattered sword
Weighed down my shattered arm.

"I never broke mine oath,
Forgot my friend or foe,
Nor left a benefit unpaid
With weal, or wrong with woe.

"Keep thee from me!" * I said,
Still, ere my blows began,
Nor gashed mine unarmed enemy, †
Nor smote a felled man,

"Observing every rule
Of generous chivalry;
And maid and matron ever found
A champion leal in me.

"What gallantly I won
In war, I did not hoard,
But spent as gallantly in peace,
With neighbors round my board."

"Thy neighbors, son? The serfs
For miles who tilled thy ground?"
"Tush, father, nay! The high-born
knights
For many a league around.

"They were my brethren sworn,
In battle and in sport.
'Twere wondrous shame, should one
like me
With beggar kernes consort!

"Clean have I made my shrift,"
He said; and so he ceased,
And bore a blithe and guileless cheer,
That sore perplexed the priest.

With words both soft and keen,
He searched his breast within.
Still said he, "So I sinnèd not,"
Or, "That is, sure, no sin."

* The regular form of announcement
that a single combat had begun between
knights.

† "To smyte a wounded man that may
not stonde, God deffende me from such a
shame." "Wyt thou well, Syr Gawayn, I
wyl neuer smyte a fellyd knight."—*Prose
Romance of King Arthur*.

The abbot beat his breast:
"Alack, the man is lost!
Erewhile he must have grieved away
The warning Holy Ghost!

"His guardian angel he
Hath scared from him to heaven!
Who cannot mourn, nor see, his sin,
How can he be forgiven?

"E'en Patmos' gentle seer,
Doth he not say, in sooth,
He lies who saith, I have no sin,
Quite empty of the truth!

"Search thou this sacred tome."
"'Sblood!—Saints!—A knight to
read!"
The abbot read. The novice strove,
With duteous face, to heed,

But heard a hunt sweep by,
And to the door did leap,
Cried, "Holla, ho!" and then,
abashed,
Sat down and dropped asleep.

"Such novice ne'er I saw!
Sweet Mary be my speed!
For sure the sorer is my task,
The sorer is his need."

He gazed upon him long,
With pondering, pitying eyes,
As the leech on the sick whose hid-
den ail
All herbs and drugs defies;

And, "Hath thy heart might," at
last, "to-night,"
He to Sir Pavon said,
"When all men sleep, thy vigil to
keep,
In the crypt among the dead?"

"Night hath many a tongue, her
black hours among,
Less false than the tongues of Day,
While Mercy the prayer hath full
leisure to hear,
Of all who wake to pray.

"The mute swart queen hides many
a sin,
But oft to the sinner's heart
Remorse, with the tale, she sends
to wail,
And thus atones in part."

Well-nigh laughed the knight, "Ay,
and many a night,
Good father, do not spare.
Ne'er yet have I found, on or under
the ground,
The venture I could not dare.

"Ten years I've quelled in war lively
warriors, near and far;
Shall I shun a dead clerk's bones
to see?
Ne'er till now I pledged my hand to
serve in the band
Of captain I loved like thee."

PART III.

Sir Pavon sat upon his shield,
And breathed the earthy damp,
And strained his empty ear to hear
The simmering of his lamp.

It made a little tent of light,
Hung round with shadows dim,
That drooped as if the low-groined
roof
Did crouch to fall on him.

The stunted columns, thick and
short,
Like sentry gnomes stood round;
And lettered slabs, that roofed the
dead,
Lay thickly on the ground.

He watched to hear the midnight
lauds,
But heard them not until
He deemed it dawn. They swelled
at last,
And ceased; and all was still.

The Future towards him marched
no more;
The Past was dead and gone;
Time dwindled to a single point;
The convent-clock tolled One.

Then the door was oped and closed,
But by no human hand;
And there entered in a Cry,
And before him seemed to stand, —

A viewless, bodiless Cry,
That lifted the hair on his head; —
'Twas small as a new-born babe's at
first,
But straightway it rose and spread,

Till it knocked against the roof,
And his ears they rang and beat;
The hard walls throbbed around,
above,
And the stones crept under his feet;

And when it fell away,
He reeled and almost fell;
And fast for aid he gasped and
prayed,
Till he heard the matin-bell.

The monk who came to let him out
Scarce knew him. In that night,
His nut-brown beard and crisped hair
Had turned to snowy white.

PART IV.

Like to a hunted beast,
To Abbot Urban's cell
He rushed; and with a foamy lip
Down at his feet he fell:

"I heard a voice, — a voice! —
O father, help! It said
That I the Lord of life
Had scourged and buffeted,

"Spit in his face, and mocked,
And sold him to his foes;
Then, through the hollow earth,
In dreary triumph rose

"Up, till the words I snatched,
A fiendish chorus dim,
'He did it unto one of HIS!
He did it unto HIM!'"

"My son, what meaneth this?"
"My father, on my word,
In court or camp, abroad, at home,
I never knew the Lord!

"I do remember once
I had a hunchback slave,
Who to the beggars round my door
From his own trencher gave,

"And made them swarm the more,
Despite the porter's blows,
And broke into my banquet-hall,
With tidings of their woes.

"Him I chastised and sold,
But thought no harm, nor knew
The Lord so squalid minions had,
Among his chosen few;

"But if the man was his,
I'll freely give thee thrice,
In broad, bright rounds of ruddy gold,
The pittance of his price."

"Gold buys this world, not heaven.
This cannot make thee whole.
Each stripe that rends the slave's
poor flesh,
It hurts his Master's soul;

"And if the slave doth die,"
He said beneath his breath,
"I fear the Master's sprite for aye
Rots in the second death."

"But be of better cheer.
Since thou thy sin canst see,
'Tis plain thy guardian angel back
Hath flown from heaven to thee."

"The soul benumbed by sin,
And limb that's numb with frost,
Are saved by timely aches. If first
They reach the fire, they're lost."

"The Sun of righteousness,
Whose beaming smile on high,
With light, and life, and love doth
fill
The mansions of the sky,

"And kindles risen souls
Unto a rapturous glow,
Who duly sought his scattered rays,
To bask in them below,

"Seems but a hideous glare
Of blazing pangs untold,
To those whom death hath made
more pale,
But could not make more cold."

"Full many a man like thee,
Unless by devils driven,
Would never turn his laggard steps
To hurry unto heaven."

"Thank God, who oped thine ear
Unto their dreary lay,
Ere came the night that summoned
thee
To chant with them for aye!

"That holy text, which through
Their gnashing teeth they laughed
And screamed, I read thee yester eve,
And they with wonted craft

"Told o'er, their fright and pain
That thou shouldst come to share,
As birds by hissing serpents scared
Drop down, through sheer despair."

"But in its two pure hands
Each holy Scripture still
Doth bear a blessing for the good,
A curse unto the ill."

"Heed thou, but do not fear
Too much their threatening voice,
Who tremble and believe. Thou yet
Believing mayst rejoice."

"Take up thy cross with speed.
This penance shalt thou do;
Thyself in sad humility
To seek Christ's servant go,

"Both near and far; and dry
His tears with thine, if still
His limbs the toil-exacting earth
In misery tread and till."

His forehead from his hands
Upraised the haggard guest:
"And even here, and even yet,
For me no heavenly rest!"

The abbot shook his head:
"God help thee now, poor son!
The heavenly rest is but for those
Who heavenly work have done."

"Strife is the bridge o'er hell
'Twixt sin and sin forgiven;
Still purgatory lies between
The wicked world and heaven."

"The priceless pearl is worth
The plunge through whelming
floods.
The bitter years man loathes are but
Eternity's green buds."

"Thou hast, in Satan's ranks,
To harm been brisk and brave;
Thou wilt not shrink, when sent by
Christ
To suffer and to save."

PART V.

Sir Pavon's gallant steed was dead;
Sir Pavon's sword was broke.
On foot he went; and in his hand
The abbot's staff he took,

And many an hour fared patiently,
Beneath the parching sun,
That eyed him through his riven wall
Before the day was done.

The shattered casements gaped and
stared;
Black charcoal paved the floor;
Uprose his hunger-maddened hound,
And bit him in the door.

He climbed the scathed and tottering
stair
Unto the sooty tower;
His rifled coffers upside down
Lay in his secret bower.

With heavy heart and tread he trod
The banquet-hall below;
The hollow-voicèd echoes chid
Each other, to and fro.

A jeering face peeped in; he heard
A titter and a shout;
In rushed his rabble rout of hinds,
And round him danced about:

"Ho, worthy master, welcome home!
Where hast thou left thy sword,
Thy kingly port, and lusty blows?
We serve another lord."

They strove to trip him as he went;
They drove him from his door:
"Now fare ye well, my fathers' halls!
We part to meet no more.

"Farewell my pride and pomp and
power!
Farewell, my slippery wealth,
That bought my soul's sore malady,
Nor stayed to buy my health!

"Farewell, my sturdy strength, that
did
The Devil's work so well,
All blasted by God's thunderbolts,
That on my spirit fell!

"And thou, O brave and loyal Christ,
Who, 'mid the sordid Jews,
By love, not fear, constrained couldst
At Satan's hands refuse

"The crown and sceptre of the world,
And choose the cross and rod, —
Thy more than earthly manhood in
Its glory unto God

"Lay down, — accept, and do not
scorn
The beaten losel me,
Who, worthless for thy service, come
For shelter unto thee."

Walked with him flagging Weariness;
And Famine spun his head:
"I would, of all my feasts, were left
One little crust of bread."

When maids and stars their tapers lit,
He reached a wooden hut;
The chinks were gilt by light therein,
But close the door was shut.

What seemed an aged woman's voice
Within, with sob and groan,
Entreated Heaven in agony
To send her back her son:

"The day is night that shows me not
His face, — the voice of joy
Mere heart-break till his laugh I hear!
O, send me back my boy!

"In pity send some tidings soon!
If thus I grieve, I dread
Lest, when he hurries back to me, —
Poor youth! — he find me dead.

"Let them not tell me he is dead,
And buried anywhere!
What has the ground or brine to do
With his dear mouth and hair,

"That I have kissed and stroked so
oft
There by his empty chair?
Yon doublet new, I've wrought for
him,
He'll soon come back to wear.

"I brushed the very flies away,
That with his brows did toy,
When tired he slept. How could
the worms
Or fishes eat my boy?

"O Father, who thine only Son
Didst yield to pain and death,
And know'st 'tis deadlier pain to do't,
Than give the rattling breath,

"If not my boy, let unto me
His faith and trust be given,
That I may clasp him yet again,
If not on earth, in heaven."

She ceased. Sir Pavon softly
knocked;

The door flew open wide.
"Fear not, good mother," he began.

"O, is it thou?" she cried,

Then turned away and wrung her
hands.

"If thou wilt give to me
A morsel, and a cup of wine,
Perchance thy charity,

"When ended is my present quest,
I may full well requite,
If lives thy son, and bring him
back.

I am a famous knight, —

"Although of late mine ambushed
foe

Despoiled me traitorly, —
And maid and matron ever found
A champion leal in me."

"Alack, I have no wine nor flesh,
Nor yet a crust of bread!
Herbs for my noontide meal I culled,
Untasted still," she said;

"And water from the brook I'll
bring, —
Scant fare for hungry guest! —
But sit thee down at least, and feed
Thy weariness with rest.

"Thou hast seen other lands per-
chance?"

"Good mother, many a one.
I pray you fill my cup once more."
"O, hast thou seen my son?"

"Went he a soldier?" "Nay, but
he
Was seized and sold away,
I know not where. No news of him
Has reached me from that day.

"He bade me still with wayfarers
His scanty portion share.
Thou eatest from his platter now,
And sittest in his chair.

"He was so good!" "Who used
him so?"

"Sir Pavon was his name."
His platter dropped, and over him
A deadly sickness came.

"I knew not half my guilt!" he
shrieked,

And on his brow did strike;
These mothers are like God, then, —
love
Ugly and fair alike!

"'Twas I. Thou art avenged on me.
To find him is my quest;
Nor till 'tis done, in life or death,
For me is any rest.

"God's heaviest hand is for his sake
Meanwhile upon me laid.
For his deliverance pray, and mine;
And take me in his stead.

"A duteous son I'll be to thee
Until I give him back.
I've many friends would give us
steeds
To bear us on his track."

PART VI.

"Who may yon man be, who on foot
Comes in his iron coat,
And, with an old wife at his side,
Toils towards the castle-moat?"

"He looketh as Sir Pavon should
If thirty years were o'er;
But he is dead, they say. We'll
know.
Ho, there! The drawbridge lower!

"What, Pavon! Hast thou come to
life?"

Thou lookest like a ghost."
"Nigh slain was I by treachery:
My sword and all is lost.

"And I was ill, and worse. Alas!
With thee I may not bide,
But day and night, by fiends pursued,
Upon a quest must ride,

"To free my soul, that erst I sold
To bondage with a slave.
My merry life is dead in me!
Myself a haunted grave!

"Of thy dear love, long pledged and
sworn,
Some food and drink I pray
For this poor dame, and gold and
steeds,
To bear us on our way."

He reeled with weakness: "He is starved.

Lead hence, and feed him well;
And when our feast is done to-night,
His tale we'll hear him tell.

"He's crazed with shame, as erst
with pride, —

Perchance 'twill please my guests
To list. My fool is growing old,
And oft repeats his jests."

Scarce were they at the burdened
board

Ranged by the seneschal,
When Pavon fed and calmed came in,
And stood before them all,

And clasped each slackened hand,
and smiled

In many a well-known face,
And fell upon some cooling hearts
Once more in kind embrace:

"Dear mates, how good it is to stand
Again among you here,
Though 'neath my ruined towers no
more
We make our wonted cheer!

"I must not stay; but list a word,
And mark it well, before
I look my last upon you all,
Perchance, forevermore.

"Among the tombs I sat, and heard
Within me or without, —
I know not which, — a horrid voice:
It drives me still about.

"A wondrous thing it told to me,
As terrible as new,
Undreamed of to that hour by me,
To this, I ween, by you.

"Christ 'mid the serfs hath men,
whom he
Dear as himself doth hold;
Thus he who sells his Christian slave,
His master, Christ, hath sold,

"For from the very book of peace
The fiends have learned a hymn, —
'Who did it unto one of *his*,
Hath done it unto *him*.'"

Each in his neighbors' faces looked;
And some were pale with fear;

"Out!" roared the host, "ye serving
men,
What make ye gaping here,

"To swallow what concerns you not?
Such ravings if they hear,
They'll rave themselves. I saw them
all
Prick up each meddling ear.

"Your pardon, noble comrades all;
A very sorry jest
Was this to make you sport withal;
He told me of a quest."

"My quest it is to find and free
The hunchback, whom of old,
When thou wert wassailing with me
At Christmastide, I sold.

"Look not so darkly on me, friends,
I will not mar your feast;
But, Raymond, for the red-roan
steeds
I lent thee, give at least

"To me one jennet, mule, or ass,
That I thereon may lead
His blister-footed mother hence,
And make the better speed."

"Poor man, his case is pitiful.
If madman e'er I saw,
He's mad! What say ye? Let him
go?
Or give him chains and straw!"

"He was a gallant champion late!"
"He's harmless; let him go."
"Nay, if he stirreth up the serfs
I cannot count him so."

Then rage brought back Sir Pavon's
strength:
He dashed the casement through,
Leaped headlong down, and all in steel
He swam the moat below.

Forth swarmed the varlets sent, for
him,
But soon returned without,
So hotly with the abbot's staff
He 'mongst them laid about.

His comrades from the battlements
Looked wondering down to see
The knight the hobbling crone await,
With pity and with glee.

He paced to meet her courteously;
 He propped her with his arm,
 And with his staff, and bent as if
 To soothe her weak alarm;

But with a bitter laugh he said,
 "Sure, he who findeth out
 How fickle are the world's sweet
 smiles,
 Can do its smiles without."

PART VII.

Long years of hunger, cold, and
 heat,
 And home-sick toil in vain;—
 Long years of wandering up and
 down,
 O'er inland, coast, and main;—

Long years of asking still for one,
 And longing day and night,
 Who, ever present with the soul,
 Hath vanished from the sight!

The freeman like a growing tree
 Thrives, rooted in his place;
 The bondman, like a withered leaf,
 Flits on and leaves no trace.

Sir Pavon's armor rusted off;
 He seemed no more a knight;
 Yet ever to himself he said,
 While raged his inward fight,

"How quickly may a wrong be done,
 How slowly done away!
 Shall all eternity repair
 My trespass of a day?"

While some said, "East," and some
 said, "West,"
 And most, "I cannot tell,"
 They ate the stranger's crusts, and
 drank
 At many a stranger's well.

He ever walked, or stood, or sat,
 Between her and the blast.
 She cheered him with forgiving
 words,
 And begged his scant repast.

In penitent and pardoning woe,
 Thus went they hand in hand,
 The master and the slave. They
 trod
 The cactus-hatching sand.

They stood beneath the snowy pole,
 Where, quenched, the heavenward
 eye,
 Sinks dizzy back to earth, beneath
 The crumbling, sinking sky.

PART VIII.

"O, sail-borne trader, hast thou seen,
 In lands beneath the sun,
 Or in the shadow of the pole,
 My Anselm? O my son!"

"A pilgrim, dame?" "A slave."
 "A slave!
 Ask, have I seen a sheep!
 Ay, flocks and flocks, where'er I go.
 Yon Moors their hundreds keep,—

"The lazy tawny dogs!—beyond,
 Where 'twixt these fronting lands
 The writhing sea his pent-up way
 Tears 'twixt the rocks and sands."

"He is like no one else. His face
 Is wondrous mild and fair;
 His eyes are kind and bright; and
 fine
 And silky is his hair."

"Ha, ha! So whines the shepherd
 lad
 Whose petted ewe hath strayed!"
 "He bore a hump upon his back,"
 Sir Pavon softly said,—

"Was helpful to the poor beyond
 The custom of mankind."
 Before the statelier questioner
 The merchant searched his mind.

"Such slave I saw in Barbary,
 A twelvemonth scarce ago.
 A fever-smitten sailor there
 We left to die alone;—

"It grieved me much. We could
 not choose.
 Our venture had been lost,
 Had we not seized the first fair gale
 To sweep us from the coast.

"I hurried back. I thought to see
 His living face no more,
 But haply give him burial.
 He met me on the shore,

"Thin as this blade, and white as is
This handle of my knife.
A slave, he said, had ta'en him in
And nursed him like a wife,

"A hunchback, for he showed me
him.
How called you yours?" "His
name
Was Anselm." "Ay, and so was
his,
It is the very same.

"Old Hassan's steward in the sun
Doth beat him to and fro;
He limps with water from the tanks
To make the melons grow.

"See how my Sea-gull flaps her
wings,
Impatient for the deep!
Anon shall she to Tripoli
So lightly dart and leap;

"And for that bounteous deed of his
His mother shall he see;—
What costs a good turn now and
then?—
Embark and sail with me,

"For nothing, — if ye nothing have.
They'll call for little food,
On landlocked billows, sickened by
The tossing of the flood."

The anchor climbed. The wind
blew fair,
But ere they neared the pier
The old wife on death's threshold
lay,
Distraught with hope and fear.

"How canst thou free him from his
woes?
Thou hast nor friends nor gold.
How may I even crawl to him
His misery to behold?

"O master, trail me through the dust
And leave me at his feet!"
"Nay, thou wert patient all those
years.
Here, sheltered from the heat,

"A little longer wait and pray;
It may be but an hour.
Our Lord, who bade to succor him,
I think shall give the power.

"And, merchant, if he fly with me
Wilt bear him hence?" "My
head,
And thine, were lost belike! Art
mad?
'Twould surely cost my trade.

"I buy and sell, but steal not,
slaves!"
"Thou'rt known to Hassan?"
"Ay."
"Then lead me to him; and the
Lord,
I think, the slave shall buy.

"Then wilt thou bear him hence,
and her?"
"Ay, on mine honest word.
Oft as I may, I gladly do
A pleasure to the Lord."

Turbaned and robed old Hassan sat.
An atmosphere of rest
Hung brooding o'er his soft divan,
His beard slept on his breast.

His rolling eyes upon the floor
Did round about him fall,
To thread the mazy arabesques
Paved in his marble hall.

They shone and glimmered moist
with dew,
While, robed in spangled spray,
Amidst them high a fountain danced
In whispering, tittering play.

No joy, grief, awe, nor doubt looked
through
His features swart and still;
"I ought" had ne'er been written
there,
But petrified, "I will."

"What wouldst thou, merchant?"
"Nothing, I;
This godly man would speak,
A very godly man! — Methinks
His wits are somewhat weak."

"Good Hassan, for thy hunchback
slave
I've sought through dreary years;
Wilt give him up?" "In change
for what?"
"Our prayers and grateful tears."

"I want them not." "Thou mayst
one day!

When misbelievers stand
Amazed in judgment, he shall plead
For thee at God's right hand;

"His mother, too;—they're dear to
Christ;

I know it all too well!
And I up from my lower place
Will cry aloft and tell,

"That thou art he my sinking soul
Who lifted out of hell;
Till all the saints shall join with me,
O blessed infidel!"

"Hast nothing else to offer?" "Ay,
To serve thee faithfully,
Another slave I'll give,—myself,—
As stout a wight as he."

"Nought hast thou of 'his look; yet
sure

He is thy son or brother?"
"My serf of yore." "'Tis strange,
if true!

Most Christians hate each other.

"I take thy proffer, false or fair;
But if to me thou liest,
And seek'st to steal thyself away,
E'en in my gates thou diest."

He clapped his hands; and in there
rushed

A turbaned menial throng.
Strange words he spake. A dusky
Moor

Good Pavon led along,

With bounding heart, and beaded
brow,

And paling, glowing cheek,
And trembling lips compressed, that
strove

To brace themselves to speak,

Through cool, dank courts, and sul-
try paths,

Till, 'twixt the twinkling twigs
Of citron, and of orange-trees,
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the fattening melons bask
On beds both long and broad,
And Anselm, staggering forth to them,
Bent 'neath his watery load.

He oped his mouth to call on him;
Amazed, he did but choke;
For with its mighty wrath and joy,
His great heart almost broke.

He darted on his track, and
wrenched

His pitcher from his hand.
The slave dropped back his drooping
head,

And strove to understand,

With bony fingers interlaced
His dazzled eyes above,
Why came the tall mute man to him,
In enmity or love.

Then muttered he, "This scorching
sun

At last hath fired my brain!
I seem to see one far away,
Perchance long dead again, —

"Sir Pavon! 'Tis some fancy, bred
Of famine, wild and weak,
Or fever. Wherefore gaze on it?
If 'twas a man 'twould speak."

Then Pavon in a storm of tears
Fell crying on his breast:

"Forgive me, brother, if thou canst!
I've known no peace nor rest,

"For years or ages, but to right
The wrong I did to thee,
And mine own soul, roamed o'er the
earth!
From henceforth thou art free."

"Sir Pavon! Is it thou? — and
here?"

"Ay; and I hold thee fast
In verity, as oft in dreams,
When, as my slumber past,

"Mid fading forms I clutched at
thine,

'Mid fading visioned lands,
And shouting woke, with bloody
nails
Clenched in mine empty hands."

"God! Heardst thou then my hope-
less prayers?

He's saved! — And am I free?"
"Ay, go thy ways in joy, poor friend,
Nor cease to pray for me.

"The merchant Andrew on the shore
Awaits thee, in his bark.
His homeward voyage bears him by
The abbey of St. Mark.

"The monks, for Abbot Urban's sake,
Will house and feed thine age
When thou hast told to them the end
Of Pavon's pilgrimage,

"By him enjoined. Though he be dead,
He must remembered be
By novices he nurtured." "Sir,
Dost thou not come with me?"

"Long wilt thou tarry?" "Be content."
"Not to forsake thee here.
I'll serve thee in this homesick land
For love, as erst from fear."

"Go thou. I stay." A change
came o'er
The hunchback's raptured face:
"Why stays he, Selim, know'st?"
"To draw
Our water in thy place."

He tore his hair; he turned away;
He spake: "It shall not be!
All blessings bless thee for the thought,
But 'twere not meet for thee!

"Few years are left me on the earth;
And God hath taught to me
That willing bondage borne in Christ
Is loftier liberty."

"Then grudge it not unto thy lord,"
St. Pavon following said.
The slave took up his water-pots,
Moved on, and shook his head.

"This is my penance I must do,
Or be for aye abhorred
Of Heaven." "I'll help thee bear it."
"Nay, stint not mine earned reward!"

St. Pavon's eyes and hands on his
He fixed, and joyously
Cried, "Laggard son, thy mother waits
Among the ships for thee!"

The new slave let the melons thirst
Till, through the twinkling twigs
Of citron, and of orange-flowers,
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the hunchback hurry o'er
The beach, and scale the deck,
Towards outstretched arms, that
like a trap
Did spring and catch his neck.

Then out he let his pent-up breath,
Which seemed to blow away,
In one great sigh, his life's great
woe,
And to himself did say,

"Howe'er, where'er now, in this world
Or that, my lot may fall,
I bear this scene in memory,
And I can bear it all."

Then to his task he turned, with mien
As eager and as bold
As when his brethren's blood plashed round
His iron march of old.

Joy drained his lees of life nigh-spent
All in one brimming cup, —
One wasteful draught of feverish strength, —
And bade him drink it up.

He dragged the sinking waters out:
He dashed them on the ground;
He panted to and fro; well-nigh
The melons swam or drowned.

Sly women's jet and diamond eyes
Did near the lattice lurk,
And twinkle through its screen, to see
The Christian madman work.

The steward cried, "By Mahmoud's beard,
Some demon toils within
Yon unbeliever, or a troop
Of slaves in one's shrunk skin."

Above him like a vulture came
The noontide sun, and beat
Upon his old bald head, and pricked
Through all his frame with heat;

It set but spurs unto his zeal:

“O Christ, and didst thou see
My brother in this torment gasp,
And through my cruelty!”

His short-lived might sank with the
light;

Black turned the red-hot day;
He scarce could drag to Anselm's
lair

His heavy limbs away.

He heard a sound; he felt a light;

He deemed it was the dawn.

He oped his eyes; and, lo! the veil
Of glory was withdrawn;

A radiance brighter than the sun,
And sweeter than the moon,
Showed earth a part of heaven! He
sighed,

“’Tis a God-granted boon, —

“A vision sent to cheer my soul, —
A glimpse of Paradise!

O, fade not yet! A moment more,
Ere to my toil I rise.”

A quivering fanned the air; and
shapes

Like wingèd Joys stood round.

“Arise!” they said. He rose and
left

His body on the ground,

His weariness and age. Surprised
With sudden buoyancy

And ease, he turned and saw aghast
His ghastly effigy.

“’Tis but a dream!” “’Tis heav-
en.” “For me?

Not yet! not yet!” he said;

“I am a traitor! Give me time!
O, let me not be dead!

“In mercy put me back to toil
And scorch, nor bid me brook,
Ere I’ve avenged him well on me,
Mine outraged Master’s look!”

A tender smile glowed through them
all.

“Brave martyr, do not fear.
Our Master calls! He waits for thee
To share his bridal cheer!

“Full many a weary year is told,
As mortals tell their years,
Since loud we struck our harps, and
sang
Thy triumph o’er thy tears.”

Before him, spreading welcoming
arms,

A shining Urban stood:

“God gave thee grace to overcome
Thine evil with thy good.

“My lesson, brother, hast forgot? —
I taught to thee of yore,
That blessings hid, their threats
amid,
The awful Scriptures bore.”

Then Pavon to his dear embrace
In wildered transports sprang;
And up the sunny morn they soared.
The dwindling earth did hang

Beneath. The air flapped, white with
wings
That thickened all about;
And wide a song of triumph pealed
And rang this burden out:

“To wrest him out of Satan’s hands
His charity sufficed;
He did it unto one of CHRIST’S,
He did it unto CHRIST!”
SARA H. PALFREY. [E. FOXTON.]

VIII.

SONGS.

SONGS.

MASQUE OF PLEASURE AND VIRTUE.

SONG I.

COME on, come on, and where you go
So interweave the curious knot
As even the Observer scarce may
know
Which lines are pleasure, and which
not:

First figure out the doubtful way
At which awhile the youth should
stay

Where she and Virtue did contend
Which should have Hercules to
friend.

Then as all actions of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze,
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze:
But measured, and so numerous too,
As men may read each act they do;
And, when they see your graces
meet,

Admire the wisdom of your feet:
For dancing is an exercise
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

SONG II.

O more and more, this was so well
As praise wants half his voice to tell.
Again yourselves compose,
And now put all the aptness on
Of figure, that proportion
Or color can disclose:
That, if those silent arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the pair
Do longing listen to what air
You form your second touch
That they may vent their murmuring
hymns

Just to the tune you move your limbs,
And wish their own were such.
Make haste, make haste, for this
The labyrinth of Beauty is.

SONG III.

It follows now you are to prove
The subtlest maze of all, — that's
Love,

And, if you stay too long,
The fair will think you do them
wrong.

Go choose among them, with a mind
As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers,
And so let all your actions smile,
As if they meant not to beguile
The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse
may meet,

And yet the beauty not go less:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolved in wantonness.

Will you that I give the law
To all your sport, and sum it
It should be such should envy draw,
But overcome it.

BEN JONSON

SONG.

SHAKE off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo —
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!
O blessed youth! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws

For this device:
 And at the wedding such a pair
 Each dance is taken for a prayer,
 Each song a sacrifice.
 You should stay longer if we durst;
 Away! Alas! that he that first
 Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
 Has now no power to make him stay.
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

MARY DONNELLY.

Oh! lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you
 I love the best!
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd
 hardly see the rest.
 Be what it may the time of day, the
 place be where it will,
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they
 bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's
 flowing on a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they
 are! and they give me many a
 shock.
 Red rowans warm in sunshine and
 wetted in a shower,
 Can ne'er express the charming lip
 that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome,
 her eyebrows lifted up;
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and
 smooth like a china cup;
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so
 weighty and so fine;
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and
 gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday
 night exceeded all before;
 No pretty girl for miles about was
 missing from the floor;
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and
 O but she was gay!
 She danced a jig, she sang a song,
 that took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her
 steps were so complete,
 The music nearly killed itself to
 listen to her feet;
 The fiddler moaned his blindness,
 he heard her so much praised,
 But blessed himself he wasn't deaf
 when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or
 liltling what you sung;
 Your smile is always in my heart,
 your name beside my tongue;
 But you've as many sweethearts as
 you'd count on both your hands,
 And for myself there's not a thumb
 or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind
 in country or in town;
 The higher I exalt you, the lower
 I'm cast down.
 If some great lord should come this
 way, and see your beauty bright,
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it
 was but right.

Oh might we live together in a lofty
 palace hall,
 Where joyful music rises, and where
 scarlet curtains fall!
 Oh might we live together in a cottage
 mean and small;
 With sods of grass the only roof, and
 mud the only wall!

Oh! lovely Mary Donnelly, your
 beauty's my distress.
 It's far too beauteous to be mine,
 but I'll never wish it less.
 The proudest place would fit your
 face, and I am poor and low;
 But blessings be about you, dear,
 wherever you may go!

ALLINGHAM.

SONG.

SPRING all the graces of the age,
 And all the Loves of time;
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
 And relishes of rhyme:
 Add all the softnesses of Courts,
 The looks, the laughter, and the
 sports:
 And mingle all their sweets and salts
 That none may say the triumph halts.
 BEN JONSON: *Neptune's Triumph*.

SONG TO CERES.

THOU that art our Queen again,
 And may in the sun be seen again,
 Come, Ceres, come,
 For the War's gone home,
 And the fields are quiet and green
 again.

The air, dear Goddess, sighs for thee,
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
And the poppies red
On their wistful bed
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a Goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee came Stout Heart in,
And Toil that sleeps his cart in,
Brown Exercise,
The ruddy and wise,
His bathed forelocks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lithèr
Than willow or birch, drop hither,
To tread the place
With a finishing grace,
And carry our smooth eyes with her.
LEIGH HUNT.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL — farewell to thee, Ara-
by's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the
dark sea,)

No pearl ever lay under Oman's
green water,
More pure in its shell than thy
spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to
thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's
witchery came,
Like the wind of the South o'er a
summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music, and
withered its frame.

But long upon Araby's green sunny
highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers re-
member the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the
Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to
light up her tomb.

And still when the merry date-season
is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the
young and the old,

The happiest there, from their pas-
time returning,
At sunset, still weep when thy
story is told.

The young village maid, when with
flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair, for some
festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglect-
ing her tresses,
She mournfully turns from her
mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero!
forget thee;
Though tyrants watch over her
tears as they start;
Close, close by the side of that hero
she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine
of her heart.

Around thee shall glisten the love-
liest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird
has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow
wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight
have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of
coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at
thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the
Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over
thy head.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's
sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and
the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who
died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who
sleeps in this wave.

MOORE.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's
halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for
 praise
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

MOORE.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

[Written on the River St. Lawrence]

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars
 keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look
 dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting
 hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs
 fast,
 The rapids are near and the day-
 light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave
 to curl.
 But, when the wind blows off the
 shore,
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs
 fast,
 The rapids are near and the day-
 light's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges
 soon.
 Saint of this green isle! hear our
 prayers,
 Oh, grant us cool heavens and favor-
 ing airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs
 fast,
 The rapids are near and the day-
 light's past.

MOORE.

THE SAILOR.

A ROMAIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter
 For one to woo and wed,
 Give her to a husband
 With snow upon his head;
 Oh, give her to an old man,
 Though little joy it be,
 Before the best young sailor
 That sails upon the sea!

How luckless is the sailor
 When sick and like to die;
 He sees no tender mother,
 No sweetheart standing by.
 Only the captain speaks to him, —
 Stand up, stand up, young man,
 And steer the ship to haven,
 As none beside thee can.

Thou says't to me, "Stand, stand
 up;"
 I say to thee, take hold,
 Lift me a little from the deck,
 My hands and feet are cold.
 And let my head, I pray thee,
 With handkerchiefs be bound;
 There, take my love's gold handker-
 chief,
 And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful
 chart;
 See, where these mountains meet —
 The clouds are thick around their
 head,
 The mists around their feet:
 Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe
 Within the rocky cleft;
 The little anchor on the right,
 The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
 Most earnestly I pray,
 That they may never bury me
 In church or cloister gray; —
 But on the windy sea-beach,
 At the ending of the land,
 All on the surfy sea-beach,
 Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
 Their voices I shall hear,
 And at casting of the anchor
 The yo-ho loud and clear;

And at hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer, —
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I never more may steer!

ALLINGHAM.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

OH, weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And liesome may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairnies' bread.

I coost my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to
fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a'
Wha wishes her to speed.

Oh, weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows, indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vowed he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel —
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtel I put upo' my head,
And dressed mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dough and
wae,
When Jamie gade awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part,
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BUT are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel!
For there's nae luck about the
house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the
house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak — I'll to the
quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman —
He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib
Hae fed this month or mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks
about,
That Colin weel may fare.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings pearl-blue, —
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his
tongue,
His breath's like cauler air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
There's nae luck about the
house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the
house,
When our gudeman's awa'.
WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John;
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound
 me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound
 me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

MOORE.

JEANIE MORRISON.

O DEAR, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadows ower my
 path,
 And blind my een wi' tears!
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As Memory idly summons up
 The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time, sad time!—twa bairns
 at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither leir;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles
 were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in
 loof,
 What our wee heads could think!
 When baith bent down ower ae braid
 page
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans laughin'
 said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The schule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June?

Oh, mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our
 heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
 The burn sung to the trees,
 And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;

And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still
dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary
foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid 'hae
roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a right guid willie-
waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

BURNS.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH.

I.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with
yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

II.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be
strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall
be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!
SHAKESPEARE.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

I.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most
loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
 green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most
 loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD-
TREE.

I.

UNDER the greenwood-tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come
 hither:

Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

II.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come
 hither:

Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

SHAKSPEARE.

SONG.

I.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with de-
 light,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings
 he,

Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten
 straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's
 clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and
 daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer
 smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings
 he,

Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his
 nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in
 pail,
 When blood is nipped, and ways be
 foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's
 saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and
 raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY
BRED.

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding-dong, bell,
Chorus. — Ding-dong, bell.
SHAKSPEARE.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY
FATHER LIES.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly sing his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-
dong, bell.
Burden. — Ding-dong.
SHAKSPEARE.

SONG OF ECHO.

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time
with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle
springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when
she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some crag-
gy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop
Since Nature's pride is now a with-
ered daffodil.
BEN JONSON.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that
liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourn-
eth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle
pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of
the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to
the skies,
And give resounding grace to all
heaven's harmonies.
MILTON.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's
gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE BUGLE-SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the
lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in
glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.
O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther
going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly
blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens
replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
 echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

COUNTY GUY.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange-flower perfumes the
 bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
 Sits hushed his partner nigh;
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the
 hour,
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the
 shade
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier;
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
 And high and low the influence
 know,—
 But where is County Guy?

SCOTT.

RIVER SONG.

COME to the river's reedy shore,
 My maiden, while the skies,
 With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,
 Wait for the sun's uprise:
 There, dancing on the rippling wave,
 My boat expectant lies,
 And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,
 Unclose their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,
 The lilies all unfold
 Their leaves, less rosy white than
 thou,
 And virgin hearts of gold;
 The gay birds on the meadow elm
 Salute thee blithe and bold,
 While I sit shy and silent here,
 And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANBORN.

SONG FROM JASON.

I KNOW a little garden close
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
 And though no pillared house is there,
 And though the apple-boughs are bare
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God
 Her feet upon the green grass trod,
 And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the
 shore,
 And in the place two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;
 The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the
 bee,

The shore no ship has ever seen,
 Still beaten by the billows green,
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
 For which I let slip all delight,
 That maketh me both deaf and blind,
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,
 And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,
 Still have I left a little breath
 To seek within the jaws of death
 An entrance to that happy place,
 To seek the unforgotten face
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft
 from me

Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west;
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.

There wild woods grow, and rivers
 row,

Wi' mony a hill between;
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers
 Sae lovely fresh and fair,
 I hear her voice in ilka bird
 Wi' music charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that
springs
By fountain shaw or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

BURNS.

GOLDILOCKS.

GOLDILOCKS sat on the grass,
Tying up of posies rare:
Hardly could a sunbeam pass
Through the cloud that was her
hair.

Purple orchis lasteth long,
Primrose flowers are pale and
clear;

O the maiden sang a song
It would do you good to hear!

Sad before her leaned the boy,
"Goldilocks that I love well,
Happy creature fair and coy,
Think o' me, sweet Amabel."
Goldilocks she shook apart,
Looked with doubtful, doubtful
eyes:

Like a blossom in her heart,
Opened out her first surprise.

As a gloriole sign o' grace,
Goldilocks, ah fall and flow,
On the blooming, childlike face,
Dimple, dimple, come and go.
Give her time: on grass and sky
Let her gaze if she be fain,
As they looked ere he drew nigh,
They will never look again.

Ah! the playtime she has known,
While her goldilocks grew long,
Is it like a nestling flown,
Childhood over like a song?
Yes, the boy may clear his brow,
Though she thinks to say him nay,
When she sighs, "I cannot now.
Come again some other day."

JEAN INGELow.

O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED,
RED ROSE.

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

BURNS.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and
me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to
be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces
spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended
died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee, —
How small a part of time they
share
That are so wondrous sweet and
fair.

WALLER.

TO THE ROSE.

GoE, happy Rose, and interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be,
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold, to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and goe
And tell her this, but doe not so,
Lest a handsome anger flye
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.
HERRICK.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, — bring
again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, —
sealed in vain.
SHAKSPEARE.

GARDEN SONG.

I.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that
she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she
loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine
stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;

Till a silence fell with the waking
bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to begay.
When will the dancers leave her
alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are
gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V.

I said to the rose, "The brief night
goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are
those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to
the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

VI.

And the soul of the rose went into
my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and
on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII.

From the meadow your walks have
left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we
meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the
lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the
lea;

But the rose was awake all night for
your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden
of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of
pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over
with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the
gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near,
she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She
is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I
hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her
feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

TENNYSON.

TO ALTHEA.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from my soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It would not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee,

BEN JONSON.

THE NIGHT PIECE: TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispè mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-wormè bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright
thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber,
What though the moon do slumber?
The starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I'll poure into thee.
HERRICK.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rōsy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts, with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
THOMAS CAREW.

LOVE.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!
SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May —
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposed nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me, —
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would
do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?
G. WITHER.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, THE days are gone, when Beauty
bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn
till night,
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in
life
As love's young dream.

MOORE.

THEKLA'S SONG.

THE clouds are flying, the woods are
sighing,
A maiden is walking the grassy
shore,
And as the wave breaks with might,
with might,
She singeth aloud in the darksome
night,
But a tear is in her troubled eye.

For the world feels cold, and the
heart gets old,
And reflects the bright aspect of
Nature no more;
Then take back thy child, holy Vir-
gin, to thee!
I have plucked the one blossom
that hangs on earth's tree,
I have lived, and have loved,
and die.

ANONYMOUS.

Translated from Schiller.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

"RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the
golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and
gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver
notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak be-
tween the trumpet's lordly
blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light
are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cou-
sin's bridegroom floats proudly
in the air.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the
golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and
gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see And-
alla's face—
He bends him to the people with a
calm and princely grace;

Through all the land of Xeres and
banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as
he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow,
of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara,
whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the
golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and
gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her
cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze
with all the town;
But though her eyes dwelt on her
knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the
silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
One bonny rose-bud she had traced
before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow
drooping from her eye—
"No, no!" she sighs—"bid me not
rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the
gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa—nor lay
your cushion down—
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa—with all
the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells,
and how the people cry:
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why
sit ye still, oh, why!"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's
mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his
truth with tears, and was my
lover!
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor
lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the
gazing town!"

LOCKHART.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and
fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou war-
bling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering
thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine
twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvier stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
BURNS.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine;
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
No more of me you knew, my love;
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But it shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, Adieu forevermore, my love;
And adieu forevermore.

SCOTT.

THE NIGHT-SEA.

IN the summer even,
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And "Come," I sung, "my true love,
Come hasten home to me."

But the sea it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon,

And the young moon dropped from
heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.

All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And "Wait," cried the night, and
wind, and storm,
"Wait till I come to thee!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HERO TO LEANDER.

OH! go not yet my love,
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven
above,
And the waves climb high and fast.
Oh! kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last.
Oh kiss me ere we part:
Grow closer to my heart,
My heart is warmer surely than the
bosom of the main.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy
limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims,
I have bathed thee with the pleasant
myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-
night,
I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee
with a kiss as soft as mine.

No western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
My soul must follow thee!
Oh! go not yet, my love,
Thy voice is sweet and low;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
Those marble steps below.
The turret stairs are wet
That lead into the sea.
The pleasant stars have set:
Oh! go not, go not yet,
Or I will follow thee.

TENNYSON.

BRIGNALL BANKS.

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,

And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily, —

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen." —

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,

That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,

As blithe as Queen of May." —
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."

"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night." —
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,

And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon,

So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum." —

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,

Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,

Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

SCOTT.

BONNY DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas
Claver'se who spoke,

"Ere the King's crown shall fall
there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor
and me

Come follow the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill
up my can,

Come saddle your horses, and
call up your men;

Come open the West Port, and
let me gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of
Bonny Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up
the street,

The bells are rung backward, the
drums they are beat;

But the Provost, douce man, said,
"Just e'en let him be,

The gude town is weel quit of that
Deil of Dundee."

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-
market was crammed,

As if half the West had set tryst to
be hanged:

There was spite in each look, there
 was fear in each ee,
 As they watched for the bonnets of
 Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits
 and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cava-
 liers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and
 the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny
 Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to
 the rocks, —
 Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch
 with the fox;
 And tremble false Whigs, in the
 midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my
 bonnet and me.”

SCOTT.

SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph
 advances!

Honored and blessed be the ever-
 green Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner
 that glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of
 our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly
 to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by
 the fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
 fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped
 every leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult
 in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest’s shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it
 blow:

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in
 Glen Fruin,

And Bannachars’ groans to our
 slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross dhu, they are
 smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch-Lomond lie
 dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear
 and with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of
 the Highlands!

Stretch to your oars for the ever-
 green Pine!

O that the rosebud that graces yon
 islands

Were wreathed in a garland around
 him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blessed in their shadow
 might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!”

SCOTT.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,

Pibroch of Donuil,

Wake thy wild voice anew,

Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,

Hark to the summons!

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and

From mountain so rocky,

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid,

And true heart that wears one;

Come every steel blade,

And strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come
 When forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come
 When navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset!

SCOTT.

THE DYING BARD.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the mo-
 ment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine
 echoes shall die:
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon
 shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the
 wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories
 of shade
 Unhonored shall flourish, unhonored
 shall fade;

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and
 the tongue,
 That viewed them with rapture, with
 rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march
 in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from
 Prestatyn's side;
 But where is the harp shall give life
 to their name?
 And where is the bard shall give
 heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daugh-
 ters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom, and
 wave the dark hair;
 What tuneful enthusiast shall wor-
 ship their eye,
 When half of their charms with
 Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy
 loved scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards
 who have been;
 With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Mer-
 lin the Old,
 And sage Taliessin, high harping to
 hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green
 be thy shades,
 Unconquered thy warriors, and
 matchless thy maids!
 And thou, whose faint warblings my
 weakness can tell,
 Farewell, my loved Harp! my last
 treasure, farewell!

SCOTT.

IX.

DIRGES AND PATHETIC
POEMS.

“For when sad thoughts possess the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs
And pulls us living to the dust we came from.” — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

DIRGES AND PATHETIC POEMS.

LACHRIMÆ; OR, MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed west,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

But time, ay me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep;
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

HERRICK.

THE NYMPH MOURNING HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst
alive

Them any harm, alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,

And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their
guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth
part
From thine, and wound me to the
heart,
Yet could they not be clean, their
stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when it had left me far away,
'Twould stay and run again and
stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.

Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should
lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,

And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

MARVELL.

THE LABORER.

TOILING in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him
warm,

Poverty must brave the storm,
Friendship none its aid to lend, —
Constant health his only friend,
Granting leave to live in pain,
Giving strength to toil in vain.

JOHN CLARE.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies
white

Out owe the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal
streams,

And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;

The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:

In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;

The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang:

But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been,
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a
sword

That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor the balm that draps on wounds
of woe

Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy
reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy moth-
er's friend,

Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!

Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the
spring,

Bloom on my peaceful grave!

BURNS.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THY braes were bonnie, Yarrow
stream,

When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow
stream,

When now thy waves his body
cover!

Forever, now, O Yarrow stream!

Thou art to me a stream of
sorrow;

For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of
Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow:

Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother:

They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;

They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from the window look;
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!

No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,
No longer search the forest thorough;

For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

JOHN LOGAN.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes
around,

Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,

Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him
so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty
pole

The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wildcat
stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his
bones,

They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless
stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared,
and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they
slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked; but never
spied

His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

BRYANT.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we
shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the
earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell;
 But in a city glorious,
 A great and distant city, have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have staid with
 us!

TENNYSON.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

YE scattered birds that faintly
 sing,
 The reliques of the vernal choir!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honors of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and
 gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and
 e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

The bridegroom may forget the
 bride
 Was made his wedded wife yes-
 teen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has
 been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her
 knee:
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!

BURNS.

HE'S GANE.

.

HE's gane! he's gane! he's frae us
 torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, nature's sel' shall
 mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting
 cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing
 years,
 Where Echo slumbers,

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest
 bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, whimplin' down your
 glens,

 Wi' todlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells owre the
 lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging bonnillie,
 In scented bowers;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the
 wood;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather
 bud;
 Ye curlews calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick
 brood!—
 He's gane forever!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye
 great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state;
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.
 BURNS.

TO HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine and
 wit
 Of all I've writ;
 The grace, the glorie, and the best
 Piece of the rest;
 Thou art of what I did intend
 The all, and end;
 And what was made, was made to
 meet
 Thee, thee, my sheet;
 Come then, and be to my chaste
 side
 Both bed and bride.
 We two, as reliques left, will have
 One rest, one grave;

And, hugging close, we will not feare
 Lust entering here;
 Where all desires are dead or cold,
 As is the mould;
 And all affections are forgot,
 Or trouble not.
 Here needs no court for our request,
 Where all are best;
 All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i' th' dust.
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne
 Of court or crown;
 Where fortune bears no sway o'er
 things,
 There all are kings.
 And for a while lye here concealed,
 To be revealed,
 Next, at that great platonick yeere,
 And then meet here.
 HERRICK.

ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blessed!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed
 mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their
 clay;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

COLLINS.

DIRGE.

HE is gone — is dust.
 He, the more fortunate! yea he hath
 finished!
 For him there is no longer any fu-
 ture,
 His life is bright, — bright without
 spot it *was*
 And cannot cease to be. No omi-
 nous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of
 mishap.
 Far off is he, above desire and fear;
 No more submitted to the change
 and chance

Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
 With *him*! but who knows what the
 coming hour
 Veiled in thick darkness brings for
 us!

That anguish will be wearied down,
 I know;
 What pang is permanent with man?
 from the highest
 As from the vilest thing of every day
 He learns to wean himself; for the
 strong hours
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I
 have lost
 In him. The bloom is vanished
 from my life.
 For O! he stood beside me, like my
 youth,
 Transformed for me the real to a
 dream,
 Clothing the palpable and familiar
 With golden exhalations of the
 dawn.

Whatever fortunes wait my future
 toils,
 The *beautiful* is vanished — and re-
 turns not.

COLERIDGE: *Wallenstein*.

LYKEWAKE DIRGE.

THIS æ night, this æ night,
 Every night and alle,
 Fire and sleet and candle-light,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art
 past,
 Every night and alle,
 To Whinny-Muir thou comest at
 laste,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
 Every night and alle,
 Sit thee down and put them on,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou never gav'st
 none,
 Every night and alle,
 The whinnes shall prick thee to the
 bare bone,
 And Christ receive thy saule.

From Whinny-Muir when thou
mayest passe,
Every night and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at
last,
And Christ receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every night and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink,
And Christ receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou never gavest
none,
Every night and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare
bone,
And Christ receive thy saule.

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-light,
And Christ receive thy saule.

ANON.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral
stoops,
No winding torches paint the mid-
night air;
Here the green pines delight, the aspen
droops
Along the modest pathways, and
those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their
plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our
tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some
funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this
calm place,
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish
knell,
But in its kind and supplicating
grace,
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march,
be more
Friend to the friendless than thou
wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest se-
renity;
To-morrow that soft bell for thee
shall sound,

And thou repose beneath the whis-
pering tree,
One tribute more to this submis-
sive ground;—
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out
pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still
field deride:

Rather to those ascents of being
turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumines
the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-
fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness
clear,—
Forget man's littleness, deserve the
best,
God's mercy in thy thought and
life confest.

CHANNING.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidelé's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall
bring
Each opening sweet of earliest
bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet
grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the
green,
And dress thy grave with pearly
dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flow-
ers,
To deck the ground where thou
art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall
dwell;

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

DIRGE FOR DORCAS.

COME pitie us, all ye who see
 Our harps hung on the willow-tree;
 Come pitie us, ye passers-by,
 Who see or hear poor widows crie;
 Come pitie us, and bring your eares
 And eyes to pitie widows' teares.

And when you are come hither,
 Then we will keep
 A fast, and weep
 Our eyes out all together,

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
 Clean washt, and laid out for the bier.
 O modest matrons, weep and waile!
 For now the corne and wine must
 faile;

The basket and the bynn of bread,
 Wherewith so many soules were fed,
 Stand empty here forever;
 And ah! the poore,
 At thy worne doore,
 Shall be relievèd never.

But ah, alas! the almond-bough
 And olive-branch is withered now;
 The wine-presse now is ta'en from
 us,
 The saffron and the calamus;
 The spice and spiknard hence is
 gone,
 The storax and the cynamon;
 The caroll of our gladnesse
 Has taken wing,
 And our late spring
 Of mirth is turned to sadnesse.

How wise wast thou in all thy waies!
 How worthy of respect and praise!
 How matron-like didst thou go drest!
 How soberly above the rest
 Of those that prank it with their
 plumes,
 And jet it with their choice per-
 fumes!
 Thy vestures were not flowing;
 Nor did the street
 Accuse thy feet
 Of mincing in their going.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
 Will show these garments made by
 thee;

These were the coats, in these are read
 The monuments of Dorcas dead:
 These were thy acts, and thou shalt
 have

These hung, as honors o'er thy grave,
 And after us, distressed,
 Should fame be dumb,
 Thy very tomb
 Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

HERRICK.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The fount, re-appearing,
 From the raindrop shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary;
 But the voice of the weeper
 Walls manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest;
 But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and forever!

SCOTT.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy
 wages.
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash:

Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKSPEARE.

ODE ON THE CONSECRATION OF SLEEPY-HOLLOW CEME- TERY.

SHINE kindly forth, September sun,
 From heavens calm and clear,
 That no untimely cloud may run
 Before thy golden sphere,
 To vex our simple rites to-day
 With one prophetic tear.

With steady voices let us raise
 The fitting psalm and prayer; —
 Remembered grief of other days
 Breathes softening in the air:
 Who knows not Death—who who
 mourns no loss —
 He has with us no share.

To holy sorrow — solemn joy,
 We consecrate the place
 Where soon shall sleep the maid
 and boy,
 The father and his race,
 The mother with her tender babe,
 The venerable face.

These waving woods — these valleys
 low
 Between these tufted knolls,
 Year after year shall dearer grow
 To many loving souls;
 And flowers be sweeter here than blow
 Elsewhere between the poles.

For deathless Love and blessèd Grief
 Shall guard these wooded aisles,
 When either Autumn casts the leaf,
 Or blushing Summer smiles,
 Or Winter whitens o'er the land,
 Or Spring the buds uncoils.

F. B. SANBORN.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing
 wave;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous
 rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he, whose heart in sorrow
 bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing
 shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger
 here,
 And while its sounds at distance
 swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's
 knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the
 shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths
 is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as ease and health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening
 spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape
 weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy
 bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail;
 Or tears, which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding
 sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless
 eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glim-
 mering near?
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen
 tide
 No sedge-crowned sisters now at-
 tend,

Now waft me from the green hill's
side
Whose cold turf hides the buried
friend!

And see the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn
view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

Thy genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early
doom;

There hinds and shepherd-girls shall
dress

With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed
clay

Shall melt the musing Briton's
eyes:

O! vales and wild woods, shall he
say,

In yonder grave a Druid lies!

COLLINS.

EPITAPH FROM SIMONIDES.

WHERE is Timarchus gone?

His father's hands were round
him,

And when he breathed his life away,
The joy of youth had crowned him.

Old man! thou wilt not forget

Thy lost one, when thine eye

Gazeth on the glowing cheek

Of hope and piety.

ANON.

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

TOLL for the brave —

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset:

Down went the "Royal George,"

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfelt is gone;

His last sea-fight is fought,

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;

No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak;

She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;

His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,

Once dreaded by our foes!

And mingle with our cup

The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again,

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone, —

His victories are o'er;

And he and his eight hundred

Shall plough the waves no more.

COWPER.

LINES.

WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, ON TID-
INGS OF THE APPROACHING
DEATH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

LOUD is the Vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms
are gone,

A mighty unison of streams!

Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale; — this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,

Importunate and heavy load!

The Comforter hath found me here,

Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad —

Wait the fulfilment of their fear;

For he must die who is their stay,

Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this —

That Man, who is from God sent
forth,

Doth yet again to God return? —

Such ebb and flow must ever be,

Then wherefore should we mourn?

WORDSWORTH.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation.

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a
mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom
we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central
roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought
for,

And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forevermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about
it grow,

And let the mournful martial music
blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the
Past.

No more in soldier fashion will he
greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the
street.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is
mute:

Mourn for the man of long-enduring
blood,

The statesman-warrior, moderate,
resolute,

Whole in himself, a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influ-
ence,

Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,

Great in council and great in war,

Foremost captain of his time,

Rich in saving common-sense,

And, as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men
knew,

O voice from which their omens all
men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,

O fallen at length that tower of
strength

Which stood four-square to all the
winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.

The great World-victor's victor will
be seen no more.

V.

All is over and done:

Render thanks to the Giver,

England, for thy son.

Let the bell be tolled.

Render thanks to the Giver,

And render him to the mould.

Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,

There he shall rest forever

Among the wise and the bold.

Let the bell be tolled:

And a reverent people behold

The towering car, the sable steeds:

Bright let it be with its blazoned
deeds,

Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be tolled:

And a deeper knell in the heart be
knolled;

And the sound of the sorrowing an-
them rolled

Thro' the dome of the golden cross;

And the volleying cannon thunder
his loss;

He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime

His captain's-ear has heard them
boom

Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:

When he with those deep voices
wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from
shame;
With those deep voices our dead cap-
tain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-tempered frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an hon-
ored guest,
With banner and with music, with
soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking
on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou
famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world
began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labored rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,

Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadow-
ing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron
crown
On that loud sabbath shook the
spoil down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed them-
selves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Through the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged
and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven
guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there
at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by
thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's
voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human
fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's
claim
With honor, honor, honor, honor to
him,
Eternal honor to his name.

VII.

Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the sea-
ward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-
hall

Forever; and, whatever tempests
 lower,
 Forever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man
 who spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve
 the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for
 power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor
 flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high
 and low;
 Whose life was work, whose lan-
 guage rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on
 the right:
 Truth-teller was our England's Al-
 fred named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light,
 He never shall be shamed.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the
 people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are
 sobs and tears:
 The black earth yawns: the mortal
 disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seemed so great. —
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can
 weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him.
 TENNYSON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral
 note,
 As his corse to the rampart we
 hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell
 shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we
 buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turn-
 ing;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty
 light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we
 wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his
 rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we
 said
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face
 of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the
 morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his nar-
 row bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely
 pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would
 tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit
 that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid
 him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him
 sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has
 laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock tolled the hour
 for retiring:
 And we heard the distant random
 gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh
 and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not
 a stone, —
 But we left him alone with his glory.
 CHARLES WOLFE.

ON SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SILENCE augmenteth griefe, writing
 encreaseth rage,
 Staid are my thoughts, which loved
 and lost, the wonder of our
 age,
 Yet quickened now with fire, though
 dead with frost ere now,
 Enraged I write I know not what:
 dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard hearted mindes relent, and
 Rigor's tears abound,
 And Envy strangely rues his end, in
 whom no fault she found;
 Knowledge his light hath lost, Valor
 hath slaine her knight:
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend,
 dead is the world's delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose
 presence was her pride,
 Time crieth out, my ebbe is come,
 his life was my spring-tide;
 Fame mournes in that she lost, the
 ground of her reports,
 Each living wight laments his lacke,
 and all in sundry sorts.

He was—wo worth that word—to
 each well thinking minde,
 A spotless friend, a matchless man,
 whose vertue ever shined,
 Declaring in his thoughts, his life,
 and that he writ,
 Highest conceits, longest foresights,
 and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second
 unto none,
 Where death—though life—we rue,
 and wrong, and all in vaine do
 mone,
 Their losse, not him waile they, that
 fill the world with cries,
 Death slue not him, but he made
 death his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live, the
 more the wrong,
 Who wishing Death, whom death
 denies, whose thread is all too
 long,
 Who tied to wretched life, who look
 for no relief,
 Must spend my ever-dying days in
 never-ending grief.

Heart's ease and onely I, like para-
 leles run on,
 Whose equall length, keepe equall
 bredth and never meete in one,
 Yet for not wronging him, my
 thoughts, my sorrowes' cell,
 Shall not run out, though leake they
 will, for liking him so well.

Farewel to you my hopes, my wont-
 ed waking dreames,
 Farewel sometime enjoyèd joy
 eclipsèd are thy beams,
 Farewel selfe-pleasing thoughts,
 which quietness brings forth,
 And farewel friendship's sacred
 league uniting minds of worth.

And farewel mery heart, the gift of
 guiltless mindes,
 And all sports, which for live's re-
 store, varietie assignes,
 Let all that sweet is voide? in me
 no mirth may dwell,
 Philip the cause of all this woe, my
 life's content, farewel.

Now rime, the source of rage, which
 art no kin to skill,
 And endless griefe which deads my
 life, yet knows not now to kill,
 Go seeke that haples tombe, which
 if ye hap to finde,
 Salute the stones, that keep the
 lines, that held so good a
 minde.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

LYCIDAS.

[In this monody, the author bewails a
 learned friend, unfortunately drowned in
 his passage from Chester on the Irish
 seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the
 ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in
 their height.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and
 once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never
 sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh
 and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mel-
 lowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion
 dear,

Compels me to disturb your season
 due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his
 prime,
 Young Lycidas! and hath not left
 his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas?
 He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty
 rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching
 wind,
 Without the meed of some melodi-
 ous tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred
 well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove
 doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep
 the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy ex-
 cuse;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined
 urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable
 shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-
 same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain,
 shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns
 appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the
 morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together
 heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her
 sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh
 dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening
 bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped
 his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
 mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns
 with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be
 absent long,
 And old Damætas loved to hear our
 song.
 But O the heavy change, now thou
 art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must
 return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and
 desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding
 vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses
 green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy
 soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds
 that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay
 wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's
 ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when
 the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved
 Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the
 steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous
 Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her
 wizard stream.
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there—for what could
 that have done?
 What could the Muse herself, that
 Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting
 son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the
 hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was
 sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Les-
 bian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with unces-
 sant care
 To tend the homely slighted shep-
 herd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless
 Muse?
 Were it not better done as others
 use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the
 shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit
 doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious
 days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope
 to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden
 blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the ab-
 horrèd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But
 not the praise,
 Phœbus replied, and touched my
 trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mor-
 tal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad
 rumor lies;
 But lives and spreads aloft by those
 pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging
 Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each
 deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect
 thy meed.
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou
 honored flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned
 with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher
 mood;
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea;
 He asked the waves, and asked the
 felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this
 gentle swain?
 And questioned every gust of rug-
 ged wings
 That blows from off each beaked
 promontory:
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer
 brings,
 That not a blast was from his dun-
 geon strayed;
 The air was calm, and on the level
 brine
 Sleek Panopé with all her sisters
 played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious
 bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with
 curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head
 of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went
 footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet
 sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on
 the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower in-
 scribed with woe.
 Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my
 dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals
 twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts
 amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern
 bespake;
 How well could I have spared for
 thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into
 the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning
 make,
 Than how to scramble at the shear-
 er's feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden
 guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce them-
 selves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught
 else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art
 belongs!
 What recks it them? What need
 they? They are sped;
 And when they list their lean and
 flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of
 wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are
 not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank
 mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion
 spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with
 privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothingsaid;
 But that two-handed engine at the
 door
 Stands ready to smite once, and
 smite no more.
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice
 is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return,
 Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them
 hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thou-
 sand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whis-
 pers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and
 gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star
 sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enam-
 elled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the
 honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with ver-
 nal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that for-
 saken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessa-
 mine,
 The white pink, and the pansy
 freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired
 woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the
 pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroi-
 dery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with
 tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where
 Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with
 false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and
 sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones
 are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Heбри-
 des,
 Where thou perhaps under the
 whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
 world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows
 denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guard-
 ed mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayo-
 na's hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and
 melt with ruth,
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hap-
 less youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds,
 weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the wa-
 tery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean
 bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping
 head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-
 spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morn-
 ing sky.
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted
 high,
 Through the dear might of Him that
 walked the waves,
 Where other groves, and other
 streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he
 laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial
 song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy
 and love.
 There entertain him all the saints
 above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet socie-
 ties,
 That sing, and singing in their glory
 move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his
 eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep
 no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of
 the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt
 be good
 To all that wander in that perilous
 flood.
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to
 the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with
 sandals gray;
 He touched the tender stops of vari-
 ous quills,
 With eager thought warbling his
 Doric lay;
 And now the sun had stretched out
 all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western
 bay;
 At last he rose, and twitched his
 mantle blue;—
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pas-
 tures new.

MILTON.

DEPARTED.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not
 feel
 The touch of earthly years.
 No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal
 course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.
 WORDSWORTH.

THYRSIS.

[A monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861.]

How changed is here each spot man
 makes or fills!
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps
 the same;
 The village-street its haunted man-
 sion lacks,
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's
 name,
 And from the roofs the twisted
 chimney-stacks.
 Are ye, too, changed, ye hills?
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
 To-night from Oxford up your
 pathway strays!
 Here came I often, often, in old
 days;
 Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis
 then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childs-
 worth Farm,
 Up past the wood, to where the elm-
 tree crowns
 The hill behind whose ridge the
 sunset flames?
 The Signal-Elm, that looks on Ilsley
 Downs,
 The Vale, the three lone wears,
 the youthful Thames? —
 This winter-eve is warm,
 Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as
 spring,
 The tender purple spray on copse
 and briers;
 And that sweet City with her
 dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's
 heightening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-
 night.
 Only, methinks, some loss of habit's
 power
 Befalls me wandering through this
 upland dim.
 Once passed I blindfold here, at any
 hour,
 Now seldom come I, since I came
 with him.
 That single elm-tree bright
 Against the west — I miss it! is it
 gone?
 We prized it dearly; while it stood,
 we said,
 Our friend, the Scholar-Gypsy, was
 not dead;
 While the tree lived, he in these
 fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my
 visits here!
 But once I knew each field, each
 flower, each stick,
 And with the country-folk ac-
 quaintance made
 By barn in threshing-time, by new-
 built rick.
 Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we
 first assayed.
 Ah me! this many a year
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday.
 Needs must I lose them, needs
 with heavy heart
 Into the world and wave of men
 depart;
 But Thyrsis of his own will went
 away.

It irked him to be here, he could not
 rest.
 He loved each simple joy the country
 yields,
 He loved his mates; but yet he
 could not keep,
 For that a shadow lowered on the
 fields,
 Here with the shepherds and the
 silly sheep.
 Some life of men unblest
 He knew, which made him droop,
 and filled his head.
 He went; his piping took a trou-
 bled sound
 Of storms that rage outside our
 happy ground;
 He could not wait their passing, he
 is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early
June,
When the year's primal burst of
bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest
day —

When garden-walks, and all the
grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of
fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers, are
strewn —

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting
cry,

From the wet field, through the
vexed garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and
tossing breeze :

*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom
go I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt
thou go ?

Soon will the high Midsummer pomps
come on,

Soon will the musk carnations
break and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted
snapdragon,

Sweet-William with its homely
cottage-smell,

And stocks in fragrant blow ;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,

And groups under the dreaming
garden-trees,

And the full moon, and the white
evening-star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is
gone !

What matters it ? next year he will
return,

And we shall have him in the
sweet spring-days,

With whitening hedges, and un-
crumpling fern,

And blue-bells trembling by the
forest-ways,

And scent of hay new-mown.

But Thyrsis never more we swains
shall see ;

See him come back, and cut a
smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last
shall heed, —

For Time, not Corydon, hath con-
quered thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now !

But when Sicilian shepherds lost a
mate,

Some good survivor with his flute
would go,

Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And cross the unpermitted ferry's

flow,

And unbend Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beau-
teous head

Of Proserpine, among whose
crownèd hair

Are flowers, first opened on Sicil-
ian air ;

And flute his friend, like Orpheus,
from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace,
When Dorian shepherds sang to
Proserpine !

For she herself had trod Sicilian
fields,

She knew the Dorian water's gush
divine,

She knew each lily white which
Enna yields,

Each rose with blushing face ;

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian
strain.

But ah, of our poor Thames she
never heard !

Her foot the Cumner cowslips
never stirred ;

And we should tease her with our
plaint in vain.

Well ! wind-dispersed and vain the
words will be,

Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its
hour

In the old haunt, and find our tree-
topped hill !

Who, if not I, for questing here hath
power ?

I know the wood which hides the
daffodil,

I know the Fyfield tree,

I know what white, what purple
fritillaries

The grassy harvest of the river-
fields,

Above by Ensham, down by Sand-
ford, yields ;

And what sedged brooks are Thames's
tributaries ;

I know these slopes; who knows
them if not I? —

But many a dingle on the loved hill-
side,

With thorns once studded, old,
white-blossomed trees,

Where thick the cowslips grew, and,
far desried,

High towered the spikes of purple
orchises,

Hath since our day put by

The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone

the ploughboy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside
gleam

Primroses, orphans of the flowery
prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boat-
man's door,

Above the locks, above the boating
throng,

Unmoored our skiff, when, through
the Wytham flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadow-
sweet among,

And darting swallows, and light
water-gnats,

We tracked the shy Thames
shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the
tiny swell

Of our boat passing heaved the
river-grass,

Stood with suspended scythe to
see us pass?

They all are gone, and thou art gone
as well.

Yes, thou art gone, and round me
too the Night

In ever-nearing circle weaves her
shade.

I see her veil draw soft across the
day,

I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown

hair sprent with gray;

I feel her finger light

Laid pausefully upon life's headlong
train;

The foot less prompt to meet the
morning dew,

The heart less bounding at emo-
tion new,

And hope, once crushed, less quick
to spring again,

And long the way appears, which
seemed so short

To the unpractised eye of sanguine
youth;

And high the mountain-tops, in
cloudy air,

The mountain-tops where is the
throne of Truth,

Tops in life's morning-sun so
bright and bare.

Unbreachable the fort

Of the long-battered world uplifts its
wall;

And strange and vain the earthly
turmoil grows,

And near and real the charm of
thy repose,

And Night as welcome as a friend
would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden
loss

Of quiet. Look! adown the dusk
hillside

A troop of Oxford hunters going
home,

As in old days, jovial and talking,
ride.

From hunting with the Berkshire
hounds they come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross

Into yon further field. 'Tis done;
and see,

Backed by the sunset, which doth
glorify

The orange and pale violet evening-
sky,

Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree!
the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her
veil,

The white fog creeps from bush to
bush about,

The west unflushes, the high stars
grow bright,

And in the scattered farms the lights
come out.

I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-
night,

Yet, happy omen, hail!

Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno
vale,

(For there thine earth-forgetting
eyelids keep

The morningless and unawakening
sleep

Under the flowery oleanders pale,)

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—

Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,

These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,

That lone, sky-pointing Tree, are not for him.

To a boon southern country he is fled,

And now in happier air,

Wandering with the great Mother's train divine

(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,

I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)

Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.

Putting his sickle to the perilous grain,

In the hot corn-field of the Phrygian king,

For thee the Lityerses song again

Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;

Sings his Sicilian fold,

His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;

And how a call celestial round him rang,

And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,

And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here,

Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair.

Despair I will not, while I yet desecry

'Neath the soft canopy of English air

That lonely Tree against the western sky.

Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear, Our Gypsy Scholar haunts, outliving thee!

Fields where the sheep from cages pull the hay,

Woods with anemones in flower till May,

Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,

Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with gold,

With place, with honor, and a flattering crew;

'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.

But the smooth-slipping weeks Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired.

Out of the heed of mortals is he gone,

He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;

Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on this quest wert bound,

Thou wanderest with me for a little hour.

Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,

If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,

If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.

And this rude Cumner ground, Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,

Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,

Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime,

And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute

Kept not for long its happy country tone;

Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note

Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,

Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—

It failed, and thou wert mute.

Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,

And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,

And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,

Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my
visits here!

'Mid city noise, not, as with thee of
yore,

Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is
my home.

Then through the great town's harsh,
heart-wearying roar,

Let in thy voice a whisper often
come,

To chase fatigue and fear:

*Why faintest thou? I wandered till
I died.*

*Roam on; the light we sought is
shining still.*

*Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet
crowns the hill,*

*Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-
side.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DION.

MOURN, hills and groves of Attica!
and mourn

Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose
spirit dreads

Your once sweet memory, studious
walks and shades!

For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular ap-
plause,

But through dependence on the
sacred laws

Framed in the schools where Wisdom
dwelt retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad cause-
way paved with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with
delight;

But He hath overleaped the eternal
bars;

And, following guides whose craft
holds no consent

With aught that breathes the ethe-
real element,

Hath stained the robes of civil power
with blood,

Unjustly shed, though for the public
good.

Whence doubts that came too late,
and wishes vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant
pain;

And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless
heart,

The heaviest plummet of despair
can go —

But whence that sudden check? that
fearful start!

He hears an uncouth sound —

Anon his lifted eyes

Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky
bound,

A shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round
and round!

A woman's garb the Phantom
wore,

And fiercely swept the marble
floor, —

Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;

Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,

Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree
tops!

“Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! —
avaunt,”

Exclaimed the chieftain . . .

But Shapes that come not at an
earthly call,

Will not depart when mortal voices
bid;

Lords of the visionary eye whose
lid,

Once raised, remains aghast, and
will not fall!

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose
hopes are built

Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portals of one
moment's guilt,

Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust

Of monstrous crime! — that horror-
striking blade,

Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath
laid

The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shuddered the walls, — the marble
city wept, —

And sylvan places heaved a pensive
sigh;

But in calm peace the appointed
Victim slept,

As he had fallen, in magnanimity
Of spirit too capacious to require

That Destiny her course should
change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened
by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that
involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of
princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his
Fate:
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace
attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove
defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless
as his end."

WORDSWORTH.

HOSEA BIGLOW'S LAMENT.

BEAVER roars hoarse with melting
snows,
And rattles diamonds from his gran-
ite;
Time was he snatched away my
prose,
And into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, and all the rest that once
Started my blood to contra dances
Find me and leave me but a dunce
That has no use for dreams and fan-
cies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle through the street,
I hear the drummers making riot,
And I sit thinking of the feet
That followed once and now are
quiet, —

White feet as snow-drops innocent,
That never knew the paths of Satan,
Sad ears that listened as they went,
Lifelong to hear them come will wait
on.

Have I not held them on my knee?
Did I not love to see them growing,
Three likely lads as well could be,
Handsome and brave, and not too
knowing?

I sit and look into the blaze,
Whose nature, just like theirs, keeps
climbing
Long as it lives in shining ways,
And half despise myself for rhyming.

What's talk to them whose faith and
truth

On War's red touchstone rang true
metal,

Who ventured life and love and
youth

For the great prize of death in battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, again
Flashed on before the charge's thun-
der,

Tipping with fire the bolt of men
That rived the Rebel line asunder?

Come Peace, not like a mourner
bowed

For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

Come with hand gripping on the
hilt,

And step that proves you Victory's
daughter!

Longing for you, our spirits wilt
Like shipwrecked men on rafts for
water.

Come, while our Country feels the lift
Of a great instinct shouting For-
wards,

And knows that Freedom's not a
gift

That tarries long in hands of cowards.

Come, such as mothers prayed for,
when

They kissed their cross with lips that
quivered,

And bring fair wages for brave men,
A Nation saved, a Race delivered.

LOWELL.

OTHELLO'S LAST WORDS.

SOFT you; a word or two before you
go.

I have done the state some service,
and they know it:

No more of that. — I pray you, in
your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds
relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing ex-
tenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then
must you speak

Of one that loved, not wisely, but too
 well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being
 wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one
 whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl
 away
Richer than all his tribe; of one
 whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian
 trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down
 this,
And say, besides, that in Aleppo
 once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned
 Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the
 state,
I took by the throat the circumcised
 dog,
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs him-
self.*]

SHAKSPEARE.

X.

COMIC AND HUMOROUS.

SATIRICAL.

COMIC AND HUMOROUS.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends ane to Heaven, and ten to Hell,

A' for thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless
might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in
night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning an' a shining light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I, wha deserve such just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my crea-
tion,
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I
fell,
Thou might hae plunged me into
Hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and
wail,
In burnin' lake,
Where damned Devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and am-
ple;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers
swear,
And singing there, and dancing here,
Wi' great and sma':
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust,
An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly
trust, —
Vile self gets in;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should
turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted:
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be
borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn
face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's de-
serts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at
cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's
hearts
He steals awa'.

An' when we chastened him there-
fore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the world in a roar
O' laughin' at us;—
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make
it bare,
Upo' their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna
spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued
Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood sweatin',
shakin',
An' swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hinging lips gaed snak-
in',
An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day o' vengeance try
him,
Lord, visit them wha did employ
him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their prayer:
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may
shine,

Excelled by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

BURNS.

TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and
tell

Your Neebor's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heaped happier's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's
door,
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mis-
takes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What makes the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins con-
vulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way:
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthanking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're
grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman,
Though they may gang a kennie
wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord — its various
tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.
BURNS.

TO THE DEVIL.

BUT fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might, — I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake —
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Even for your sake!
BURNS.

THE ORIGIN OF DIDACTIC POETRY.

WHEN wise Minerva still was young,
And just the least romantic,
Soon after from Jove's head she
flung,
That preternatural antic,
'Tis said to keep from idleness
Or flirting, — those twin curses, —
She spent her leisure, more or less,
In writing po—, no, verses.

How nice they were! to rhyme with
far,
A kind *star* did not tarry;
The metre, too, was regular
As schoolboy's dot and carry;
And full they were of pious plums,
So extra-super-moral, —
For sucking Virtue's tender gums
Most tooth-enticing coral.

A clean, fair copy she prepares,
Makes sure of moods and tenses,
With her own hand, — for prudence
spares
A man- (or woman) -uensis;
Complete, and tied with ribbons
proud,
She hinted soon how cosey a
Treat it would be to read them loud
After next day's Ambrosia.

The Gods thought not it would
amuse
So much as Homer's Odyssees,
But could not very well refuse
The properest of Goddesses;
So all sat round in attitudes
Of various dejection,
As with a *hem!* the queen of prudes
Began her grave prelection.

At the first pause Zeus said, "Well
sung! —
I mean — ask Phœbus, — *he*
knows."
Says Phœbus, "Zounds! a wolf's
among
Admetus's merinos!
Fine! very fine! but I must go;
They stand in need of me there;
Excuse me!" snatched his stick,
and so
Plunged down the gladdened ether.

With the next gap, Mars said, "For
me
Don't wait, — nought could be
finer,
But I'm engaged at half-past three, —
A fight in Asia Minor!"
Then Venus lisped, "How very
thad!
It rainth down there in torrinth;
But I *mutht* go, becauthe they've
had
A thacrifithe in Corinth!"

Then Bacchus, — "With those slam-
ming doors
I lost the last half dist— (hic!)
Mos' bu'ful se'ments! what's the
Chor's?
My voice shall not be missed —
(hic!)"
His words woke Hermes; "Ah!" he
said,
"I *so* love moral theses!"
Then winked at Hebe, who turned
red,
And smoothed her apron's creases.

Just then Zeus snored, — the Eagle
drew
His head the wing from under;
Zeus snored, — o'er startled Greece
there flew
The many-volumed thunder;
Some augurs counted nine, — some,
ten, —

Some said, 'twas war, some, fam-
ine, —
And all, that other-minded men
Would get a precious —.

Proud Pallas sighed, "It will not do;
Against the Muse I've sinned,
oh!"

And her torn rhymes sent flying
through

Olympus's back window.

Then, packing up a peplus clean,
She took the shortest path thence,
And opened, with a mind serene,
A Sunday school in Athens.

The verses? Some in ocean swilled,
Killed every fish that bit to 'em;
Some Galen caught, and, when dis-
tilled,

Found morphine the residuum;
But some that rotted on the earth
Sprang up again in copies,
And gave two strong narcotics
birth, —

Didactic bards and poppies.

Years after, when a poet asked
The Goddess's opinion,
As being one whose soul had basked
In Art's clear-aired dominion, —
"Discriminate," she said, "be-
times;

The Muse is unforgiving;
Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
Your morals in your living."

LOWELL.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the
street,

And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thiukna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering
storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'
Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter

(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-
passes,

For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae
wise,

As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a
skellum,

A blethering, blustering, drunken
blellum;

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou
on;

That at the Lord's house, even on
Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till
Monday.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned
in Doon:

Or caught wi' warlocks i' the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me
greet,

To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank di-
vinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks the-
gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and
clatter;

And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gra-
cious,

Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and pre-
cious:

The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready cho-
rus:

The storm without might rair and
rustle,

Tam did na mind the storm a whis-
tle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the
nappy!

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:

Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;

Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare,
Meg,

A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,

Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,

Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,

Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;

And past the birks and meikle-stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;

And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn:

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged herself.

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;

Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!

The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,

She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:

He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—

Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—

By which heroic Tom was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened
bairns:

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red
rusted;

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strang-
gled;

A knife, a father's throat had man-
gled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlaw-
fu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and
curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and fu-
rious:

The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed,
they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin sweat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
queans,

A' plump and strapping in their
teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flan-
nen,

Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder
linnen!

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue
hair,

I wad hae gi'en them off my hur-
dies,

For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and
droll,

Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crum-
mock,

I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie,

"There was ae winsome wench and
walie,"

That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,

And shook baith meikle corn and
bear,

And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best and she was vaunt-
ie. —

Ah! little kend thy reverend gran-
nie,

That sark she coft for her wee Nan-
nie,

Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her
riches,)

Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!
But here my muse her wing maun
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane be-
witched,

And thought his very e'en enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu'
fain,

And hotched and blew wi' might and
main:

Till first ane caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-
sark!"

And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their
byke;

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their
nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and
hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get
thy fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a her-
rin!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may
toss,

A running stream they dare na
cross.

But ere the key-stane she could
make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at 'Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's met-
tle—

Ae spring brought off her master
hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall
read,

Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er
dear,

Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.
BURNS.

THE WITCH OF FIFE.

"WHERE have ye been, ye ill wo-
man,
These three lang nights frae
hame?

What gars the sweat drap frae yer
brow,
Like drops o' the saut sea-faem?

"It fears me muckle ye have seen
What gude man never knew;
It fears me muckle ye have been,
Where the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the
bridle break,
Then sharp yer word will be;
Ye had better sleep in yer bed at
hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and
me."

"Sit dune, sit dune, my leal auld
man,
Sit dune, and listen to me;
I'll gar the hair stand on yer crown,
And the cauld sweat blind yer e'e.

"But tell nae words, my gude auld
man,
Tell never a word again;
Or dear shall be your courtesy,
And driche and sair yer pain.

"The first leet night, when the new
moon set,
When all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled our nags wi' the moon-
fern leaf,
And rode frae Kilmerrin kirk.

"Some horses were of the brume-
cow framed,
And some of the green bay tree;
But mine was made of ane hemlock
shaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

"We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we hunted the owlet out o'
breath,
And forced him doune to fa'."

"What guid was that, ye ill woman?
What guid was that to thee?
Ye would better have been in yer bed
at hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and
me." —

"And aye we rode, as sae merrily rode,
Through the merkest gloffs of the
night;
And we swam the flood, and we
darnit the wood,
Till we came to the Lommond
height.

"And when we came to the Lom-
mond height,
Sae lightly we lighted doune;
And we drank frae the horns that
never grew,
The beer that was never browin.

"Then up there rose a wee wee man,
From neath the moss-gray stane;
His face was wan like the colliflower,
For he neither had blude nor bane.

"He set a reed-pipe till his mouth;
And he played sae bonnily,
Till the gray curlew, and the black-
cock flew
To listen his melodye.

"It rang sae sweet through the green
Lommond,
That the night-wind lowner blew;
And it soupit alang the Loch Leven,
And wakened the white sea-mew.

"It rang sae sweet through the green
Lommond,
Sae sweetly and sae shrill,
That the weasels leaped out of their
mouldy holes,
And danced on the midnight hill.

"The corby crow came gledging near,
The erne gaed veering bye;
And the trouts leaped out of the
Leven Loch,
Charmed with the melodye.

"And aye we danced on the green
Lommond,
Till the dawn on the ocean grew:
Nae wonder I was a weary wight
When I cam hame to you." —

"What guid, what guid, my weird,
weird wyfe,
What guid was that to thee?
Ye wad better have been in yer bed
at hame,
Wi' yer dear little bairns and
me." —

"The second night, when the new
moon set,
O'er the roaring sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sails of the green sea-rue.

"And the bauld winds blew, and the
fire-flauchts flew,
And the sea ran to the sky;
And the thunder it growled, and the
sea-dogs howled,
As we gaed scurrying by.

"And aye we mounted the sea-green
hills,
Till we brushed through the clouds
of heaven,
Then soused downright like the
stern-shot light,
Fra the lift's blue casement driven.

"But our tackle stood, and our bark
was good,
And sae pang was our pearly prow;
When we couldna speil the brow of
the waves,
We needled them through below.

"As fast as the hail, as fast as the
gale,
As fast as the midnight leme,

We bored the breast of the bursting
swale,
Or fluffed in the floating faem.

"And when to the Norroway shore
we wan,
We mounted our steeds of the wind,
And we splashed the floode, and we
darnit the wood,
And we left the shore behind.

"Fleet is the roe on the green Lom-
mond,
And swift is the couryng grew;
The rein-deer dun can eithly run,
When the hounds and the horns
pursue.

"But neither the roe, nor the rein-
deer dun,
The hind nor the couryng grew,
Could fly o'er mountain, moor, and
dale,
As our braw steeds they flew.

"The dales were deep, and the Dof-
frins steep,
And we rose to the skies ee-bree:
White, white was our road that was
never trode,
O'er the snows of eternity.

"And when we came to the Lapland
lone,
The fairies were all in array,
For all the genii of the north
Were keeping their holiday.

"The warlock men and the weird
women,
And the fays of the wood and the
steep,
And the phantom hunters all were
there,
And the mermaids of the deep.

"And they washed us all with the
witch-water,
Distilled frae the moorland dew,
Till our beauty bloomed like the
Lapland rose,
That wild in the foreste grew." —

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!
For the worst-faured wyfe on the
shores of Fyfe
Is comely compared wi' thee." —

"Then the mermaids sang, and the
woodlands rang,
Sae sweetly swelled the choir;
On every cliffe a harp they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

"And aye they sang, and the wood-
lands rang,
And we drank, and we drank sae
deep;
Then soft in the arms of the warlock
men,
We laid us dune to sleep." —

"Away, away, ye ill woman,
An ill death might ye dee!
When ye hae proved sae false to yer
God,
Ye can never prove true to me." —

"And there we learned frae the fairy
folk,
And frae our master true,
The words that can bear us through
the air,
And locks and bars undo.

"Last night we met at Maisry's cot;
Right well the words we knew;
And we set a foot on the black
cruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

"And we flew o'er hill, and we flew
o'er dale,
And we flew o'er firth and sea,
Untill we cam to merry Carlisle,
Where we lighted on the lea.

"We gaed to the vault beyond the
tower,
Where we entered free as air;
And we drank, and we drank of the
bishop's wine
Till we could drink nae mair." —

"Gin that be true, my gude auld
wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
I'll bear thee company.

"Next time ye gang to merry Car-
lisle
To drink of the blude-red wine,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
If the deil should fly behind." —

"Ah! little ye ken, my silly auld
man,
The dangers we maun dree;
Last night we drank of the bishop's
wine,
Till near near taen were we.

"Afore we wan to the sandy ford,
The gor-cocks nichering flew;
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
Was waved about with blue,
And, flichtering through the air, we
fand
The chill chill morning dew.

"As we flew o'er the hills of Braid,
The sun rose fair and clear;
There gurdy James, and his barons
braw,
Were out to hunt the deer.

"Their bows they drew, their arrows
flew,
And pierced the air with speed,
Till purple fell the morning dew
With witch-blude rank and red.

"Little ye ken, my silly auld man,
The dangers we maun dree;
Ne wonder I am a weary wight
When I come hame to thee." —

"But tell me the *word*, my gude
auld wyfe,
Come tell it me speedily;
For I long to drink of the gude red
wine,
And to wing the air with thee.

"Yer hellish horse I willna ride,
Nor sail the seas in the wind;
But I can flee as well as thee,
And I'll drink till ye be blind."

"O fy! O fy! my leal auld man,
That word I darena tell;
It would turn this warld all upside
down,
And make it warse than hell.

"For all the lasses in the land
Wald mount the wind and fly;
And the men would doff their dou-
blets syde,
And after them would ply." —

But the auld gude man was a cunning auld man,
 And a cunning auld man was he;
 And he watched and he watched
 for mony a night,
 The witches' flight to see.

One night he darnit in Maisry's cot;
 The fearless hags came in;
 And he heard the word of awesome weird;
 And he saw their deeds of sin.

Then ane by ane, they said that word,
 As fast to the fire they drew;
 Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
 And out at the lum they flew.

The auld gudeman came frae his hole
 With fear and muckle dread,
 But yet he couldna think to rue,
 For the wine came in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
 With a fixed and a wawling ee;
 And he said the word that I darena say,
 And out at the lum flew he.

The witches scaled the moon-beam pale;
 Deep groaned the trembling wind;
 But they never wist that our auld gudeman
 Was hovering them behind.

They flew to the vaults of merry Carlisle,
 Where they entered free as air;
 And they drank, and they drank of the bishop's wine
 Till they could drink nae mair.

The auld gudeman he grew sae crouse,
 He danced on the mouldy ground,
 And he sang the bonniest songs of Fife,
 And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And aye he pierced the tither butt,
 And he sucked, and he sucked sae lang,
 Till his een they closed, and his voice grew low,
 And his tongue would hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishop's wine
 Till they scented the morning wind;
 Then clove again the yielding air,
 And left the auld man behinde.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,
 He slept and he snored amain;
 He never dreamed he was far frae hame,
 Or that the auld wives were gane.

And aye he slept on the damp damp floor,
 Till past the mid-day heichte,
 When wakened by five rough Englishmen,
 That trailed him to the lighte.

"Now wha are ye, ye silly auld man,
 That sleeps sae sound and sae weel?"
 How gat ye into the bishop's vault
 Through locks and bars of steel?"

The auld gudeman he tried to speak,
 But ane word he couldna finde;
 He tried to think, but his head whirled round,
 And ane thing he couldna minde:
 "I cam frae Fyfe," the auld man cried,
 "And I cam on the midnight winde."

They nicked the auld man, and they pricked the auld man,
 And they yerked his limbs with twine,
 Till the red blude ran in his hose and shoon,
 But some cried it was wine.

They licked the auld man, and they pricked the auld man,
 And they tyed him till ane stone;
 And they set ane bele-fire him about,
 To burn him skin and bone.

"O wae to me!" said the puir auld man,
 "That ever I saw the day!
 And wae be to all the ill women
 That lead puir men astray!"

"Let nevir ane auld man after this
To lawless greede incline;
Let never ane auld man after this
Rin post to the deil for wine."

The reeke flew up in the auld man's
face,
And choked him bitterlye;
And the low cam up with an angry
blaze,
And he singed his auld breck-nee.

He looked to the land frae whence
he came,
For looks he coulede get ne mae;
And he thoughte of his dear little
bairns at hame,
And O the auld man was wae!

But they turned their faces to the
sun,
With gloffe and wonderous glare,
For they saw ane thing baith large
and dun,
Comin sweeping down the aire.

That bird it cam frae the lands o'
Fife,
And it cam right tymeouslye,
For who was it but the auld man's
wife,
Just comed his death to see.

She put ane red cap on his heade,
And the auld gudeman looked fain,
Then whispered ane word intil his
lug,
And toved to the aire again.

The auld gudeman he gae ane bob
I' the midst o' the burning lowe;
And the shackles that bound him to
the ring,
They fell frae his arms like towe.

He drew his breath, and he said the
word,
And he said it with muckle glee,
Then set his feet on the burning
pile,
And away to the aire flew he.

Till ance he cleared the swirling
reeke,
He lukit baith feared and sad;
But when he wan to the light blue
aire,
He laughed as he'd been mad.

His arms were spread, and his heade
was highe,
And his feet stuck out behinde;
And the laibies of the auld man's
coat
Were wauffing in the wind.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew,
For he thought the play sae rare;
It was like the voice of the gander
blue,
When he flees through the aire.

He lookèd back to the Carlisle men
As he bored the norlan sky;
He nodded his heade, and gave ane
girn
But he never said gude-bye.

They vanished far i' the lift's blue
wale,
Nae maire the English saw,
But the auld man's laughe came on
the gale,
With a lang and a loud gaffaw.

May everilke man in the land of Fife
Read what the drinker's dree;
And never curse his puir auld wife,
Righte wicked altho she be.

Hogg.

COLLUSION BETWEEN A ALE- GAITER AND A WATER-SNAIK.

TRIUMPH OF THE WATER-SNAIK:
DETH OF THE ALEGAITER.

"THERE is a niland on a river lying,
Which runs into Gantimaly, a warm
country,
Lying near the Tropicks, covered
with sand;
Hear and their a symptum of a
Willow,
Hanging of its umberagious limbs
& branches
Over the clear streme meandering
far below.
This was the home of the now silent
Alegaiter,
When not in his other element con-
fine'd:
Here he wood set upon his eggs
asleep
With 1 ey observant of flis and
other passing

Objects : a while it kept a going on so :
Fereles of danger was the happy
Alegaiter!

But a las! in a nevil our he was
fourced to

Wake! that dreme of Blis was two
sweet for him.

1 morning the sun arose with un-
usool splendor

Whitch allso did our Alegaiter, com-
ing from the water,

His scails a flinging of the rais of the
son back,

To the fountain-head which tha
originly sprung,

But having not had nothing to eat
for some time, he

Was slepy and gap'd, in a short
time, widely.

Unfoalding soon a welth of perl-
white teth,

The rais of the son soon shet his
sinister ey

Because of their mutool splendor
and warmth.

The evil Our (which I sed) was now
come;

Evidently a good chans for a water
snaik

Of the large specie, which soon
appeared

Into the horison, near the bank
where repos'd

Calmly in slepe the Alegaiter before
spoken of,

About 60 feet was his Length (not
the 'gaiter)

And he was aperiently a well-pro-
portioned snaik.

When he was all ashore he glared
upon

The iland with approval, but was soon
'Astonished with the view and lost

to wonder' (from Wats)

(For jest then he began to see the
Alegaiter)

Being a nateral enemy of his'n, he
worked hisself

Into a fury, also a ni position.
Before the Alegaiter well could ope

His eye (in other words perceive his
danger)

The Snaik had enveloped his body
just 19

Times with 'foalds voluminous and
vast' (from Milton)

And had tore off several scails in the
confusion,

Besides squeezing him awfully into
his stomoc.

Just then, by a fortunate turn in his
affairs,

He ceazed into his mouth the care-
less tale

Of the unreflecting water-snaik!
Grown desperate

He, finding that his tale was fast
squesed

Terrible while they roaled all over
the iland.

It was a well-conduckted Affair; no
noise

Disturbed the harmony of the seen,
ecsept

Onct when a Wilow was snaped into
by the roaling.

Eeach of the combatence hadn't a
minit for holering.

So the conflick was naterally tremen-
jous!

But soon by grate force the tale was
bit complete-

Ly of; but the eggzeration was too
much

For his delicate Constitootion: he
felt a compression

Onto his chest and generally over
his body;

When he ecspress'd his breathing,
it was with

Grate difficulty that he felt inspired
again onct more.

Of course this State must suffer a
revolootion.

So the Alegaiter give but one yel,
and egspired.

The water-snaik realed hisself off,
& survay'd

For say 10 minits, the condition of
His fo: then wondering what made

his tail hurt,

He sloly went off for to cool."

J. W. MORRIS.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE- HOSS-SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful
one-hoss-shay,

That was built in such a logical way.
It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but
stay,
I'll tell you what happened without
delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their
wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German
hive.

That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her
down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-
hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell
you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot,—

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—
lurking still,

Find it somewhere you must and
will,—

Above or below, or within or with-
out,—

And that's the reason, beyond a
doubt,

A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacon's
do,

With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell
yeou,")

He would build one shay to beat the
taown

'n' the keountry 'n' all the kentry
raoun';

It should be so built that it *couldn't*
break daown:

—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's
mighty plain

Thut the weakes' place mus' stan'
the strain;

'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the
rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village
folk

Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor
broke,—

That was for spokes and floor and
sills;

He sent for lancewood to make the
thills;

The crossbars were ash, from the
straightest trees;

The panels of white-wood, that
cuts like cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like
these;

The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
ellum,"—

Last of its timber,—they couldn't
sell 'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between
their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-
tips;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,

Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old
hide

Found in the pit when the tanner
died.

That was the way he "put her
through."—

"There!" said the Deacon, "naow
she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

Colts grew horses, beards turned
gray,

Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where
were they?

But there stood the stout old one-
hoss-shay

As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-
day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and
found

The Deacon's masterpiece strong
and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by
ten;—

"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it
then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and Forty at last arrive,
And then come Fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth
year
Without both feeling and looking
queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps
its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. No ex-
tra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earth-
quake-day. —
There are traces of age in the one-
hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be, — for the Dea-
con's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one
to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as
the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as
the sills,
And the panels just as strong as
the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor
more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as
the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a
doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a
drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-
shay.
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked
bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off
went they.

The Parson was working his Sun-
day's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped per-
plexed

At what the — Moses — was coming
next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the
hill.

— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a
spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a
rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-
house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake
shock!
— What do you think the parson
found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or
mound,
As if it had been to the mill and
ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a
dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.
O. W. HOLMES.

THE COURTIN'.

ZEKLE crep' up quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther
Young

Fetches back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a
swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in
prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him fuder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, Is'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come da-
signin'." —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals aet so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer
mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.
LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire, —
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the sea-
son"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits — on the stairs — for me
yet.
They say he'll be rich, — when he
grows up, —
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New
York?"

"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all
that?"

"And aren't it a change to the
ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well yes, — if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand;
If you saw poor dear mamma con-
triving
To look supernaturally grand, —

If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that, —
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when
sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soirée of the year," —
In the mists of a gaze de chambéry
And the hum of the smallest of
talk, —
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The
Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The
Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft
lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fid-
dle;
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the
middle
With the man that shot Sandy
McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleep-
ing
On the hill, when the time came to
go;
Of the few baby peaks that were
peeping
From under their bed-clothes of
snow;
Of that ride, — that to me was the
rarest;
Of — the something you said at the
gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the
State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right
there,
Of some one who breasted highwater,
And swam the North Fork, and
all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's
daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm
writing!

(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph, — heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,
Whatever's the meaning of that, —
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night, — here's the end of my
paper;
Good-night, — if the longitude
please, —
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in
the ditches,
And you've struck it, — on Poverty
Flat.

BRET HARTE.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LET- TER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party —
Which the same I would term as a
friend —
Which his health it were vain to call
hearty,
Since the mind to deceit it might
lend;
For his arm it was broken quite re-
cent,
And has something gone wrong
with his lung, —
Which is why it is proper and decent
I should write what he runs off
his tongue.

First, he says, Miss, he's read through
your letter
To the end, — and the end came
too soon.
That a slight illness kept him your
debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a
loon),
That his spirits are buoyant as yours
is;
That with you, Miss, he challen-
ges Fate,
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer

For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer

Than ever by gold-seeker sought —
(Which are words he would put in these pages,

By a party not given to guile;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,

Might produce in the sinful a smile.)

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him — that very

Same rose he is treasuring now;
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,

And insists on his legs being free;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent and painful and free.)

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while;

That he knows — (which this dodging of pillows

Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon) — he knows, Miss,

That, though parted by many a mile,

Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,

They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,

In your brief twilight-dreams of the past,

In this green laurel-spray that he treasures.

It was plucked where your parting was last.

In this specimen — but a small trifle —

It will do for a pin for your shawl;
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle,

Was his last week's "clean up" — and *his all*.)

He's asleep — which the same might seem strange, Miss,

Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose for a change, Miss,

In view that his fever was high,
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive;

And, now, my respects, Miss, to you;

Which, my language, although comprehensive,

Might seem to be freedom — it's true.

Which I have a small favor to ask you,

As concerns a bull-pup, which the same —

If the duty would not overtask you —
You would please to procure for me, *game*,

And send per express to the Flat, Miss,

Which they say York is famed for the breed,

Which though words of deceit may be that — Miss,

I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P. S. — Which this same interfering
In other folks' ways I despise —

Yet, if so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies

Betwixt you and Joseph — it follers
That, having no family claims,

Here's my pile — which it's six hundred dollars,

As is, yours, with respects, —
TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BRET HARTE.

ATHEISM.

"THERE is no God," the wicked saith,

"And truly it's a blessing,
For what he might have done with us
It's better only guessing."

"There is no God," a youngster thinks,

"Or really if there may be,
He surely didn't mean a man
Always to be a baby."

"Whether there be," the rich man
thinks,
"It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual."

Some others also to themselves
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are
well,
And do not think about it.

But country-folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson, and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love,
So thankful for illusion;
And men caught out in what the
world
Calls guilt and first confusion;

And almost every one when age,
Disease, and sorrow strike him, —
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like him.

A. H. CLOUGH.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother; her age,
I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something
less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead, with up-
rolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade —
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene;
Hold up the canvas full in view —
Look! there's a rent the light shines
through,
Dark with a century's fringe of
dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been
pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white;
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans
came,
England's annals have known her
name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel
town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-
haired son.

O damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might
bring —

All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister, and child and
wife,
And joy and sorrow, and death and
life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered,
No,
When forth the tremulous question
came
That cost the maiden her Norman
name;
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's
thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths
me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with
less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and
blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so
long!

There were tones in the voice that
whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred
men!

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their
own —

A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the tender whisper that bade me
live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's
blade,
And freshen the gold of the tar-
nished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your house-
hold name,
So you shall smile on us brave and
bright
As first you greeted the morning's
light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hun-
dred years.

O. W. HOLMES.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice; —
My choice would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and
there, —
Some good bank-stock, — some note
of hand,
Or trifling railroad share; —
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names; —
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
But only near St. James; —
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful
things; —
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap
attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never
dear;) —
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and
stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or
four, —
I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more, —
(A landscape, — foreground golden
dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things
as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschauts, I would fain
possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,

Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—

Shall not carved tables serve my turn,

But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share,—

I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,

Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*,—

Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE FIGHT OVER THE BODY OF KEITT.

A fragment from the great American epic,
the Washingtoniad.

SING, O goddess, the wrath, the on-
tamable dander of Keitt—

Keitt of South Carolina, the clear
grit, the tall, the ondaunted—

Him that hath wopped his own nig-
gers till Northerners all unto
Keitt

Seem but as niggers to wop, and hills
of the smallest potatoes.

Late and long was the fight on the
Constitution of Kansas;

Daylight passed into dusk, and dusk
into lighting of gas-lamps;—

Still on the floor of the house the
heroes unwearied were fight-
ing.

Dry grew palates and tongues with
excitement and expectoration,
Plugs were becoming exhausted, and
Representatives also.

Who led on to the war the anti-
Lecomptonite phalanx?

Grow, hitting straight from the
shoulder, the Pennsylvania
Slasher;

Him followed Hickman, and Potter
the wiry, from woody Wiscon-
sin;

Washburne stood with his brother, —
Cadwallader stood with Elihu;

Broad Illinois sent the one, and
woody Wisconsin the other.

Mott came mild as new milk, with
gray hairs under his broad
brim,

Leaving the first chop location and
water privilege near it,

Held by his fathers of old on the
willow-fringed banks of Ohio.

Wrathy Covode, too, I saw, and
Montgomery ready for mis-
chief.

Who against these to the floor led on
the Lecomptonite legions?

Keitt of South Carolina, the clear
grit, the tall, the ondaunted—

Keitt, and Reuben Davis, the ra'al
boss of wild Mississippi;

Barksdale, wearer of wigs, and
Craige from North Carolina;

Craige and scornly McQueen, and
Owen, and Lovejoy, and La-
mar,

These Mississippi sent to the war,
“*tres juncti in uno.*”

Long had raged the warfare of
words; it was four in the
morning:

Whittling and expectoration and
liquorin' all were exhausted,

When Keitt, tired of talk, bespake
Reu. Davis, “O Reuben,

Grow's a tarnation blackguard, and
I've concluded to clinch him.”

This said, up to his feet he sprang,
and loos'ning his choker,

Straighted himself for a grip, as a
bar-hunter down in Arkan-
sas

Squares to go in at the bar, when
the dangerous varmint is cor-
nered.

“Come out, Grow,” he cried, “you
Black Republican puppy,

Come on the floor, like a man, and
darn my eyes, but I'll show
you”—

Him answered straight-hitting Grow,
“Waal now, I calkilate, Keitt,

No nigger-driver shall leave his plan-
tation in South Carolina,

Here to crack his cow-hide round
this child's ears, if he knows
it.”

Scarce had he spoke when the hand,
the chivalrous five fingers of
Keitt,

Clutched at his throat,—had they
closed, the speeches of Grow
had been ended,—

Never more from a stump had he
stirred up the free and en-
lightened;—

But though smart Keitt's mauleys,
the mauleys of Grow were still
smarter;

Straight from the shoulder he shot,—
not Owen Swift or Ned Adams
Ever put in his right with more de-
licate feeling of distance.

As drops hammer on anvil, so
dropped Grow's right into
Keitt

Just where the jugular runs to the
point at which Ketch ties his
drop-knot;—

Prone like a log sank Keitt, his dol-
lars rattled about him.

Forth sprang his friends o'er the
body; first, Barksdale, waving-
wig-wearer,

Craige and McQueen and Davis, the
ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi;
Fiercely they gathered round Grow,
catawampously up as to chaw
him;

But without Potter they reckoned,
the wiry from woody Wiscon-
sin;

He, striking out right and left, like
a catamount varmint and
vicious,

Dashed to the rescue, and with him
the Washburnes, Cadwallader,
Elihu;

Slick into Barksdale's bread-basket
walked Potter's one, two,—
hard and heavy;

Barksdale fetched wind in a trice,
dropped Grow, and let out at
Elihu.

Then like a fountain had flowed the
claret of Washburne the elder,
But for Cadwallader's care,—Cad-
wallader, guard of his brother,
Clutching at Barksdale's nob, into
Chancery soon would have
drawn it.

Well was it then for Barksdale, the
wig that waved over his fore-
head:

Off in Cadwallader's hands it came,
and, the wearer releasing,

Left to the conqueror nought but the
scalp of his baldheaded foe-
man.

Meanwhile hither and thither, a dove
on the waters of trouble,

Moved Mott, mild as new milk, with
his gray hair under his broad
brim,

Preaching peace to deaf ears, and
getting considerably damaged.

Cautious Covode in the rear, as du-
bious what it might come to,

Brandished a stone-ware spittoon
'gainst whoever might seem to
deserve it,—

Little it mattered to him whether
Pro or Anti-Lecompton,

So but he found in the Hall a foeman
worthy his weapon!

So raged this battle of men, till into
the thick of the *mêlée*,

Like to the heralds of old, stepped
the Sergeant-at-Arms and the
Speaker.

LONDON PUNCH.

PURITANS.

OUR brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less
need;

As late it happened in a town
Where lived a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain
In times of peace an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel;
The mighty Tottipotimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining loudly of the breach
Of league held forth by brother

Patch,

Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and
ours;

For which he craved the saints to
render

Into his hands, or hang the offender.
But they maturely having weighed
They had no more but him of the
trade,

A man that served them in the double
Capacity to teach and cobbler,
Resolved to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hogan Mogan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

BUTLER.

THE OLD COVE.

"All we ask is to be let alone."

As vonce I valked by a dismal svamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark
and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove
threwed.
And venever he flung his stick or
his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me
alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers
by —

Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in; —
Let me alone, I'm riggin a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat; —
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and
'ome; —

I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with
a groan:

"All I axes is — Let me alone."

Just then came along on the self-
same vay,

Another Old Cove, and began for to
say —

"Let you alone! That's comin' it
strong! —

You've *ben* let alone — a darned sight
too long; —

Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!
Put down that stick! (You may
well look skeered.)

Let go that stone! If you once
show fight,

I'll knock you higher than ary kite.
You must hev a lesson to stop your
tricks,

And cure you of shying them stones
and sticks, —

An I'll hev my hardware back and
my cash,

And knock your scow into tarnal
smash,

And if ever I catches you 'round
my ranch,

I'll string you up to the nearest
branch.

The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your
head;

For I reckon, before you and I are
done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks
alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the
t'other Old Cove

He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick revolv-
in' slow

Vhether 'twere safe to shy it or
no, —

And he grumbled on, in an injured
tone,

"All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*"
H. H. BROWNELL.

JOVE AND THE SOULS.

AMAZED, confused, its fate un-
known,

The world stood trembling at Jove's
throne;

While each palesinner hung his head,
Jove nodding shook the heavens,
and said;

"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped
aside,

And you who never erred through
pride;

You who in different sects were
shammed,

And come to see each other damned;
(So some folks told you, but they
knew

No more of Jove's designs than you.)
The world's mad business now is o'er,

And I resent your freaks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit,

I damn such fools — go, go, you're
bit!"

SWIFT.

CHIQUITA.

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so.
Thar isn't her match in the

county.

Is thar, old gal, — Chiquita, my
darling, my beauty?

Feel of that neck, sir, — thar's vel-
vet! Whoa!

Steady, — ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out;

let the gentleman look at her
paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else,
and I've got the papers to
prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve
hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did
you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—
Busted himself in White Pine, and
blew out his brains down in
'Frisko?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs.
Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit
that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when
she's got her work cut out
before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and
likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as
knows what a hoss has got in
him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that
nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a
mighty rough ford in low
water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me
and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in
the rain and the water all
round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and
Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and
nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had
his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest
loosed from the top of the
cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to
the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work,
and afore I could yell to her
rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and
there was the Jedge and me
standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-
flesh afloat, and a driftin' to
thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? that night that
hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and
stood there, all quiet and
dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary
a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam to the Fork,—that
hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—
What did you say?—O, the
nevey?
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways,
he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see, the derved fool had no seat,
—ye couldn't have made him
a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be
boys, and hosses—well,
hosses is hosses!

BRET HARTE.

RUDOLPH THE HEADSMAN.

RUDOLPH, professor of the heads-
man's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and
blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to
kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's
skill.
Bare armed, swart-visaged, gaunt,
and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above
the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden
gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the
stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as
if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for
the blow.
“Why strikest not? Perform thy
murderous act,”
The prisoner said. (His voice was
slightly cracked.)
“Friend, I have struck,” the artist
straightly replied;
“Wait but one moment, and your-
self decide.”
He held his snuff-box,—“Now
then, if you please!”
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a
crashing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled, — bowled along
the floor, —
Bounced down the steps; — the
prisoner said no more!

O. W. HOLMES.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are
you going?
Rough is the road; your wheel is
out of order.
Bleak blows the blast; — your hat
has got a hole in 't;
So have your breeches!

Weary knife-grinder! little think the
proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the
turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all
day, "Knives and
Scissors to grind O."

Tell me, knife-grinder, how came
you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use
you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the
parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire for killing of his
game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes dis-
training?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose
your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of
Man by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my
eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have
told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none
to tell, sir;
Only, last night, a drinking at the
Chequers,

This poor old hat and breeches, as
you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me
into
Custody; they took me before the
justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the
parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your
honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me
sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to
meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee
damned first, —
Wretch! whom no sense of wrong
can rouse to vengeance, —
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, de-
graded,
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns
his wheel, and exit in a transport of
republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy.]

GEORGE CANNING.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

WHICH I wish to remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to
explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and
childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill
Nye.

It was August the third;
 And quite soft was the skies:
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise;
 Yet he played it that day upon Wil-
 liam
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand:
 It was euchre. The same
 He did not understand;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With the smile that was childlike
 and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve;
 Which was stuffed full of aces and
 bowers,
 And the same with intent to de-
 ceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chineese,
 And the points that he made,
 Were quite frightful to see —
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt
 unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap
 labor" —
 And he went for that heathen
 Chineese.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand;
 But the floor it was strewn
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been
 hiding,
 In the game "he did not under-
 stand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs —
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which
 were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers — that's
 wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinese is peculiar —
 Which the same I am free to
 maintain.

BRET HARTE.

THE COSMIC EGG.

UPON a rock yet uncreate,
 Amid a chaos inchoate,
 An uncreated being sate;
 Beneath him, rock,
 Above him, cloud.
 And the cloud was rock,
 And the rock was cloud.
 The rock then growing soft and
 warm,
 The cloud began to take a form,
 A form chaotic, vast and vague,
 Which issued in the cosmic egg.
 Then the Being uncreate
 On the egg did incubate,
 And thus became the incubator;
 And of the egg did allegate,
 And thus became the alligator;
 And the incubator was potentate,
 But the alligator was potentator.

ANONYMOUS.

MIGNONETTE.

As I sit at my desk by the window,
 when the garden with dew is
 wet,
 On the morning incense rises the
 breath of the mignonette,
 Laden with tender memories of thir-
 ty years ago,
 When she gave me her worthless
 promise, and we loved each
 other so,
 Till her tough old worldly mother
 let her maiden charms be sold
 To a miser, as hard and yellow as
 his hoard of shining gold.
 As in Central Park I met them on
 their cheerful morning ride,
 As she snarled at her henpecked hus-
 band who was crouching by
 her side,

I thought in the dust of the path-
way, "I have the best of you
yet!"

Far better the dream of a fadeless
love in the breath of the mign-
onette,

And little Alice and Mabel, and the
children that might have been,
Come dancing out on the paper at a
twirl of the magic pen, —

Not a horrid boy among them, but a
bevy of little girls

With great brown eyes, love-shining,
'mid a halo of golden curls.

They never grow old or naughty;
and in them I fail to see

The slightest fault or taint of sin
which could have been charged
to me.

They are mine, all mine forever!
No lover to them can come,

To steal away their loving hearts to
grace a doubtful home.

And so, when the tender evening or
morning with dew is wet,

I dream of my vanished darlings in
the breath of the mignonette.

GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

XI.

POETRY OF TERROR.

"There are points from which we can command our life,
When the soul sweeps the Future like a glass,
And coming things full freighted with our fate
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind." — BAILEY: *Festus*.

POETRY OF TERROR.

TURNER.

HE works in rings, in magic rings of
chance;
He knows that grand effects oft run
askance,
And so he prays to Nature, color-
queen.

He works in chaos, — you are no
artist,

You medium-man who power to
write impartest;

Suffice to know he loveth Chaos old,
Because than aught created she's
more bold:

And so he worketh ruleless, not to fix,
And freeze and stiffen, but to weld
and mix,

That many elements thus got together
May struggle into light. —

And she loves possibility, and hence
He goes far back into Confusion's
dance.

So the old Temeraire, (ah England!
long

That happiness shall live within
thy song,)

Lets natural ways rush through him;
so may you,

If you have brain and strength and
dare to do.

Believe me, there are ways of paint-
ing things

That are allied to the great Morn-
ing's wings.

J. J. G. WILKINSON.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine
heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their
spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He, Who made the Lamb, make
thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
WILLIAM BLAKE.

THEA.

LEANING with parted lips, some
words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ
tone:
Some mourning words, which, in
our feeble tongue,
Would come in these like accents;
O how frail
To that large utterance of the early
Gods!

KEATS.

SONG OF THE PARCÆ.

IPHIGENIA.

WITHIN my ears resounds that ancient song, —

Forgotten was it, and forgotten gladly, —

Song of the Parcæ, which they shuddering sang,

When Tantalus fell from his golden seat.

They suffered with their noble friend; indignant

Their bosom was, and terrible their song.

To me and to my sisters, in our youth,
The nurse would sing it; and I marked it well.

“The Gods be your terror,

Ye children of men!

They hold the dominion

In hands everlasting,

All free to exert it

As listeth their will.

“Let him fear them doubly

Whome’er they’ve exalted!

On crags and on cloud-piles

The couches are planted

Around the gold tables.

“Dissension arises;

Then tumble the feasters,

Reviled and dishonored,

In gulfs of deep midnight;

And look ever vainly

In fetters of darkness

For judgment that’s just.

“But they remain seated

At feasts never failing

Around the gold tables.

They stride at a footstep

From mountain to mountain;

Through jaws of abysses

Steams towards them the breathing

Of suffocate Titans,

Like offerings of incense,

A light-rising vapor.

“They turn — the proud masters —

From whole generations

The eye of their blessing;

Nor will in the children,

The once well-beloved,

Still eloquent features

Of ancestor see.”

So sang the dark sisters;

The old exile heareth

That terrible music

In caverns of darkness, —

Remembereth his children,

And shaketh his head.

GOETHE: *Trans. by Frothingham.*

CRIME.

BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar.*

To beguile the time,

Look like the time.

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth.*

REMORSE.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice cry,

“Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep,” — the

innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravelled

sleeve of care,

The death of each day’s life, sore

labor’s bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s

second course,

Chief nourisher in life’s feast, —

Still it cried, “Sleep no more!” to all the house:

“*Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor*

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth.*

Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments.

WHEN we in our viciousness grow hard,

O misery on’t! the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth, drop our clear
judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at us, while
we strut
To our confusion.

Antony and Cleopatra.

I SEE men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and
things outward
To draw the inward quality after
them
To suffer all alike.

Antony and Cleopatra, iii. sc. 2.

THE gods are just, and of our pleas-
ant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

K. Lear.

MERCIFUL Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and
sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd
oak,
Than the soft myrtle; — O, but
man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most
assured,
His glassy essence, — like an angry
ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before
high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Clarence. — O, I have passed a
miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly
sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful
man,
I would not spend another such a
night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of
happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the
time.

Brakenbury. — What was your
dream, my lord? I pray you,
tell me.

Clar. — Methought that I had broken
from the Tower,

And was embarked to cross to Bur-
gundy;
And in my company, my brother
Gloster:

Who from my cabin, tempted me to
walk

Upon the hatches: thence we looked
toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy
times,

During the wars of York and Lan-
caster

That had befallen us. As we paced
along

Upon the giddy footing of the
hatches,

Methought that Gloster stumbled;
and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him,
overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O heaven! methought what pain it
was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in
mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within
mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful
wrecks;

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed
upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps
of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the
sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and
in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there
were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflect-
ing gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the
deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay
scattered by.

Brak. — Had you such leisure in
the time of death

To gaze upon these secrets of the
deep?

Clar. — Methought I had: and
often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the en-
vious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let
it forth

To seek the empty, vast, and wan-
dering air;

But smothered it within my panting
bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in
the sea.

Brak. — Awaked you not with this
sore agony?

Clar. — O, no, my dream was
lengthened after life,
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy
flood,

With that grim ferryman which
poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual
night.

The first that there did greet my
stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, re-
nowned Warwick,

Who cried aloud, — “What scourge
for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false
Clarence?”

And so he vanished: then came wan-
dering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright
hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked
out aloud, —

“Clarence is come, — false, fleeting,
perjured Clarence, —

That stabbed me in the field by
Tewksbury; —

Seize on him, Furies, take him to
your torments!”

With that, methought, a legion of
foul fiends

Environed me, and howlèd in mine
ears

Such hideous cries, that with the
very noise,

I trembling waked, and, for a season
after,

Could not believe but that I was in
hell,

Such terrible impression made my
dream.

SHAKSPEARE.

HESITATION.

Lady Macbeth. — Yet do I fear thy
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human
kindness,

To catch the nearest way: thou
wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition; but with-
out

The illness should attend it. What
thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst
not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win;
thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, Thus thou must
do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost
fear to do,

Than wishest should be undone.
Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine
ear;

And chastise with the valor of my
tongue

All that impedes thee from the
golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid
doth seem

To have thee crowned withal.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth.*

THIS army
Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit, with divine ambition
puffed,

Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and dan-
ger dare,

Even for an egg-shell.

SHAKSPEARE: *Hamlet.*

THE CORSAIR.

THERE was a laughing devil in his
sneer,

That raised emotions both of rage
and fear;

And where his frown of hatred
darkly fell,

Hope withering fled, — and Mercy
sighed farewell!

BYRON.

MANFRED.

INCANTATION.

WHEN the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;

When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not
vanish,

There are thoughts thou canst not
banish;

By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou see'st me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turned around thy head;
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to
kill;
From thy own heart I then did
wring
The black blood in its blackest
spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the
snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest
harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem
near

To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around
thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound
thee;

O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been passed — now
wither!

BYRON.

MANFRED.

THE spirits I have raised abandon
me —

The spells which I have studied baf-
fle me —

The remedy I recked of tortured
me;

I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and
for

The future, till the past be gulfed in
darkness,

It is not of my search. — My mother
earth!

And thou, fresh breaking day, and
you, ye mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love
ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the
universe,

That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight, — thou shinest not on
my heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose ex-
treme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink
beneath

Behold the tall pines dwindled as to
shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a
leap,

A stir, a motion, even a breath,
would bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's
bed

To rest forever, — wherefore do I
pause?

I feel the impulse — yet I do not
plunge;

I see the peril — yet do not recede;

And my brain reels — and yet my
foot is firm:

There is a power upon me which
withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have
ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself, —
The last infirmity of evil. Aye,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving
minister,

[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into
heaven,

Well mayst thou swoop so near me;
— I should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets;
thou art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee;
but thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or
above,

With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible
world!

How glorious in its action and it-
self —

But we, who name ourselves its
sovereigns, we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed es-
sence make

A conflict of its elements, and
breathe

The breath of degradation and of
pride,

Contending with low wants and lof-
ty will

Till our mortality predominates,
And men are — what they name not

to themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark!
the note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance
is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain
reed, —

For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable, — pipes in the lib-
eral air,

Mixed with the sweet bells of the
sauntering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes. —

Oh that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,

A bodiless enjoyment, — born and
dying

With the blest tone which made me!
Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws
down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come
and crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but

ye pass,
And only fall on things that still

would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or

the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

The mists boil up around the gla-
ciers; clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white
and sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of
deep hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a liv-
ing shore,

Heaped with the damned like peb-
bles. — I am giddy.

BYRON.

THE APPARITION.

I SEE a dusk and awful figure rise
Like an infernal god from out the

earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his

form
Robed as with angry clouds; he

stands between
Thyself and me — but I do fear him

not.

Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou
on him?

Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his
brow

The thunder-scars are graven; from
his eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell.
Avaunt!

BYRON.

XII.

ORACLES AND COUNSELS.

GOOD COUNSEL.—SUPREME HOURS.

“For words must sparks be of those fires they strike.”—LORD BROOKB.

ORACLES AND COUNSELS.

THERE is a mystery in the soul of
state,
Which hath an operation more di-
vine
Than breath or pen can give expres-
sion to.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a history in all men's
lives,
Figuring the nature of the times
deceased;
The which observed a man may
prophecy,
With a near aim of the main chance
of things
As yet not come to life, which in
their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreas-
ured.

SHAKSPEARE.

OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on
to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in mis-
eries.

SHAKSPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*.

KNOWING the Heart of Man is set to
be
The centre of this world, about the
which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of
misery
Predominate; whose strong effects
are such
As he must bear, being helpless to
redress:

And that, unless above himself he
can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is
man!

DANIEL.

THE recluse Hermit oft-times more
doth know
Of the world's inmost wheels, than
worldlings can;
As man is of the world, the Heart of
man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no far-
ther look.

DONNE.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall;
But, come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

DONNE.

IF men be worlds, there is in every
one
Something to answer in proportion
All the world's riches: and in good
men this
Virtue our form's form, and our
soul's soul is.

DONNE.

BEWARE.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charm-
ing,
Sit thou still when kings are arm-
ing,

Taste not when the wine-cup glis-
tens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger,
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SCOTT.

SATURN.

So Saturn, as he walked into the
midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk
among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him,
at once
Came like an inspiration.

KEATS.

GOOD HEART.

It's no in titles or in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or
wrang.

BURNS.

FAITH.

BETTER trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiv-
ing,
Than doubt one heart that if be-
lieved
Had blessed one's life with true
believing.

Oh! in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our
youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

MRS. KEMBLE.

THE NOBLY BORN.

Who counts himself as nobly born
Is noble in despite of place,
And honors are but brands to one
Who wears them not with nature's
grace.

The prince may sit with clown or
churl,
Nor feel himself disgraced thereby;
But he who has but small esteem
Husbands that little carefully.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more thou art thine
own;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.

What though not bid to knightly
halls?
Those halls have missed a courtly
guest;
That mansion is not privileged,
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim;
It is not to be destitute,
To have the thing without the
name.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,
Disgrace not thy good company;
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of
thee.

Strive not with pain to scale the
height
Of some fair garden's petty wall,
But climb the open mountain side,
Whose summit rises over all.

E. S. H.

ULYSSES AND ACHILLES.

Ulysses. — Time hath, my lord, a
wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingrati-
tudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past:
which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as
soon

As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
 Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost; —
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

SHAKSPEARE.

ANTONY AND THE SOOTH-SAYER.

Antony. — Say to me,
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher;
 Cæsar's, or mine?

Soothsayer. — Cæsar's.
 Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'er-powered; therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. — Speak this no more.

Soothsayer. — To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him; But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. — Get thee gone:
 Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. — Be it art, or hap,

He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;

And, in our sports, my better cunning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots,
 he speeds:
 His cocks do win the battles still of
 mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his
 quails ever
 Beat mine, inhooped at odds.

SHAKSPEARE.

MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed
 thy father
 In manners, as in shape! thy blood,
 and virtue,
 Contend for empire in thee; and thy
 goodness
 Share with thy birthright! Love
 all; trust a few;
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine
 enemy
 Rather in power, than use; and keep
 thy friend
 Under thy own life's key: be checked
 for silence
 But never taxed for speech. What
 heaven more will,
 That thee may furnish, and my
 prayers pluck down,
 Fall on thy head!

SHAKSPEARE:

All's Well that Ends Well.

TRUE DIGNITY.

IF thou be one whose heart the holy
 forms
 Of young imagination have kept
 pure,
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and
 know that pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majes-
 ty,
 Is littleness; that he who feels con-
 tempt
 For any living thing hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that
 thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose
 eye
 Is ever on himself doth look on one
 The least of Nature's works, one
 who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which
 wisdom holds

Unlawful ever. O be wiser, Thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads
 to love;
 True dignity abides with him alone
 Who, in the silent hour of inward
 thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere
 himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

EACH AND ALL.

HEAVEN doth with us as we with
 torches do,
 Not light them for themselves; for if
 our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all
 alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are
 not finely touched
 But to fine issues: nor Nature never
 lends
 The smallest scruple of her excel-
 lence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she deter-
 mines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.

SHAKSPEARE:

Measure for Measure.

THE flighty purpose never is o'ertook
 Unless the deed go with it: from
 this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall
 be
 The firstlings of my hand.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth.*

COURAGE.

To be furious
 Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in
 that mood,
 The dove will peck the ostrich; and
 I see still
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart. When valor
 preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with.

SHAKSPEARE:

Antony and Cleopatra.

Enobarbus. — Mine honesty and I
begin to square
The loyalty, well held to fools, does
make

Our faith mere folly;
Yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen
lord,
Does conquer him that did his mas-
ter conquer,
And earns a place in the story.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA'S RESOLUTION.

Iras. — Royal Egypt! Empress,

Cleopatra. — No more, but e'en a
woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid
that milks,
And does the meanest chores. It
were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious
gods,

To tell them that this world did equal
theirs,

Till they had stolen our jewel.

Then is it sin

To rush into the secret house of
death

Ere death dare come to us?

Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good
sirs, take heart:

We'll bury him: and then, what's
brave, what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman
fashion,

And make death proud to take us.
Come away,

The case of that huge Spirit now is
cold.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæ-
sar;

Not being Fortune, he's but For-
tune's knave,

A minister of her will. And it is
great

To do that thing that ends all other
deeds,

Which shackles accidents, and bolts
up change;

Which sleeps, and never palates more
the dung,

The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

FIRMNESS.

WE must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which
ever,

As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimmed; but benefit no
farther

Than vainly longing. What we oft
do best,

Bysick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what
worse, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand
still,

In fear our motion will be mocked or
carped at,

We should take root here where we
sit, or sit

State statues only.

SHAKSPEARE.

GUIDANCE.

RASHLY, —

And praised be rashness for it. — Let
us know

Our indiscretion sometime serves us
well,

When our deep plots do pall: and
that should teach us

There's a Divinity that shapes our
ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKSPEARE: *Hamlet*.

TRUST:

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track,

If Freedom, set, will rise again,

And Virtue flown, come back;

Woe to the purblind crew who fill

The heart with each day's care,

Nor gain from Past or Future, skill

To bear and to forbear.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN LIFE.

OUR revels now are ended: these our
actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits,
and

Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this
 vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gor-
 geous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe
 itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dis-
 solve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant
 faded,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such
 stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little
 life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Tempest, act. iv. sc. 4.

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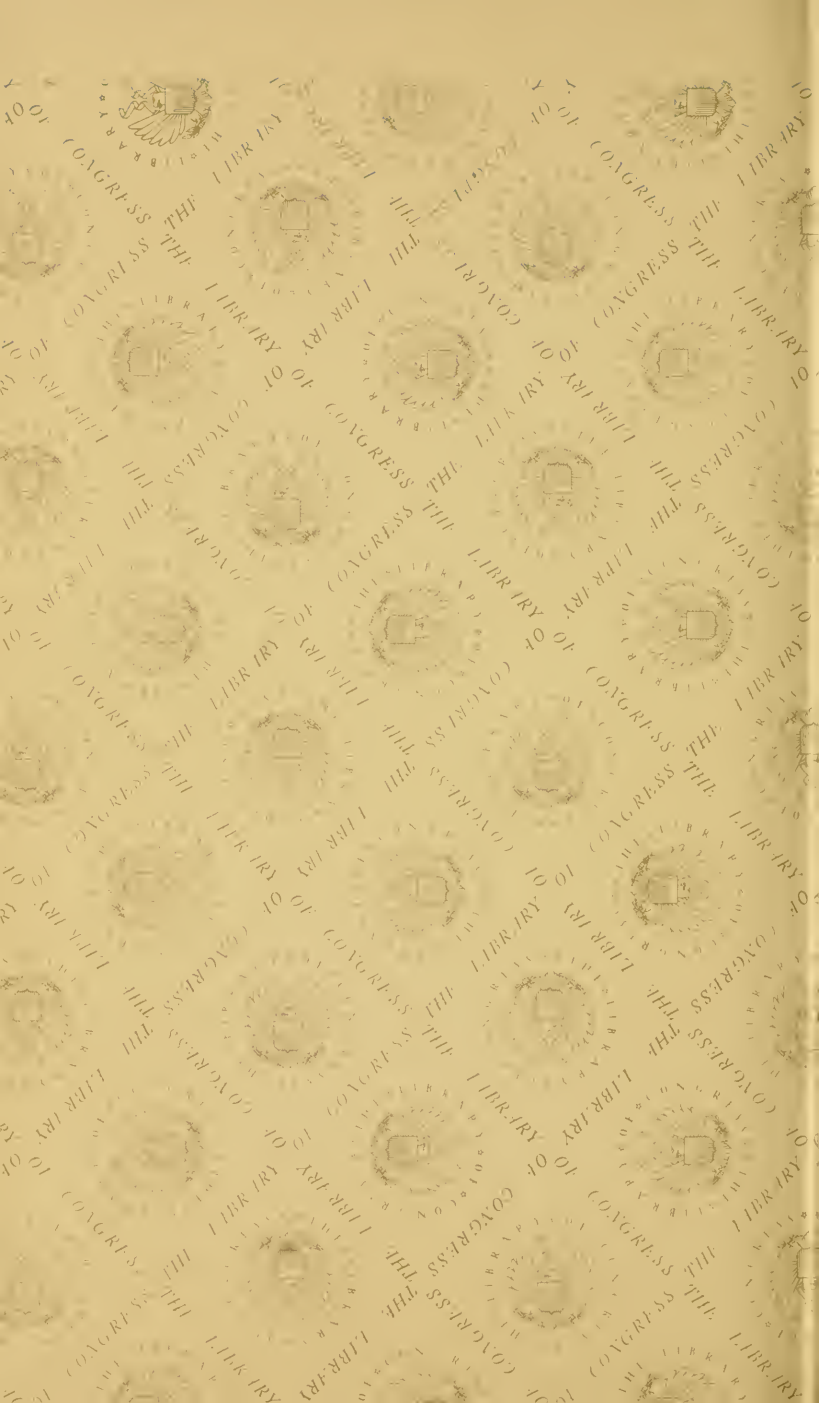
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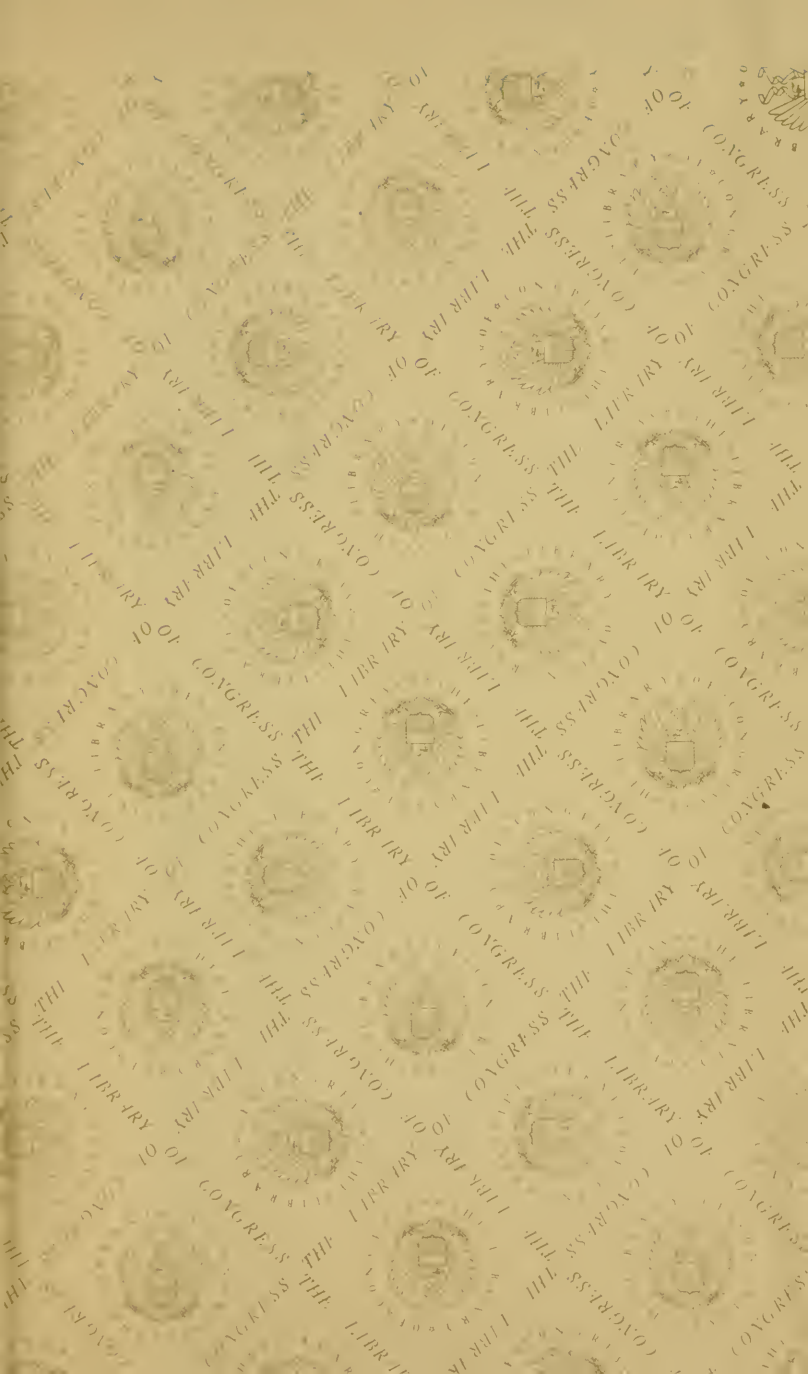
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